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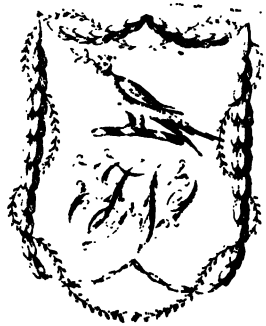

THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1804.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR F. AND C. RIVINGTON,
NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;
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1806.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A Fourth Volume of the POETICAL REGISTER is now laid before that Public by which the three former have been so favourably received. For the flattering reception which his work has experienced, and for the unremitting kindness of those Correspondents to whose assistance he is indebted for it, the Editor returns his sincere and hearty thanks.

The publication of the present Volume has been retarded to a much later date than was originally announced for it. The indisposition of the Editor will, he hopes, be a sufficient apology for this delay. To make up for the time thus lost, the Volume for 1805 is now in a state of preparation, and will appear towards the latter end of April, or, at latest, the beginning of May: a part of it is already in the press.

For the continued omission of Poetical Biography the Editor must request his readers to accept the same excuse which he formerly urged. He has not yet obtained, in sufficient abundance, the necessary documents. When he shall find himself enabled to communicate to the Public authentic Memoirs of deceased Authors, he will hasten to fulfil the duty; but he is firmly determined not to print a romance under the title of a Biography. The arrear in this department will, he flatters himself, be discharged at no very distant period. Any information, which may be relied on, respecting those poetical writers who have died since the year 1800, will be gratefully received.

As the time fixed for the appearance of the next Volume is not far distant, the Editor earnestly intreats that his Correspondents will lose no time in forwarding their contributions to him, under cover, to Messrs. Rivingtons. To prevent mistakes in the arrangement, they are also desired to specify whether their pieces are intended for the Original or Fugitive Poetry.

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* This poem is attributed, and it is believed with truth, to Dr. Kierney, the present Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

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Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FABLE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GROVE, ESQ.
OF LICHFIELD.

THE ROSE AND THE PERIWINKLE.

How hard my fate, exclaims a Rose,
As waking to the noontide beam
Their silken folds her leaves disclose,
And blushing meet the golden gleam.

Scant is the portion Nature gives
To me, unhappy flower! she cries,
A few short days my bloom survives,
Then changes, sickens, pales, and dies.

See how the Sun's refulgent power
The starveling Lily's bosom warms!
Each ray that cheers HER opening flower,
Serves but to fade *my* transient charms.

While struggling Zephyrs rudely press,
And o'er my tender beauties rove,
Their busy wings disturb my dress,
By Flora's fairest Handmaids wove.

Yon hardy plant, that creeping spreads,
By the dank wall, its glossy green,
Nor Summer's blazing ardor dreads,
Nor Winter's desolating scene.

Ungrateful Favorite! quick replied
The list'ning Shrub, which near her grew,
Blame not the Sun with wayward pride,
To whom thy praise, thy thanks are due.

The emerald sprays, that round thee dwell,
The rubies of thy leaf, so bright,
The gold, that studs thy honied cell,
Are but reflections of his light.

Full when he rolls the tide of day
He makes thy velvet blush his care,
Bids gentle gales encircling play,
To cool for thee the parching air.

No drenching rains, no chilling blast
Thy halcyon hours are taught to know,
When Winter lays the garden waste,
And sullen showers his silent snow.

In Youth's luxuriant colours dress'd,
Ere one of their soft tints is flown,
'Tis thine to seek some Virgin's breast,
And with its sweetness blend thine own.

Thus round the Fair, the Gay, the Young,
By Beauty's meteor light betray'd,
The flattering Sons of Fashion throng,
In search of charms that soon shall fade:

While Virtue, Innocence, and Truth,
The tenants of the simple cot,
In cold neglect consume their youth,
Unsought, deserted, or forgot.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL Man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and at most
A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,
When, Youth! I bloom'd like thee;
A time will come,——'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me:

Like me thro' varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;
For ah! the sweetest Spring shall change
To Winter in its turn.

In Infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer, my youth, succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And Pleasure held the reins till noon,
—But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came Manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Then follow'd Age, infirm Old Age,
The winter of my year:
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere!

I long to cast the chains away,
That bind me down to earth;
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
And start to second birth.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath,
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in death!

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD.

EUPHROSYNE.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

SAYS Venus one day to her vagabond son,
" Where so fast, you sly rogue, with those darts do you run?
" What unfortunate Maid have you destined to die
" By the grace of a limb, or the glance of an eye?
" Is Woman your aim?—Prithee, tell me the truth:
" Or hast thou resolv'd that some innocent youth
" Should burn by the torch that you wave in your hand?
" Though small be its flame, 'tis a terrible brand."
The undutiful boy to his mother replies,
" What boots it to *you* by my arrow who dies?
" Or whom by my torch I've resolv'd to destroy,
" An unfortunate Maid, or an innocent Boy?
" But since, like your son, you are curious to know,
" I'll tell you the business that takes me below.
" A Poet there lives in a place, where a tree
" Over-shadows the door, and his death I decree.
" Not always I feign with my tears and my tricks;
" And I swear by the flood of implacable Styx,
" I'll roast him alive for my pastime to-morrow,
" For Woe is my joy, and my pleasure is Sorrow."
" Tormentor of Maids, and Destroyer of Men,"
(Resumes the gay Queen, as she questions again,)
" With your joys and your woes will you never have done?
" And when did the Poet offend you, my son?

" Should Song and the Muses refine with their fire
" The soul of the Bard, and their raptures inspire,
" Must he die for your sport? and has Mischief decreed
" On FEELING's own altar its victim should bleed?
" Ah, spare him!—But when were you known to hear reason?
" Though frequent your visits, they're never in season.
" Yet mind me for once.—I'm in search of a dove,
" That one of my Graces purloin'd from a Love.
" I miss'd it this morn; and it certainly flew
" To the regions below with that hussey Miss EU.
" If the thief and the theft to my arms you restore,
" A kiss shall be yours, or perhaps something more."
Her grief he regards with a laugh, and " Ah-hah!
" 'Tis little you know of the matter, Mamma,"
Rejoin'd the young rogue. " Don't you know it was I
" Sent *Phrossy* to earth with your dove from the sky?
" Sweet *Phrossy!* whose taste and whose elegance stole
" From VIRTUE her Grace—the mild grace of the soul.
" Nor grieve, dear Mamma, that the fugitive EU
" Gives *one* grace to earth, while the skies have their *two*.
" Your dove she conceals in the heaven of her breast,
" And that Mansion of Peace he mistakes for his nest.
" To ** they flew: I directed them there,
" And all that behold shall adore and despair.
" The Poet shall pray; but his prayer shall be vain:
" He never knew pleasure who never knew pain.
" To-morrow he dies! and I'll sharpen his thorn
" With the sting of Disdain, and the arrow of Scorn.
" In **'s loved person strike home to his heart,
" And EUPHROSYNE's self shall determine the dart."

THE PROPHECY.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

WHEN seven green years (ah me! to mourn the day
That I should live!) had cloathed my tender frame,
Love's cruel god with bow and arrow came,
And thus in sonnet sad to me did say,

SONNET.

"Ah, luckless boy! to care and sorrow born,
"Thy life's full cup with bitter tears shall flow;
"The Muse shall smile upon thy lettered morn,
"Shall smile—and smiling, sharpen every woe.
"A maid, the fairest of the rural train,
"Her breast all virtue, as her brow divine,
"Thy soul shall love—thy soul shall love in vain.
"Alas! poor boy, no happiness is thine.
"Yes; her young Graces shall adorn thy lays,
"Charming the raptures of thy faithful lyre:
"Yet not thy raptures, not thy fondest fire
"Shall win the adverse maid.—Or peace or joy
"Expect not thou: nor dare thy hope to raise
"Beyond her coldest smile.—Farewell, poor boy!"
Ah! I remember the PROPHETIC strain,
And drag with endless sorrow **'s chain.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO

MISS CHURCH *,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

THE FOURTH OF NOVEMBER, 1796.

BY THE REV. G. L. SCHOEN, LL. D.

The moments have flown so unheeded along,
Since I offer'd my last slender tribute of song,
That the day's festive rites urged their claim to my care,
Ere the Bard, or, what's worse, ere his Muse was aware;
For swift glide the moments, unmark'd in their flight,
When menacing labour is changed to delight;
When anxiety feels all her terrors depart,
And hope gilds the favourite wish of the heart.
As musing I sit, and reflect on the day †
Which shall bear the loved fruits of my labours away,

* Daughter of John Barker Church, Esq. late M. P. for Wendover.

† The author was tutor to the lady's two brothers—The family were at that time preparing to remove to America, where they have since settled.

I think how those moments, scarce mark'd as they
pass'd,
Shall teem with regret and with sorrow at last,
When Reflection and Taste, in the dawn of their power,
Shed mingled delight o'er the classical hour.
Ah, where shall I look for the zeal and the truth,
For the glow or the blush of ingenuous youth?
For spirits all wild, and elastic as air,
Yet subdued to attention, and chasten'd to care?
For sincerity, spurning the mazes of art?
For liberal manners, which wind round the heart,
And candour undoubting, with confidence crown'd,
And honour, which felt a reproach like a wound?
Ah! where shall I seek, through the world as I roam,
That roof which fond habit hath render'd my home;
Where, in polish'd society's elegant seat,
The gods of my household had sought their retreat?
But whither has Fancy seduced me away,
From a theme so respected and honour'd to stray?
—Ah! did I not know that the sacrifice due
To those whom you love, were more grateful to you;
That it yielded an incense, more dear to your heart
Than all that the zeal of the Muse could impart;
I would tell how profuse all the blossoms appear,
Which the Sybil who prompts me developed last year;
I would tell of attentions which nobly disdain
All feeling for self, while a friend is in pain;
Of pity, which flies at humanity's call,
Still anxious and ardent and active for all;
Of meekness, the richest of feminine powers,
Bestow'd on your sex for the blessing of ours:
Of the Graces, which love on your labours to smile,
And the chaste Attic humour which laughs in your
style.

GREVILLE AND JULIA*.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

SLEEP is on Man, and darkness all things hides,
And Night's last hour the distant clocks repeat!—
The doors unfold!—dead JULIA'S Image glides,
Silent and slow,—and stands at GREVILLE'S feet!

Her face like April morns when winds are loud,
And wintry clouds deform the dubious day.—
See, from her feet she lifts the folding shroud
With snow-pale hands, cold as the weltering clay!

When youth is flown, and all that decks thee now,
Ah, royal CIPARISSIS! such *thy* doom;
Then DEATH shall strike the diadem from thy brow,
The shroud thy robe, the lightless tomb thy home.

* The fine touches of pathos and of horror, added by the late Vincent Bourne in his Latin Poem, THIRSIS AND CHLOE, built upon Mallet's English Ballad, WILLIAM AND MARGARET, induced the Author of the above stanzas to re-paraphrase from the former, this aweful Vision; to adopt, instead of the short verse of the English Ballad, the more solemn measure of the ten feet elegiacs, and to translate Bourne with the same freedom with which he translated Mallet. Hence, she has interwoven a few circumstances which, though growing out of the subject, will not be found in the sweet Original, or in the sublimer Latin Paraphrase.

Her form, when peace and hope were hers, was fair
As rising flowers beneath the gleams of May;
And her lips smil'd and blush'd, and Morn's bright star
Stood in her eyes, with soft effusive ray.

But slow Disease the kindling blush consum'd,
And Grief eclips'd the gay and ready smile;
No more the naked lip or laugh'd, or bloom'd;
DEATH call'd his worm—and gave the faded spoil.

" Awake! thy JULIA calls thee!—Fate severe
Sends her pale Corse to wander from the Grave.—
At length, O! *now* at length, let Pity hear
Whom chang'd and faithless Love refus'd to save!

These dark, waste hours allow the restless Ghost
To burst the cearments of the festering Dead;
Terror of him, who long to mercy lost,
In late and vain remorse may vengeance dread.

Thy oath!—thy pledge!—remember them, and fear!
Now, if thou canst, thy barbarous crime atone!
Lo! thy once faithful Maid, a Spectre drear,
Gives back *thy* vows, and sternly claims her *own!*

This face, once gaz'd on with ecstatic eyes,
Once prais'd so fondly, why did'st thou desert?
Why, with thy tender looks, thy pleading sighs,
Win, but to wound, my soft, believing heart?

Thy promise, ah, false Promiser of joys!
How coud'st thou break, to crush my rising years?
Why flatter, cruel Flatterer! these eyes,
Yet leave them fading in unpitied tears?

How coud'st thou say my lips, in early bloom,
Sham'd the first crimson of the Summer's rose!
Why said'st thou so?—and why did I presume,
Rash Maid! to credit thy deluding vows?

This *alter'd* face!—*now* does it bloom?—behold!—
This lip, this naked lip, no smile retains;
Death is in these sunk eyes,—and on this cold
And livid cheek, no lingering charm remains.

The hungry Worm my wasting form devours,
Feeds on these limbs, insatiate with her prey,
A cold,—a long,—a tedious night is ours
Till the late rising of the *nightless* Day!

Hark! the Cock crows!—the *warning* note he gave!
Hark! yet again!—A long—a *last* farewell!—
Come PERJUR'D, view thy gift, the deep, dark Grave
Where thy lost JULIA's dismal relics dwell!"

Now sing the Birds, and from the purpling East,
The Sun prepares to give the golden day!—
Pale Greville, every horror in his breast,
Leaps from his couch, and frantic speeds away.

And to the tomb, the fatal tomb, is flown,
Where, cold in death, his injur'd JULIA lay.
A moment stands by the rais'd turf!—then down,
Headlong he falls on the dissolving Clay.

Thrice calls he JULIA, in a piercing sound;
Thrice does he weep, and thrice, with groans, complain;
Then, clasping wild the swell'd and hallow'd ground,
Nor weeps,—nor groans,—nor speaks,—nor moves
again.

STANZAS

Written by Mr. LEYDEN *before his departure to Madras, on the following given Line from Chaucer,*

" Harde is his herte that lovith nought."

As slow the waning year retires,
The wild-wood warblers lose their fires,
Long shall they rest on lonely wing,
Far from their mates, till jocund Spring
Again the month of Love has brought:
But man kind Nature grants to prove
Through every month the power of Love;
Hard is his heart that loveth nought.

And I, who once in frolic mood,
With wild and witless hardihood,
Julia unknown, would mock the woe
Which only faithful lovers know.
When first I saw her face, I thought—
" If aught on earth so angel bright
Can charm the soul to soft delight,
Hard is his heart that loveth nought."

Torn from thy circling arms afar,
To pine beneath the eastern star,
As sad my lingering eyes I turn
To see thee my departure mourn—
" Too dear thy love can ne'er be bought,
Sweet soul"—I sigh; " thou ne'er shalt rue;—
I deem the heart that loves untrue
More hard than his that loveth nought."

LONDON, JANUARY, 1803.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

OCTOBER 1804.

JUSTICE, here its doom suspending,
Long has spar'd a favor'd land:
Britain! what if signs portending,
Speak thy judgment is at hand?

Virtue's wrongs at last remitted,
See th' avenging Angel stand—
Death and Hell to him committed,
Pour'd the phial from his hand:

Blood must be for blood expended!
Sadness still the voice of Mirth;
Mercy, now no more extended,
Quits indignantly the earth.

Phial! while thy woes are vented,
He who set life's little span—
Sighs, as first when he repented,
To have made rebellious Man!

Not by man his throne elected,
Though man's Eden to restore,
Him, whom nations once rejected,
Him the nations shall adore.

Howl, ye Rich! with deep vexation—
Bend, ye Mighty! to the dust—
'Tis the hour of tribulation!
'Tis the triumph of the Just!

Gather'd from their sad dispersion,
Gather'd—to divide no more,
Now the Children of Conversion
Grateful throng from every shore!

Sons of Promise! Heirs of Glory!
Known amidst Egyptian night,
Heaven's Destroyer pausing, gory!
Shields you in his dreadful flight!

Peace!—the tempest has subsided!
Darkness to her covert hies:
Day from night again divided,
Lo! the Morning Star arise.

Morning! yet in faith expected!
Morning of a perfect day!
Beam on righteousness neglected,
Chace the gloom of Time away!

P. L. C.

THE FAREWELL.

GIVE me one kiss, and then farewell.—
Perhaps we yet once more shall meet,
This bosom yet with rapture swell,
And thine with kindred throbbings beat.

See on the mountain's heathy brow,
The pines their sable branches wave;
Tho' soft the gales which move them blow,
They tell that I my Love must leave.

Ah, fav'ring gales to us severe,
Ye from the Maid her Swain remove;
Propitious to the Sons of Care,
Unkind alone to us who love.

Ye spread the bark's unwilling sail,
Ye heave the gently murmuring sea;
Ye bid th' impatient seaman rail,
That lingering here, I still delay.

One more embrace, and then adieu—
May bliss from Heaven around thee dwell;
Still think of me, and still be true,
As I will ever—Sweet—farewell.

T. ROBERTSON.

GLENDALLOCH.

JULY, 1802.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

Th' enchantment of the place has bound
All nature in a sleep profound;
And silence of the ev'ning hour
Hangs o'er Glendalloch's hallow'd tow'r:
A mighty grave-stone, set by Time,
That, 'midst these ruins, stands sublime,
To point the else forgotten heap,
Where princes and where prelates sleep;
Where Tuathal rests th' unnoted head,
And Keivin finds a softer bed:
'Sods of the soil,' that verdant springs
Within the sepulchre of kings.
  Here—in the circling mountain's shade,
In this vast vault, by Nature made,
Whose tow'ring roof excludes the skies
With savage Kyle's stupendous size;
While Lugduff heaves his moory height,
And giant Broccagh bars the light;
Here—when the British spirit broke,
Had fled from Nero's iron yoke,

And sought this dreary dark abode,
To save their altars and their God,
From cavern black, with mystic gloom,
(Cradle of Science, and its tomb)
Where Magic had its early birth,
Which drew the sun and moon to earth,
From hollow'd rock, and devious cell,
Where Mystery was fond to dwell,
And, in the dark and deep profound,
To keep th' eternal secret bound,
(Recorded by no written art
The deep memorial of the heart)
In flowing robe, of spotless white,
Th' arch-druid issued forth to light;
Brow-bound with leaf of holy oak,
That never felt the Woodman's stroke.
Behind his head a crescent shone,
Like to the new-discover'd moon;
While, flaming, from his snowy vest,
The plate of judgment clasp'd his breast.
Around him press'd the illumin'd throng,
Above him rose the light of song;
And from the rocks and woods around
Return'd the fleet-wing'd sons of sound.
" MAKER of TIME! we mortals wait
" To hail thee at thy eastern gate;
" Where, these huge mountains thrown aside,
" Expands for thee a portal wide.
" Descend upon this altar, plac'd
" Amidst Glendalloch's awful waste:
" So shall the Pæan of thy praise
" Arise, to meet thy rising rays,
" From Elephanta's sculptur'd cave,
" To Eiren, of the western wave,

" And the rejoicing earth prolong
" The orbit of successive song:
" For we by thy reflection shine!
" Who knows our God becomes divine.
" But ah! what dim and dismal shade
" Casts this strange horror o'er the glade!
" Causes e'en hearts of brutes to quake,
" And shudders o'er the stagnant lake?
" What demon, enemy of good,
" Rolls back on earth this night of blood?
" What dragon, of enormous size,
" Devours thee in thy native skies?
" O, save thy children from his breath,
" From Chaos, and eternal death."
The Druid mark'd the destin'd hour—
He mounted slow yon sacred tow'r;
Then stood upon its cap sublime
A hoary chronicler of time;
His head, amidst the deathful gloom,
Seem'd Hope new-risen from the tomb;
And, while he rais'd to heav'n his hand,
That minister of high command
The terrors of the croud repress'd,
And smooth'd their troubl'd wave to rest—
Then spoke—and round the pillar'd stone
Deep silence drank his silver tone.
" He, who, from elemental strife,
" Spoke all these worlds to light and life,
" Who guides them thro' th' abyss above
" In circles of celestial love,
" Has this vast panorame design'd
" A mirror of th' eternal mind.
" To view of superficial eyes,
" In broken points this mirror lies:

" And knowledge, to these points apply'd,
" Are lucid specks of human pride.
" From beams of truth distorted, cross'd,
" The image of our God is lost.
" Those, only those become divine
" Who can the fractur'd parts combine:
" Nature to them, and them alone,
" Reflects from ev'ry part but ONE;
" Their eagle eye, around them cast,
" Descries the future from the past.
" Justice will not annihilate
" What goodness did at first create.
" The mirror sully'd with the breath
" Suffers slight change—it is not death
" That shadows yon bright orb of day:
" See! while I speak, the orient ray
" Breaks, sudden, thro' the darksome scene,
" And Heav'n regains its blue serene.
" And soon the mild propitious pow'r,
" Which consecrates the ev'ning hour,
" Shall bend again her silver bow,
" Again her softer day shall throw,
" Smooth the dark brow of savage Kyle,
" And grim Glendalloch teach to smile.
" Now, Druids, hail the joyous light;
" Fear God—be bold—and do the right."
He ceas'd—their chorus, sweet and strong,
Roll'd its full stream of sainted song.
" O, fountain of our sacred fire,
" To whom our kindred souls aspire,
" (Struck from the vast chaotic dark,
" As from these flints we strike the spark)
" Thou Lord of Life and Light and Joy,
" Great to preserve but not destroy,

" On us thy favour'd offspring shine!
" Who know their God must grow divine.
" And when thy radiant course is done,
" Thou, shadow of another sun,
" Shalt fade into his brighter sky,
" And time become eternity."
But past, long past, the DRUID reign;
The CROSS o'ertopt the Pagan fane.
To this remote asylum flew
A priesthood of another hue,
More like the raven than the dove,
Tho' murm'ring much of faith and love.
A lazy sullen virtue slept
O'er the dull lake: around it crept
The self-tormenting anchorite,
And shunn'd th' approach of cheerful light;
Yet darkly long'd to hoard a name,
And in the cavern grop'd for fame.
Where Nature reign'd, in solemn state,
There Superstition chose her seat;
Her vot'ries knew, with subtle art,
Thro' wond'ring eyes to chain the heart;
By terrors of the scene to draw
And tame the savage to their law,
Then seat themselves on Nature's throne,
And make her mighty spell their own.
The charming sorc'ry of the place
Gave Miracle a local grace;
And, from the mountain-top sublime,
The Genius of our changeful clime,
A sort of pleasing panic threw,
Which felt each passing phantom true.
E'en at a more enlighten'd hour
We feel this visionary pow'r;

And when the meanest of his trade,
The ragged minstrel of the glade,
With air uncouth, and visage pale,
Pours forth the legendary tale,
The Genius, from his rock-built pile,
Aweful, looks down, and checks our smile.
We listen—then a pleasing thrill
Creeps thro' our frame, and charms our will,
'Till, fill'd with forms, phantastic, wild,
We feign—and then become the child.
We see the hooded fathers take
Their silent circuit round the lake:
Silent—except a wailful song,
Extorted by the leathern thong,
Cronan, Cornloch, Lochaun, Doquain,
Superiors of the servile train,
Envelop'd in their cowls, they move,
And shun the God of Light and Love.
Who leads the black procession on?
St. Keivin's living skeleton,
That travels thro' this vale of tears,
Beneath the yoke of six score years;
Sustains his step a crosier wand,
Extended stiff one wither'd hand;
To which the black-bird flew distress'd,
And found a kind protecting nest:
There dropt her eggs, while outstretch'd stood
The hand—'till she had hatch'd her brood.
Hark!—What a peal, sonorous, clear,
Strikes, from yon tow'r, the tingling ear;
(No more of fire the worship'd tow'r,
The holy water quench'd its pow'r)
And now, from every floor, a bell
Tolls father Martin's fun'ral knell,

Who slipt his foot on holy ground,
And plung'd into the lake profound;
Or, by the load of life oppress'd,
Sought refuge in its peaceful breast.
What !— Did not Peace delighted dwell
The hermit of the mountain cell?
No—'twas a cage of iron rule,
Of pride and selfishness the school,
Of dark desires, and doubts profane,
And harsh repentings, late but vain:
To fast—to watch—to scourge—to praise
The golden legend of their days;
To idolise a stick or bone,
And turn the bread of life to stone;
'Till, mock'd and marr'd by miracles,
Great Nature from her laws rebels,
And man becomes—by monkish art—
A prodigy—without a heart.
No friend sincere, no smiling wife,
The blessing and the balm of life;
And knowledge, by a forg'd decree,
Still stands an interdicted tree.
Majestic tree! that proudly waves
Thy branching words, thy letter leaves,
Whether with strength, that time commands,
An oak of ages Homer stands;
Or Milton, high-topt mountain pine,
Aspiring to the light divine;
Or laurel of perennial green,
The Shakespeare of the living scene,
Whate'er thy form, in prose sublime,
Or train'd by art and prun'd by rhyme,
All hail—thou priest-forbidden tree!
For God *had bless'd*, and made thee free.

God did the foodful blessing give,
That man might eat of it, and live:
But they who have usurp'd his throne,
To keep his paradise their own,
Have spread around a Demon's breath,
And nam'd thee Upas, Tree of Death.
Thy root is Truth, thy stem is Pow'r,
And Virtue thy consummate flow'r.
Receive the circling nations' vows,
And the world's garland deck thy boughs.
From the bleak Scandinavian shore
The DANE his raven standard bore:
It rose amidst the whit'ning foam,
When the fierce robber hated home;
And, as he plough'd the wat'ry way,
The raven seem'd to scent its prey;
Outstretch'd the gloomy ominous wing,
For feast of carnage war must bring.
'Twas HERE the Christian savage stood,
To seal his faith in flame and blood.
The sword of midnight murder fell
On the calm sleeper of the cell.
Flash'd thro' the trees with horrid glare
The flames—and poison'd all the air.
Her song the lark began to raise,
As she had seen the solar blaze;
But, smote with terrifying sound,
Forsook the death-polluted ground;
And never since, these limits near,
Was heard to hymn her vigil clear.
This periodic ravage fell,
How oft our bloody annals tell!
But, ah! how much of woe untold,
How many groans of young and old,

Has hist'ry, in this early age,
Sunk in the margin of her page,
Which, at the best, but stamps a name
On Vice, and Misery, and Shame.
  Thus flow'd in flames, and blood, and tears,
A lava of two hundred years;
And tho' some seeds of science seen
Shot forth, in heart-enliv'ning green,
To cloath the gaps of civil strife,
And smooth a savage-temper'd life,
Yet soon new torrents black'ning came,
Wrapt the young growth in rolling flame,
And, as it blasted, left behind
Dark desolation of the mind.
  But now no more the rugged north
Pours half its population forth;
No more that iron-girded coast
(The sheath of many a sworded host)
That rush'd abroad for bloody spoil,
Still won on hapless Erin's soil,
Where Discord wav'd her flaming brand,
Sure guide to a devoted land;
A land, by fav'ring Nature nurs'd,
By human fraud and folly curs'd,
Which never foreign friend shall know,
While to herself the direst foe.
  Is that a friend, who, sword in hand,
Leaps, pond'rous, on the sinking strand,
Full plum'd, with ANGLO-NORMAN pride,
The base adult'rer by his side,
Pointing to Leinster's fertile plain,
Where (wretch!) he thinks once more to reign?
Yes, thou shalt reign, and live to know
Thy own, amid thy country's woe.

That country's curse upon thy head,
Torments thee living, haunts thee dead;
And, howling thro' the vaults of Time,
E'en now proclaims and damns thy crime;
Six cent'ries past, her curse still lives,
Nor yet forgets, nor yet forgives,
DERMOD, who bade the Normans come
To sack and spoil his native home.
Sown by this Traitor's bloody hand,
Dissension rooted in the land;
Mix'd with the seed of springing years,
Their hopeful blossoms steep'd in tears;
And late posterity can tell
The fruitage rotted as it fell.
Then Destiny was heard to wail,
While on black stone of INISFAIL
She mark'd this nation's dreadful doom,
And character'd the woes to come.
Battle, and plague, and famine, plac'd
The epochs of th' historic waste;
And, crowning every ill of life,
Self-conquer'd by domestic strife.
Was this the scheme of mercy plann'd
In Adrien's heart, thro' Henry's hand,
To draw the savage from his den,
And train Hibernia's sons to men;
To fertilize the human clay,
And turn the stubborn soil to day?
No—'twas two Englishmen who play'd
The mast'ry of their sep'rate trade:
Conquest was then, and ever since,
The real design of Priest and Prince;
And while his flag the King unfurl'd,
The father of the Christian world

Bless'd it, and hail'd the hallow'd deed,
For none but savages would bleed;
Yet when these savages began
To turn upon their hunter, man,
Rush'd from their forests to assail
Th' encroaching circuit of the pale,
The cause of quarrel still was good;
The enemy must be subdued.
Subdued! The nation still was gor'd
By law more penal than the sword;
Till Vengeance, with a tiger start,
Sprang from the covert of the heart.
Resistance took a blacker name,
The scaffold's penalty and shame;
There was the wretched rebel led,
Uplifted there the Traitor's head.
Still there was hope th' avenging hand
Of Heav'n would spare a hapless land;
That days of ruin, havoc, spoil,
Would cease to desolate the soil;
Justice, tho' late, begin her course,
Subdued the lion law of force;
There was a hope that civil hate,
No more a policy of state;
Religion not the tool of pow'r,
Her only office—to adore;
That Education, HERE, might stand,
The harp of Orpheus in her hand,
Of pow'r t'infuse the social charm,
With love of peace and order warm,
The ruder passions all repress'd,
And tam'd the tigers of the breast,
By love of country and of kind,
And magic of a master mind.

As from yon dull and stagnant lake
The streams begin to live and take
Their course thro' Clara's wooded vale,
Kiss'd by the health-inspiring gale,
Heedless of wealth their banks may hold,
They glide, neglectful of the gold,
Yet seem to hope a Shakespeare's name
To give *our* Avon deathless fame,
So, from the savage barren heart,
The streams of Science and of Art
May spread their soft refreshing green,
To vivify the moral scene.
O, vanish'd Hope!—O, transient boast!
O, COUNTRY gain'd but to be lost!
Gain'd by a nation, rais'd, inspir'd,
By Eloquence and Virtue fir'd,
By transatlantic glory stung,
By Grattan's energetic tongue,
By Parliament that felt its trust,
By Britain terrify'd and just.
Lost—by thy chosen children sold:
And conquer'd—not by steel but gold:
Lost—in a bargain, base, absurd,
Dupe to a Courtier's pledge—his word.
Its purpose serv'd, then nothing loath,
The *word* is broken by the *oath*.
The Courtier skulks behind the throne,
And sold our honour, saves his own.
Lost—by a low and servile great,
Who smile upon their Country's fate,
Crouching to gain the public choice,
And sell it by their venal voice.
Lost—to the world and future fame,
Remember'd only in a name,

Once in the Courts of Europe known
To claim a self-dependent throne.
Thy ancient records torn, and tost
Upon the waves that beat thy coast;
The mock'ry of a mongrel race,
Sordid, illiterate, and base.
To Science lost, and letter'd Truth,
The genius of thy native youth,
To Cam or Isis glad to roam,
Nor keep a heart or hope for home:
Thy spark of independence dead;
Thy life of life, thy freedom, fled.
Where shall her sad remains be laid?
Where invocate her solemn shade?
HERE be the mausoleum plac'd,
In this vast vault, this silent waste;—
Yon mould'ring pillar, 'midst the gloom,
Finger of time! shall point her tomb;
While silence of the ev'ning hour
Hangs o'er Glendalloch's ruin'd tow'r.

EXTEMPORE

On a Key, appended to the Bosom of a very beautiful young Lady.

How blest is thy lot, thou insensible Key,
How gladly I'd change situations with thee!
For to *thee*, like the Key of St. Peter, is given
To guard o'er the gateway—that leads into Heav'n!

P****.

VERSES.

BY THE REV. DR. LAYARD,
LATE DEAN OF BRISTOL;

On the Duke and Duchess of ANCASTER.

LET senseless libertines complain
Aloud, of Hymen's galling chain,
Their censure is ill plac'd;
His rule unjustly is abus'd,
That which deserves to be accus'd
Is—their own want of taste.

I know a pair, whose souls combin'd
By Nature as by Hymen join'd,
Appear almost as one;
To them,—that tiresome stupid life,
Those scenes of weariness or strife,
Entirely are unknown.

'Tis theirs the truest joy to know,
Unsullied pleasures they bestow,
The noblest passions blend:—
Cannot those scenes of bliss invite,
Those scenes of transport, where unite
The Lover and the Friend?

Compare you such a state as this,
With that deceitful transient bliss
For which some idly roam;
Their joys are folly, noise their mirth;—
No happiness is known on earth,
But what is found at *home*.

VERSES,

Translated from the Greek of Ibycus Rheginus.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

NAIADS soft, *Cydonian* maids,
When the leaf embrowns the shades,
When the birds their carols sing,
Pour the streamlet from the spring.
Vernal gales awake the vine,
Leaves to spread, and tendrils join,
Bid the little suckers grow,
Soon with racy juice to flow.
In this season maidens fair
To the crystal stream repair,
Virgin gardens of delight,
Kind of heart, in feature bright:
These are they that wing the dart,
These are they that fire my heart:
Wakeful Love within my breast,
Never, never gives me rest.
Not a season, not an hour,
Frees me from the Tyrant's power.
Like the *Thracian* winds that fly,
Like the light'ning from the sky,
Swift his arrows pierce the soul,
Swift subdue with fierce controul.

From each object of desire,
Madding Rage, consuming fire,
Mock the senses with illusion,
Fill the spirit with confusion;
Dreadful offspring of Delight,
Love confounds me in his might.
All my thoughts and wishes filling,
Waking pangs, desires instilling,
Cruel Tyrant of the breast,
Never does he give me rest.

TO FRANCES.

Touch'd with thy woes, beloved Friend!
Fondly to thee this heart advances;
At least on *one* fond heart depend—
It cannot love thee less, sweet Frances!

Admired while grac'd with health and bloom,
Thy grief, to me, thy worth enhances:
Short be thy date, or sad thy doom,
How can I e'er forget thee, Frances?

From virtue though thy steps should stray,
And nought betide thee but mischances,
If honour, candour thee betray,
I never will forsake thee, Frances!

AMICUS.

STANZAS,

Written on a very amiable and ingenious young Man's being censured in Company as wanting common Sense.

WHAT means this common sense the worldling's boast,
Which checks the ardor of a youthful fire;
Dwells not with Genius; is in Fancy lost;
And bids poetic ectasy expire?

Is it the sleepy wisdom of the schools,
The cheating craft of worldly-minded men,
The policy of mad Ambition's fools,
Or flows it from the Moralist's dull pen?

Is it to check each soft emotion's rise;
To wrap in clay-cold apathy the heart;
Each object void of Fancy's aid to prize,
And tear from Happiness its better part?

If this be common sense; Oh, grant me heav'n,
The fuller blessings of the *feeling mind!*
To worldlings still let common sense be giv'n,
Indulge me with a sense of nobler kind!

Be mine to ramble still in Fancy's maze,
By fond Imagination led astray;
On Life's bright prospects chearfully to gaze,
And strew with flowers its transitory way!

FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE,

A SCHOOL EXERCISE.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

YES—take my heart, and let it prove
All Friendship's glad controul;
But never may the rage of Love
Possess my quiet soul.

For Friendship is a gen'rous balm,
The wounded mind to heal,
To still the pangs, the cares to calm,
That wretched mortals feel:

But Love, a draught of noxious pow'r.
Whoe'er the potion drinks,
Infuriate wastes the madden'd hour,
Or in oblivion sinks.

Thou, Friendship, art a constant stream,
Translucent pure that flows,
Where kind and temp'rate wishes beam,
And rising virtue grows.

Thy wishes, Love, like torrents burst,
That rend the mountain's side;
Where never pilgrim slak'd his thirst,
Or painted flow'r was spied.

Come, Friendship, come; thy radiance lend,
To chear the mournful breast:
A thousand woes my bosom rend;
O charm my woes to rest.

Hail, holy Friendship, mark divine
Of Man's imperial mind,
Thy rays but faint, and dimly shine,
In Woman's feebler kind.

With Love their gentle natures flame,
Or melt with Pity's tear;
But never quit the selfish aim,
Or vanquish jealous fear.

The female breast caprices guide,
And light resentment warms,
The thirst of sway, the little pride,
The rivalship of charms.

All female nature is but Art,
And soft refin'd Disguise;
But Friendship reads the secret heart,
The nascent thought descries.

'Tis Friendship on th' expanded hearts
Can lasting joy bestow:
A transient pleasure Love imparts,
And permanent its woe.

Awake, alive, unbounded trust,
The mutual ardour glows;
Nor light Caprice, nor mean Disgust,
Nor sordid aim, it knows.

Etherial Ardour, spark divine,
Of chaste seraphic Love,
It bids the eyes of angels shine,
It warms the Blest above.

Thou, Friendship, art a pledge and proof,
There is a sex in souls.
While Pride detains the Great aloof,
And Fear the Mean controuls;

Thou com'st to pour thy lambent light
Thro' the deep dungeon's grate;
To chear the dim despairing sight,
And smooth the wretch's fate.

Love is enamour'd of the bloom,
And vernal morn of life;
It flies from Age, from Sorrow's gloom,
From Danger, and from Strife.

Amid all these will Friendship live,
And here delights to shine;
To her we sacrifices give,
Because she is divine.

'Mong rugged rocks, that Being fill,
Should toiling Friendship stray,
She casts, like the translucent rill,
All earthy dross away.

But Love is all for sensual joys,
'Tis like the feather tost;
'Tis won by baubles, and by toys,
For toys and baubles lost.

In ev'ry place, in ev'ry age,
The love of kind prevails:
Alike the Driv'ler, and the Sage,
The gentle rage assails.

Nay, with the brutes, and reptile kind,
Its pleasures Love divides;
But Friendship, center'd in the mind,
To joy peculiar guides.

The diamond, falsely understood,
Allures with changeful glare,
It burns a transitory good,
And vanishes in air.

An opal, fix'd, thro' chance and years,
With mild and temperate ray,
The fiercest flame of trial bears,
Impassive to decay.

Still unassuming, still the same,
Is Friendship's steady light;
But Love is wasted in its flame,
Combustible, and bright.

A thousand, and a thousand names
Of lovers are enroll'd:
Their story lives, we read their flames,
In modern Bards, and old.

So few are they, since Time had birth,
For Friendship true renown'd;
That scarce a name, adorning earth,
Within an age is found.

Their love, with wonder and applause,
Succeeding times admire;
As something passing Nature's laws,
Rare, as the comet's fire.

O Friendship, thus, in humble song,
I would thy pow'r display;
But few among the vulgar throng,
Can understand the lay.

Amidst this scene of sordid strife,
O purify my breast;
Come, fit me for a better life,
And commerce with the blest.

THE ANSWER.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

YES, Friendship is a sov'ran good;
I own it's mighty pow'r.
My soul it's worth has understood,
In many a trying hour.

I know the joy thou canst impart,
O spark of heav'nly flame;
And never shall the grateful heart
Renounce thy hallow'd claim.

Yet still, within my secret soul,
Remains a weary void;
I find, renouncing Love's controul,
A feeling unemploy'd.

In sorrows oft the Friend we try,
The Brother sooths the mind:
But, oh! how weak the manly tie,
To those that females bind!

All sober thought, all selfish aims,
For Love they can despise;
Thro' storm, contagion, death, and flames,
Enamour'd woman flies.

Some fitting object, from above,
For ev'ry sense is giv'n;
And, sure, the renegade from Love
Resists the doom of Heav'n.

To deck the female form and mind,
Did Heav'n exhaust its power;
To make a trinket more refin'd,
Th' amusement of an hour?

No—wiser, better far the plan,
That lavish'd ev'ry grace,
To deck the softer friend of man,
The blessing of our race.

Full oft has Friendship warm'd my heart,
And still its worth I prove:
But ne'er could Friendship joys impart
Like tender Woman's love.

There is a sweetness, and a charm,
Mere Friendship cannot know;
When heart to heart beats quick and warm,
And meeting eyes o'erflow.

Nor let the leaden spirit dare
To boast he Friendship feels,
Who Woman views supremely fair,
And yet his bosom steels.

For, when the heart to Friendship's sway
Is harmoniz'd above,
It sure has travell'd half the way
To reach the sphere of Love.

True Love enhances Friendship's joy,
With varied charms combin'd;
And bids the mutual wish employ
The senses, and the mind.

The Poet oft capricious sings,
And idle wit displays,
To magnify the meanest things,
And what is good dispraise;

Not that I Friendship would decry,
The cordial of the soul:
But Friendship's sway must never vie,
With Love's supreme controul.

Thro' ev'ry clime, and ev'ry age,
His mighty reign extends;
The proudest Chief, the wisest Sage,
To Love submissive bends.

When Noontide sends her arrows round,
And Summer's sway prevails,
Go, doubt if light and heat are found
In beams that gild the vales.

Go—doubt, if elements are good;
And harmony of things,
If useful is th' etherial flood,
And useful seas, and springs.

And censure then in cynic mood,
With living kind at strife,
That element of general good,
That bond of social life.

What treasure can the mine impart
In ore and precious stone,
To reach the treasure of a heart,
Devoted, and my own?

What beauteous tint can Nature show
In earth, or heav'n above,
To reach the sweet etherial glow
Of soft consenting Love?

Behold the beauteous ev'ning star,
And moon adorn the sky:
More soft the light, and beauteous far,
That beams from Woman's eye.

How bright the rays of morning shine
O'er dewy vale and hills!
But brighter Woman's glance divine,
Her eye when Pity fills.

Attractive is the meadow's face
With flow'rs of every kind;
But more attractive female grace,
More sweet the female mind.

Great are the joys that Friendships prove,
And Kindred can impart:
But what are they to joys of Love?
Speak—ye, who have a heart.

Ev'n rudest tribes that never felt,
In warfare nurst and storm,
Believ'd that something sacred dwelt
In Woman's heav'nly form.

And something sacred dwells indeed,
We find the notion just!
Th' immediate hand of Heav'n we read,
In Woman's sacred trust.

Lo—Heav'n thro' her the sacred stream
For Infancy supplies;
Or where had been the Poet's theme,
Th' heroic Good and Wise?

What motives Woman's smile supplies,
To prompt the manly toil!—
And, when the storms of Fate arise,
What comfort in her smile!—

What object in this vale of tears,
Like Woman can engage?
Her love the morn of life endears;
Her friendship chears our age.

And who shall speak with erring rhyme,
Of Woman's feebler kind?
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
She proves superior mind.

For her's is Prudence to decide
In danger, doubt, and strife;
And Patience hers, too sorely tried
In this eventful life.

With ev'ry charm, and ev'ry grace,
That lovely women boast,
Zenobia rul'd the manly race,
And led the banner'd host.

Her noble mind, with high disdain,
Rebuk'd imperial pride.
She spurn'd the haughty Victor's chain,
And triumph'd when she died.

Behold *Agnesi's* thought profound,
All Wisdom's depths explore;
And all the dark abysses sound
Of philosophic lore!

Let *Cambria's* wild romantic hills
Report, if years impair,
Or life's approaching winter chills
The Friendships of the Fair.

For female friends their glens among,
In constancy exceed
Whate'er in history, or song,
Of manly Truth we read.

And what can manly Friendship show,
Like that illustrious wife?
Alcestis seeks the shades below
To give her husband life.

And have we not of *Arria* read,
If Fortitude may charm;
Sustain'd by Love, the female bled
To nerve the manly arm.

And let not Man's presumptuous aim,
With all his strength and skill,
A greater share than Woman claim
In human good and ill.

Her fond and tender cares we know,
In helpless childhood prov'd.
What joys on man she can bestow,
Speak thou, whose soul has lov'd!

To chace our sorrows, wrongs, and fears,
O, who can boast the pow'r?
Who crouds the happiness of years,
In one elysian hour?

Love is the source of purest ties,
That bind in social life;
And Heav'n beholds, with partial eyes,
The Mother, and the Wife.

Whence have the seeds of Knowledge sprung,
Sown in our childish days?
Who timely forms the stammering tongue,
To sound our Maker's praise?

O sure 'tis Woman—to her state
Our weal and woe are join'd;
She gives a colour to the fate
Of all the manly kind.

THE WISH ACCOMPLISHED.

FROM THE FRENCH.

'Twas Spring when from his pregnant wife
Far distant lands poor Lubin parted,
And, as he lov'd her more than life,
The swain was almost broken-hearted.

Gazing delighted on her charms,
"May Heaven," he cried, "sweet spouse restore
"Thee safely to my longing arms,
"As now thou art; I ask no more."

Nor was his fond petition spurn'd—
Benignant Heaven consenting smil'd!
A twelvemonth past he home return'd,
And found his darling wife—with child.

R. A. D.

LINES

Addressed by the late Miss Lyne to her Brother, Charles Taylor, now Lieutenant-Colonel of the 20th Dragoons.

DEAR Charles, who void of guile or art,
Canst boast an open friendly heart,
Generous, if not refin'd;
Accept, upon thy natal day,
Lines which, alas, but ill convey
The image of my mind!

May'st thou, the next revolving year,
Find joys unsullied with a tear,
Save what my sorrows claim;—
And those my brother soon shall cease,
Soon shall the sufferer be at peace,
At rest this harassed frame.

My grateful spirit then shall rise,
Pleased to assert her native skies,
Where Hope now points the road;
Mercy divine shall smooth the way,
And to the trembling sinner say,
Dare to behold thy God.

A longer happier lot be thine,
May ev'ry earthly good conjoin
To crown thy life with joy:
May virtue in thy breast preside;
May prudence all thy actions guide;
And oft thy thoughts employ!

Adieu—my strength and spirits fail,
The sinking lamp of life grown pale,
Scarce lends a feeble ray;
Soon my freed spirit shall ascend
To God, my father, and my friend,
In realms of endless day!

A GLEE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Κυρη τις μ' εφιλησε φοδισταξε χειλεσιν υτρης·
Νεκταρ ην το φιλημα· το γαρ στομα νεκταρος ην·
Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, φιλην την ιρητα φιτωσας.

ANTHOL. Lib. VII.

THE girl that I love lately gave me a kiss,
And the dew of her lip seal'd the ravishing bliss.
Of nectar the kiss, for her breath gave it bloom;
Her breath was the nectar's delicious perfume.
Now full flowing bumpers of rapture I prove,
And tipsey with joy, I'm a Bacchus in love.

LINES

Presented to Anna Seward, of Lichfield, upon her saying that she had written her last Verse.

BY THE REV. W. FITZTHOMAS.

Not the last verse! till Death in dread repose
Those honied lips, those beaming eyes shall close:
No! let sweet verse his late approach attend,
Cheer his dark brow; and O! his dart suspend.
Nor then the last; for, Seward, from thy tongue
Shall verse resound, in heavenly mansions sung;
Nor Fancy fond, nor this fond Friendship feigns,
That wish thy life immortal as thy strains;
Strains, that from never-dying Genius flow,
And life, whose days no baneful passions know.
For ne'er did Avarice goad that tender breast,
Envy, or conscious Fraud, forbid to rest;
There faithful Love, and Truth, and Mercy live,
Wrongs to redress, and sooth; and wrong'd forgive;
Fair Fame, that bade to fadeless wreaths aspire,
And generous Praise, that fann'd another's fire;
Now sinking Sorrow clasps the treasur'd urn,
With trembling hands, while pitying angels mourn;
And thou, that ever lov'dst thy Maker's praise,
Graetful shalt join to theirs thy hallow'd lays;
Still then, O Anna, charm us with the past!
Still let no strain of thine be deem'd the last!

STANZAS.

Oft, to that long-expected day,
Great theme of terror and dismay,
The Judgment Day! I, smiling, turn;
When time must cease, and systems burn.

Exulting think, the morn shall rise,
That fires the earth, and rends the skies;
For Justice pleads the dreadful doom,
And Virtue soars beyond the tomb.

Yes, on this world's eventful close
My solace, and my joys repose;
Its thought shall cheer, its prospects dry
The sorrowing heart—the weeping eye.

Prisoner of hope! the soul may rest
Below, though panting to be blest;
Awhile may bear the galling yoke;
But mourns to see her fetters broke!

P. L. C.

HORACE,

ODE 7, BOOK 2, IMITATED.

TO MRS. W. BOSCAWEN.

WRITTEN IN THE SUMMER OF 1803.

---

* THOU, who if Heav'n, that join'd our hands,
O'er Zembla's snows, or Libya's sands,
Ordain'd me far to roam,
Would'st still, with faithful love, attend
My fond companion, gentle friend,
And deem my heart thy home!

Though yet, unbroke by care and pain,
My health and active powers remain,
Though youthful bloom be thine;
Should age come on with rapid stride,
What blest retreat shall we provide?
Where soothe our life's decline?

† *Whichwood*, in thy romantic shades,
Thy breezy lawns, sequester'd glades,
My youthful hours were blest!
In thy blest scenes, remote from strife,
From public cares, and busy life,
My peaceful age should rest.

IMITATIONS.

* Septimi, Gades aditure mecum, &c.

† Tibur Argæo positum colono, &c.

Whichwood Forest, in Oxfordshire, where the Author's father had a lodge.

* But this our wayward lot denies:
Then let us turn our anxious eyes
(Where late we joyed to rove)
Tunbridge, to thy salubrious rill,
Thy cavern'd rocks, famed *Ephraim*'s hill,
And royal *Anna*'s grove.

Dear chosen spot! where shelter'd vales
May guard us from th' inclement gales
When wint'ry tempests blow,
† Where Zephyr from the distant main
Wafts his soft freshness o'er the plain
To cool the summer's glow.

There social bliss, when hearts unite,
With sweet Retirement's calm delight
(Rare harmony!) we blend,
And oft, enlivening vacant hours,
Meet in sequester'd walks and bowers
Some dear unlook'd-for friend.

IMITATIONS.

* Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galesi,
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi
Rura Phalanto.
Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes,
Angulus ridet, &c.

† Ver ubi longum, &c.

* There, when the vital spark decays,
On my loved CHARLOTTE's form I'll gaze
E'en to my latest breath;
And, if beside my couch she stand,
Grasp her with trembling failing hand,
And smile, serene in death.

W. B.

IMITATIONS.

* ——— ——— ubi tu calentem
Debitâ sparges lacryma favillam
Vatis amici. HOR.
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu. TIBULL.

That the above wish cannot (alas!) now be fulfilled will be seen by the following Epitaph.

EPITAPH,

In Mary-le-bone Burying-Ground, on the Lady of William Boscawen, Esq. who died April 14, 1804.

KIND tender Mother!—fond and faithful Wife!
Here wait the meed that crowns a well-spent life.
E'en now, perchance, thy spirit soars above,
To meet each dear * departed Pledge of Love.
Oh! may thy widowed Partner, when the doom
Of righteous Heav'n consigns him to the tomb,
Here, where his loved lamented CHARLOTTE lies,
With her in peace repose —with her to bliss arise!

* The Author had lost six children.

THE FALLEN OAKS.

Αλλ· ὁτε δη κτημας πρεσταζαν πολυπιδακος ιδης
Αυλιξ· αρα δρυς υψικομους τανηκει χαλκω
Ταμνον επειγομενοι· ται δε μεγαλα κτυπεουσαι
Πιπτον.

ILIAD xxiii. V. 117.

Lo, where the axe hath hewn away
The hoary fathers of the wood,
They who sustain'd, without decay,
The lapse of Time's destroying flood
Thro' rolling seasons,—while each gale,
That cross'd the hill's rough craggy side,
Told how the streams of age prevail
O'er human grandeur, human pride.

Oaks, ye beheld Time's withering might,
Rush, in the waste of years array'd,—
The grey cliffs shook in pale affright,
And echoing moans the rocks pervade.
Against yon pile now dark, forlorn,
Tho' high its turrets then arose,
He struck—soon low the turrets borne,
Fall, as in spring, the crumbling snows.

While ye, aloft in bolder sweep,
Stretch'd your wild branches to the sky;
Your center-seeking roots more deep
Implanted, and his rage defy:

Still undecay'd, and beauteous still,
Your " Sov'reign Planters" power bespeak,
And mock the works of human skill,
Like those who made them frail and weak.

Of good unfruitful: to destroy
In skill not impotent or vain,
When sought the price of vicious joy,
When greatness can be built on gain:
Then wide are Nature's realms explor'd,
The desart trod, and stem'd the flood,
Rocks pierc'd to swell the glittering hoard,
And hewn the fathers of the wood.

The mountain's heath-impurpled brow,
Now bare to each inclement hour,
Gone all his shades, is forc'd to know
The wind how keen, how cold the show'r:
Like some poor outcast on the waste
Of Life's inhospitable deep;
Doom'd, Friendship's bitter lofs to taste,
And still to live, and still to weep.

Beneath those once wide-spreading shades
No more shall sport the Lare, the fawn;
Nor heard those sounds which thro' the glades
Ran sweetly at the waking dawn;
When hid within her dewy bower,
The throstle's mellow measures flow,
Or scatter'd red-breasts softly pour
Responsive notes from many a bough.

Oaks, sounds to these ah, how unlike,
Will soon your trembling planks dismay,
When rude th' opposing billows strike
As the swift vessel speeds her way,
When Commerce bids the seaman steer,
Thro' tides which drink meridian light,
Or War, (thrice heard th' inspiring cheer,
Unfurls her signal to the fight.

If such thy destiny—regret
No longer should indulge in woe;
Your service pays the sacred debt,
Which all her sons their country owe:
Whether from climes the Ganges laves,
Ye India's spicy wealth convey;
Or else ye ride the vassal waves,
A nation's bulwark on the sea.

T. ROBERTSON.

EPITAPH

FROM THE FRENCH OF MELLINET.

HERE lies a fat parson, who, free from all care,
Gamed, tippled, and sported with brown and with fair:
He, in doubt if aught good in next world he should know,
Made prudently sure of the good things below.

E. A. D.

THE SEA NYMPH.

When the night winds rock the sea bird's nest,
And shake the rude cliff's pallid flowers,
I wake from dreams of golden rest,
That soothe me in my moon-light bowers.

On gliding feet unseen I rove
Thro' gelid grots of whitening spar,
O'ershadow'd by the emerald grove,
That sparkles to the western star.

I love to wreath my humid brow
With flowers that bloom in lucid caves,
While unsunn'd dew from every bough
Falls dimpling in the crystal waves.

Where many a wide transparent wing
O'er canopies the lunar sphere,
That gilds the floating cloud of spring,
The cradle of the infant year,

I hail the spirit of the breeze
That sings to rest the trembling tide,
When o'er the clear Venetian seas
The fairy barks of Pleasure glide.

I gem the myrtle's vernal bowers
That blossom on Italian shores,
With the white foam of the silver showers
That sparkle round the dashing oars.

I hear, from clouds of fluid gold,
The evening music of the west,
While the light gondolas unfold
Their silken sails on Ocean's breast.

From moon-light decks the golden string
Sounds, while the conscious waters heave,
And o'er the shrouds I love to sing
The requiem of the dying eve.

I steal the soft voice of the gale,
That pensive beauty weeps to hear;
While the foldings of her snowy veil
Are moisten'd with a falling tear.

She lifts Devotion's beaming eye,
Rapt with the music of the main,
Till the breathing of a mortal's sigh
Recalls her to the world again.

When the day-star rushes from on high,
My sanguine coral's branching tree
Warms with its boughs of roseate dye,
The liquid lustre of the sea.

My wild harp charms the listening night
With tones that ministering angels breathe,
When glows the blush of pure delight,
To warm the pallid cheek of death.

From golden sands I love to view
The cold moon of the northern pole,
When round her throne of cloudless blue
The circling waves of ether roll.

She wanders thro' the lengthening night,
And glitters on my crystal dome,
Whose pearly towers in fluid light
Emerge from Zembla's broken foam.

They shiver as the tempests rave
Round shuddering Nature's gelid form,
While riding on the mountain wave
I combat Heaven's unyielding storm.

Ah, when the frozen canvas gleams
Mid icy mountains far away,
The sickening sun's unwarming beams
Waste on the surge their languid day.

When the rocking keels the waters brave,
And the snow clouds changing meteors burn,
I weep to think that from the wave
The fated barks shall ne'er return.

When the cry of death is on the deep,
And struggling valour toils in vain,
I hush, in everlasting sleep,
The luckless wanderers of the main.

When their life-blood o'er the ocean swims,
And curdles round my central cave,
I hide the victim's stiffened limbs
In the darkness of the oozy wave.

I bear to my unfathomed cell
The waving sea-flowers deathless bloom,
To embalm the billows fitful swell
That surges o'er the sailor's tomb.

Round many a proud unshaken height,
That props the blue vault of the sky,
I revel in the beamy light
That sports in boundless liberty.

While from my streaming locks I fling
The fragrance of the ocean breeze,
I hear the lunar spirits sing
In the summer of Atlantic seas.

They spread their robes of silvery hue
O'er the pale moon of the placid Even,
When wrapp'd in clouds of softest blue
She slumbers at the gates of Heaven.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 19, 1804.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY,

WITH A BEAUTIFUL HAND AND ARM.

WHEN at the Bar of Love you stand,
For pilf'ring hearts in idle sport,
The moment you hold up that hand,
'Twill prove your guilt to all the Court!

W. P.

THE BRITISH OAK.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

Written soon after the Definitive Treaty of Peace, signed at Amiens, March 25, 1802.

I.

CHILD of the forest! lordly Oak,
Oft, as with musing eye, I mark
Thy giant arm, and foliage dark
Stretching, in solemn grandeur, o'er the plain;
And view thy proud head towering high,
Scathed by the lightning's stroke!
My busy thoughts incessant fly
Where Britain's Navy, proud and gay,
With gallant trim and silken streamers flying,
Her ancient foe-man's rage defying,
Rides on the billowy main!
My bosom then with transport swelling,
On themes of lofty prowess dwelling,
Recalls each memorable day,
When 'midst glory soaring high,
And led from victory to victory,
Neptune to her his trident gave,
And named Britannia Empress of the Wave.

II.

Monarch of the forest, hail!
Ne'er shall foreign force prevail,
Ne'er shall Gallia's numerous hosts
Invade thy ALBION's sea-girt coasts;
Bulwarked by thee, her power shall stand,
Dread guardian of her honoured cause,
Her equal liberty and laws;
And long transmit from hand to hand,
Her independent spirit free,
Her unstained honour pure, and patriot loyalty.

III.

Ye, who were once the Druid's care,
When 'midst the dim grove's solitude,
His impious hand with blood imbrued,
The heaven-offending Priest preferred his prayer,
And bad, in clouds of incense, rise
The abhorred human sacrifice;
Sons of the desert! now rejoice,
Ye Oaks of Albion lift your voice,
For now beneath your hallowed shade,
No rites to Superstition paid,
Profane your deep recesses wild
By murder's foulest stain defiled,
But with myrtle crown advancing,
To music's tones and tempered cadence dancing,
Their choral hymns, youths and soft virgins pay,
Thy mystic boughs engarlanding
With many a trophy; emblem, sacred tree!
Of Peace, and blest Content, and holiest Liberty.

IV.

BRITAIN! thy oaken wreath
GLORY delights to bind around her brow;
And with immortal hands,
She knits those mystic bands
With nectared roses that eternal glow,
And Heaven's pure odours breathe,
More graceful far than, famed of yore,
The cestus Beauty's Queen, celestial Venus, wore.

V.

Still, GUARDIAN OAK, thy station keep
On yon misty mountain's height;
There drink the morn's refulgent light;
While to some Seraph's strings
PEACE her soft hymn enraptured sings:
But should dire War with voice profane
Interrupt this hallowed strain,
DESCEND INTO THE DEEP!
Give to the winds thy every sail,
Bid all thy streamers catch the gale,
The furious battle storm awake,
Remotest shores thy thunders shake;
While o'er the bosom of the main,
The strain so long to Albion dear,
Shall thrill each hostile breast with fear,
While Tyrants tremble on their thrones,
And hear, appalled, those magic tones,
"BRITONS NEVER WILL BE SLAVES!"

JEREMIAH, CHAP. IV. PARAPHRASED, FROM VERSE 19.

A SCHOOL EXERCISE, IN DEC. 1777.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

THE AUTHOR'S AGE FIFTEEN.

My heart will speak;—it bursts the silent bands,
While the loud trumpet wakes the distant lands.
Heard ye that cry? Destruction stalks around,
And Death's dread footsteps shake th' affrighted ground.
Still must that standard to my eyes appear?
Still must the trump strike horror in my ear?
Prompt to each evil act my people run,
But the strait paths of Truth and Goodness shun!
Shock'd by their crimes, the earth as chang'd, appear'd
A frightful void, whence nought but cries were heard:
Darkness and Horror fill'd the dismal space,
And the bright Sun hid his resplendent face.
I look'd, and lo! the mountains shook with dread;
Each hill more lightly mov'd its trembling head:
Struck with confusion at the awful scene,
The birds were fled; no living thing was seen.

I saw the soil, whence Plenty us'd to flow,
A wilderness; the earth a scene of woe.
Jehovah spoke: "Be desolate, ye lands!"
He said—all Nature felt the dread commands;
Nor yet appeas'd the indignant wrath of God,
Still further must it feel his chast'ning rod.
The earth shall mourn, the heav'ns themselves shall lour,
And all creation groan beneath his power:
No longer in the city shall ye stay;
Struck by the sounds of war, with sore dismay
Ye shall to rocks and thickets bend your way;
And once so favour'd, once so happy race,
Who have enjoy'd your God's peculiar grace,
Say, foolish daughters, what is now your lot,
Lost and despoil'd, your former charms forgot!
Tho' bright with gold, and deck'd in crimson vest,
Emeralds and rubies sparkling on your breast,
Tho' you your faded face with painting stain,
No fond admirer shall these arts regain;
But those frail friends, whom once you thought sincere,
Shall now your greatest enemies appear!
For suddenly I heard a shrieking cry,
The voice of anguish piercing thro' the sky;
Like her's, who bringeth forth her first-born son,
'Twas Zion's daughter—Thus the cry begun:
"O'erwhelm'd with sorrows, and with tortures torn,
"Ah! woe is me! when shall I cease to mourn?
"My soul is wearied; my distracted mind
"Can midst my former friends no refuge find!"

ISAIAH, CHAP. LIII. PARAPHRASED.

A SCHOOL EXERCISE, AT EASTER, 1778.

BY S. E. BRYDGES, ESQ.

HARK! how the Bard, whose intellectual eye
Pierc'd the dark cloud that veils futurity,
Beheld from far the light of Israel shine;
And hail'd the dawnings of the day divine!
Unlike the Saviour, the proud Jews invoke
O'er prostrate nations to extend his yoke;
By fire and sword to make his mission known,
And wade through seas of blood to gain a throne:
O'er conquer'd hearts his gentle reign extends,
And Death himself beneath his empire bends.
Hail, Prince of Peace! immortal Jesus, hail!
'Twas thus Isaiah told the wond'rous tale:—
" Stiff-neck'd and proud, from you these truths conceal'd,
To whom hath God his own right arm reveal'd?
Not as the lofty cedar shall he rise,
Whose tow'ring head seems lifted to the skies;
But like some healing plant, whose lowly root
Shoots forth no flowers, and bears no tempting fruit.

The balmy juice, that flows in every vein,
From this proud race no fond regard shall gain,
Ye with contempt shall see your Saviour mourn,
Despis'd, rejected, and with sorrows torn;
E'en ye, whose griefs, whose wounds he mildly bears,
With sneers misconstrue all his gen'rous cares:
Heal'd by his stripes (still, still he bleeds in vain,)
Ye mock his anguish, and deride his pain.
For ah! like wand'ring sheep ye're gone astray,
Vain and presumptuous from the narrow way.
He comes to lead you back with gentle hand
To Wisdom's paths, and Reason's mild command,
To soothe the wretch, to heal the wounded heart,
And life and gladness to the sick impart;
And, see! for this, before my wond'ring eyes,
What unexpected scenes of horror rise!
O see, for all the blessings he dispens'd,
A thankless race with bloody rage incens'd:
Meek and resign'd the Holy Lamb is led,
Thorns plac'd in mockery round his hallow'd head,
Murder'd by Sinners whom he died to save,
The Lord of Life descends into the grave;
Yet, with the rich in death he shall remain,
Whose holy days no fraud nor mischief stain!
Mild, uncomplaining, he his life pours forth,
To give our hopes of Heav'n a second birth;
Hence for his sake shall he behold his seed
To length of life and golden days decreed!
Hence Pleasure prosper in his fostering hand,
And Peace and Joy spring up at his command!"

THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF*.

A RHAPSODY.

SOFT is the cooling breeze, when eve succeeds
In mild dominion, to the rule of day;
As to the chief, in sanguine-vested deeds,
Advances some wise monarch's happy sway:
Full many a wretch, beneath the warrior bleeds—
So droop the flowers before the sunny ray,
Whose fading bloom the gentle eve revives,
Cheer'd by the peaceful Prince, 'tis thus a kingdom thrives.
Soft is the breeze that with the hawthorn strives,
And bears the fragrance from its crimson head;

* Sub initium anni 1014, vel paulo ante, Brienus Borons Rex, cum plurimis Hiberniæ, Regulis egit, ut conjunctis viribus Sitricum omnesque Ostmannos ex Hibernia expellere conarentur.—Magnis Copiis sic utrinque coactis concurritur tandem Clontarfe prope Dublinium, Aprilis 23, ubi post longam acerrimamque, pugnam victoria cessit Brieno, qui tamen ex vulnere quod in prælio acceperat mortifero mox expiravit.

Antiquitates Hiberniæ, JACOBI WARÆI.

The spicy odours on his pinions borne,
I breathe delighted, as the path I tread
By weary labour to his homested worn;
Whose ruddy offspring gayly run before
With many a far-sought stick, and wither'd thorn,
Reft from the hedge their supper fire to light:
Across a slope from western splendor bright,
The pathway leads, edg'd by impurpling flowers,
An hawthorn thicket here extends its shades,
A gushing fount below its current pours
From the grey mossy rock.
There stretch'd reclin'd,
My limbs repose, while volant as the wind,
To Fancy's region wings the unweary'd mind:
The Past and Future people her domain,
And Inspiration guides them to the Poet's brain—
Eventful shades a wild swift-passing train!—

* * * * * * * * *

What horrid sounds are those which rend the air,
With dreadful clamour hastening to the sky,
(Louder than, each fierce starting from his lair,
Affrighted Lybia hears her lions cry,)
Thro' the grey rocks the mingling echoes fly,
And Howth is shaken to his base beneath?
It is the voice of War—on yonder heath,
He and his friends a dire carousal hold,
Heaps of the dead (sad cheer) before them roll'd,
And smoking streams of blood their thirst assuage.
Ierne's sons are busied in the rite—
Green-mantled island, thy undaunted brood,
(Than whom no dearer partners in the fight
Can Valour have to share his faulchion's toil,)
Firm as a rock 'gainst Ocean's maddest mood,
By Justice marshall'd, now resist the rage,
Of hostile Denmark, and her efforts foil.

The warlike youths advance by Borom led,
Their Sovereign great and good, whose pow'rful hand
Ruled his discordant tribes with firm controul—
Serene his temper, but of dauntless soul;
Bound to his throne by Love's unslackening chain,
His subjects hearts he held; while thro' the land
Peace, and her sister Plenty, pour'd around
Their various blessings, (rich as summer rain
When falls its beverage on the thirsty ground)
Fruits of his wisdom: nor when Time had shed
The sacred snows of age upon his head,
When now the stern invader sought to gain
A footing on his shores, shrunk he away,
And left the younger arms to check the foe;
Disdain once more renews his valour's glow:
Arous'd his ancient fire, he forms th' array,
Leads on his warriors, and provokes th' affray.
  Severe the conflict is, and loud the strife,
When with harsh clangour every clattering shield
Strikes on th' opposing boss—the prize is life,
And arm to arm 'tis fought for—'bove the field
The whizzing arrows wing their fatal flight;
Beneath the iron shower falls many a Chief,
And many a Warrior sinks to endless night.
Fill'd with vain hope from mystic terms of Fate,
To certain victory the Ostmen came,
But Death for conquest, and disgrace for Fame,
On the proud raven's sable plumes await.
  Before Aurora's guilt-appalling beam
Dispers'd the darkness, and illum'd the east,
While sleep-inducing shades the world opprest,
On the bleak shore, where late the ebbing tide
Fled murmuring before the gusts of night,
A pile was rais'd, to feed whose murky light,

A sea-worn bark her shatter'd ribs supply'd,
That erst amid the waves her faithless side
Disclos'd, and gave her inmates to the flood.
Around the fire the Chiefs of Denmark stood
Silent and pale; while in her sacred stole
Involv'd the Priestess sate, her face conceal'd:
Quick thro' her mind mysterious fancies roll,
And magic spells are framed, while sighs reveal'd,
And broken sounds, the toil within her breast:
In solemn accents then, inspiring dread,
Arising, thus she bade the rites proceed;
"Thrice to the North, thrice turn thee to the East,
"And to the South as oft, thence to our aid,
"On her cloud-trampling steed each fatal Maid
"Hies to the war; while hovering in the West,
"Ierne's guardian views th' embattled plain;
"Greet not that hostile sky, save with disdain—
"The Brave should conquer, not appease their foes;
"He on his sword alone for help relies,
"Whom the dark-mantled Sisters highly prize,
"Great Odin's daughters: *they* Valhalla close
"Against the coward, but those blest abodes,
"Where in rich draughts the honey'd beverage flows,
"Unfold they to the death-despising men,
"Who thro' the festal hours bright sparkling goblets drain,
"And hear immortal songs, and banquet with the gods.
"Be now the war-prevailing powers ador'd!"
Obedient to her word, the sable steeds
Are led along reluctant to the pile;
To Odin, grisly King, one courser bleeds,
Another's vital stream to Thor is pour'd,
A third to Freya:—Runic charms the while,

With many a potent drug, and powerful spell,
To Heav'n the fury of the bonfire swell:
These sacred rites perform'd, the Priestess pray'd:
" Hear us, dread Sov'reign of th' undaunted souls
" Who stand the shout of Death without dismay;
" Great Odin hear—whose iron spear controuls
" The realm of shadows with unbounded sway;
" And ye, stern guardians of Valhalla's gates,
" (Hid from the *coward* in terrific shade,
" But to the *brave* disclosing blissful seats,)
" Dire Sisters hear your votaries sole demand.
" Bend on our Foes the unapproving frown,
" Which scatters thro' the field heart-throbbing flight;
" Hear us, propitious hear. Let Victory rest
" From the war-harvest on our standard's height!
" We ask not safety, but unsham'd renown;
" Be life the forfeit, so we gain the fight."
Even as she spoke, and while the murmuring croud
Responsive seconded the dread request,
Upborne upon the gale a lurid cloud,
(As the skiff floats upon the billow's breast,)
Ascends above the pyre, whose flames deprest,
Cow'rs, neath the fog.—An hollow sullen sound
From the mid vapour broke, as thunder loud,
And where the murky wreaths of mist divide,
A strangely wild mysterious form appear'd,
That might appal the brave, the firm confound,
And strike the heart against its shuddering side:
So thro' the haze of dawn aloft is rear'd
Some hill's dark summit—thick disshevel'd hair
In elf-locks starting, her wan temples crown'd,
Blood-dripping robes her limbs gigantic bound
In part; her meagre sinewy arms were bare,
And wither'd breast and neck; while as she frown'd,

With wizard glance her eyes malicious glare;
And chiding then, she pointed to the foe,
And spoke in voice of more than human mould;
" Why linger ye ice-cradled, haste, be bold,
" Soon from your swords let havock's torrent flow,
" While Death exulting soars above the stream.
" Splendid shall Glory's time-surviving beam
" Shine round their heads who seek th' immortal meed,
" Amid the strife of spears when warriors bleed.
" And lo, Ierne mourns—her aspect lours—
" Vain are his virtues, vain his high estate,
" What can retard th' unerring dart of Fate?
" Not the rich tear a sorrowing nation pours,
" The grey-poll'd king again to life restores.
" Haste to the field, ere sets yon rising sun,
" A battle must be lost, a battle won."
Then bending to the heath the Demon turn'd,
And in the shade was hid. Each listening ear,
With words of dubious import vainly pleas'd,
Attends the call to fight; the sword is seiz'd,
The iron buckler pois'd, and rais'd the quivering spear:
Hope fired each warrior's eye, and in his bosom burn'd.
Nor stay'd Ierne's offspring from the field,
For what base impulse could their force abate?
Since all that warms the soul with noblest heat,
Now every Soldier's heart indignant swell'd:
Their freedom threaten'd by th' invading foe;
The Victor's insults, and the Captive's woe,
In thought sustain'd, the mind with anguish wrung;
All that is dearest to the gen'rous breast;
All that is hoped for, all that is possest,

Now on each arm's unyielding valour hung,
Unseemly then it were had Danger flung
The shades of terror round the martial band;
In firm collected fortitude they stand,
And front th' advancing foe with equal rage.
As when contending storms their fury wage
Against some mountain's high embattled towers,
Whither, when Desolation swept the vale,
For safety fled a melancholy train
Of trembling females, Childhood, timid Age,
And the wide ruin from above bewail;
But when fair Peace restored her golden reign,
Deserted then those walls whose massy powers
Now undisturb'd the tempest's force sustain:
'Tis thus Ierne's sons th' assault repell.
Now in the ruddy East the star of day,
His wide-illuming lustre 'gan disclose,
When soon the dreadful shouts of War arose,
And on the morning gale terrific swell;
Loud was the trumpet's fight-provoking knell,
And shock of squadrons met in dire affray;
The din of trampling steeds, and clashing arms,
With cries of rage, and many a mortal groan
Immingling, form a tumult of alarms,
And wild confusion; o'er the rocking ground
The sanguine tide of havock sweeps away,
In shuddering heaps tremendous overthrown,
Both dead and dying, men and coursers mixt,
The mangled hecatombs of fierce turmoil;
While from their caves, mid Hela's shadows fixt,
The Demons of Destruction range the plain,
(Like vultures swooping to the weltering spoil,)
Vengeance stern-ey'd, and Slaughter, ghastly twain,
With Horror, murder born, and spread around

Each shape of death that can the soul dismay.
The victory hung in oft relapsing scale,
Uncertain long:—now to th' exulting Danes
Inclining: now Ierne's sons prevail,
And proud advantage on their side remains.
Thro' Scandinavia's iron ranks they pour
In fierce irruption, and resistless might,
Against such force what prowess could avail?
The blood of many a dying soldier stains
The sandy beach—the Danes are driven to flight.
As in the mildness of the evening hour,
When curls the smoke above the peasant's shed,
In azure volumes up the elm's green head;
If from the summer cloud descends a show'r,
Broke by the rapid rain, the vapours spread
Their grey mist o'er the roof: thus wide dispers'd
The vanquish'd men of Denmark trembling fly;
Or mow'd beneath the ruthless sword they die,
Or perish in the sable waves immers'd.
  Thus far Ierne's triumph was complete.
So should it be whene'er th' invading foe,
By Conquest madden'd, and o'erweening Pride,
Would seek t' enthral some happy free-born state,
And base restraint, for liberty, bestow,
So will it ever be—save when at home,
From inward sources flows Oppression's tide;
When foul Corruption bids the virtues roam
In keen affliction from their native isle;
When shameless Vice and Luxury preside,
And Worth laments, while Parasites revile;
There shall th' indignant men, with anger fill'd,
To hostile steps a willing entrance yield.
  Now well-deserv'd success the brave has crown'd,
Give the glad hours to joy, bring forth your King,

Conduct the venerable man around
The field, dear purchase by your valour made.
Be perils all forgot, and let the minstrels sing
The deeds to ancient time your Sires display'd,
While your proud hearts re-echo to the sound,
That no degenerate race their sons are found.
The pomp advances—not in joyful weeds,
The songs are heard, attun'd to mournful airs,
And for the heralds of triumphant deeds,
A solemn, sad, funeral train appears.
Whom do they mourn, for whom those rolling tears?
Why burst those sighs from many a troubled breast?
Whose is yon corse in regal habit drest,
Which marr'd by savage hands profusely bleeds?
'Tis Borom's blood—for him the tears descend.
O! human glory, impotent and vain.
O! mortal greatness, brittle as the ice.
O! Borom, Prince beloved, is this the end,
Which bounds the labours of thy patriot reign:
For him, whose frowns appal'd presumptuous Vice,
The foe of Guilt, and Virtue's ardent friend;
For him, long shielded from th' impatient grave,
By an whole nation's pray'rs to list'ning Heaven,
Was then no guardian power on wing to save,
And stay that blow by hands remorseless giv'n?
Alas! no aid was nigh, and in his tent,
When the invading foe to flight was driven,
While slumb'ring on his couch the monarch lay,
By toil o'erwearied, and with care o'erspent;
A band of Danes (whose hasty footsteps bent
Far from Ierne's sword their trembling way)
Came where he slept, and in accursed mood,
Bath'd their keen weapons in his sacred blood;
Then fled fear-pinion'd—thus the dire presage,

Of the perfidious demon was fulfill'd:
O'er Denmark's prostrate sons Ierne stood
Victorious, while beneath th' assassin's rage
The old, majestic Borom, was subdued.
Such various scenes attend this mortal stage,
No lasting joy its shifting transits yield,
Th' uncertain sunshine of an April day—
It is the will of Heaven—let all that will obey.

T. ROBERTSON.

HOPES AND FEARS.

WHEN Julia smiles, the face of day
Is drest in sweets, like genial May;
The lustre of her azure eye,
Her peachy cheek, of rosy dye,
Thrill my fond breast with soft desire,
And heavenly languishment inspire.

When Julia frowns, how glooms the sky,
The lilies droop, the roses die;
A gloomy hue invests the trees,
No scene delights, no beauties please;
My sickening soul delights to view,
The silent tomb—the mournful yew!

R. CARLYLE.

SONG.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

TELL me, Syren of my soul,
What the spell, whose dear controul
Every hill and vale adorns?
Lovelier light than Summer morns!
Laura, say, and tell me too
Have I ever liv'd till now?
Tell me, Syren of my soul!
Oft I saw the rosy dawn
Deck the hill, the vale, the lawn;
Pleas'd I found them fair, and warm;
Fair, but not with *magic* charm;
Love only can that charm bestow!
Ah! I never liv'd till now,
Never, Syren of my soul!
Thy sweet smiles, thy glances bright
Shed the soft, the golden light;
Light, that thro' all Nature beams,
Light, that thro' my bosom streams!
Then, my Laura, hear the vow
That I never liv'd till now!
Hear it, Syren of my soul!

SONG.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Now Spring wakes the May-morn, the sweetest of hours,
Calls the lark to the sun-beam, the bee to the flowers;
Calls Youth, Love, and Beauty to hail the new day,
And twine all their garlands in honor of May;
But think not, amid the gay pleasures they bring,
That moments, so jocund, will pause on their wing!

Obey, my fair Laura, the summons that breathes
In the scent of the flowers, in the hue of the leaves;
In the hymn of the woodlands, for Love is the lay,
And fragrance, and lustre, are types of his sway;
More *sweet* are his accents, more *rosy* his spring,
And O! not less *rapid* the flight of his wing!

SONG.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Recitative.

Gently emerging from the gloomy Main,
The Star of Morn shines on the dewy plain;
So, from the night of anxious doubts and fears,
Rises Hope's radiant star on my long-darken'd years.

Air.

Source of its fires, my Laura, say
Shall their delightful lustre prove
Blest harbingers of wedded Love,
And lead his soft, his sunny day,
Warm with each pure, each lively beam
Of gay desire and fix'd esteem;
Faith, stainless faith, affection dear,
And sympathy's consoling tear?
These, Laura, these shall banish care and strife.
And draw the thorns from every rose of life.

BALLAD.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

I WAKE and weep, when wintry winds
Are howling loud upon the lea,
And louder gales my fancy finds
For William on the foaming sea;
But, calming soon the pictur'd storm,
Sweet hopes into my bosom creep,
And tell me summer-breezes warm
Shall waft him safely o'er the Deep.

Four years on India's sultry coast
Has War's rude voice my Love detain'd,
While here, to every pleasure lost,
His Anna's languid form remain'd.
And o'er the steep rock still to lean,
Still eager watch each gliding sail.
That languid Form is duly seen
At ruddy morn, and evening pale.

But ah! no handkerchief I mark
Stream from the deck in crimson dye!
Dear signal! wanting *thee*, the Bark
Is hail'd by many a mournful sigh.
Its shouts discordant seem to me,
That echo from the stony pier,
Since William's face I cannot see,
Since William's voice I cannot hear!

BALLAD.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Hast thou escap'd the Canon's ire,
Loud thundering o'er the troubled Main?
Hast thou escap'd the fever's fire
That burns so fierce on India's plain?
Then, William, *then* I can resign,
With scarce one sigh, the blooming grace
Which in thy form was wont to shine
Which made so bright thy youthful face.

That face grows wan by sultry clime,
By watching dim those radiant eyes,
But Love disdains the rage of Time,
Tho' Youth decays, tho' Beauty flies;
An honest heart is *all* to *me*,
Nor soil, nor time, makes *that* look old,
And dearer shall the jewel be
Than Youth, or Beauty, Fame, or gold.

STANZAS,

From a Gentleman to a Lady, who by frequent inexpressible Hints had given him to understand that she was engaged.

BY THE REV. C. P. JUN. 1785.

'Tis the lot of us short-sighted mortals on earth
With rapture to fly to each glitt'ring bait;
Each poisonous joy to which Folly gives birth;
Till wrapp'd in delusion we mourn at our fate.

Say, say dearest Girl, when a moth you have seen
With quivering wings round the candle-light play,
Say did not your pitying hand intervene,
And drive the poor fluttering insect away?

Still obstinate, still to the contest returning,
Your pity, he, prone to destruction, disclaims;
Too near he approaches, his wings now are burning,
A self-condemn'd Martyr he dies in the flames.

Thus caught by the lustre which beam'd from your eyes;
Thus hov'ring around on your image I dwell;
With tenderest words you thus seem to advise,
"My heart is another's, your passion expel."

In vain your advice and your pity are given;
By repulsion more eager, more heated, I fly;
Like Icarus fly, too, too near to my Heaven,
Till melted, like him, by my rashness I die.

But be not severe, nor my folly despise,
As caught by a bauble, a glittering toy!
Had you beauty alone, in spight of those eyes,
(The sweets of vain beauty in time ever cloy)

My passion had cool'd, and my flame been expended;
Nor I destin'd the fate of the insect to prove:
But you have a temper with tenderness blended,
The greatest must envy, the wisest must love.

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS.

BY MR. PHILIP DODD.

De Amore suo.

Odi, et amo. Quare id faciam fortasse requiris.
Nescio: sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.

THAT I LOVE thee, and yet that I HATE thee, I feel.
Impatient, thou bidst me my reasons explain:
I tell thee, nor more for my life can reveal,
That I LOVE thee, and HATE thee—and tell it with pain.

ABSENCE. A PASTORAL.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

I WEEP, and I sigh, and I wander alone;
Neglected, my flocks run astray;
My heart is grown sad, and my spirits are flown,
Since Colin my love is away.

How tedious the day! and how chill blows the wind!
The sun too, methinks, shines less clear!
In the meadows and woodlands no pleasure I find,
Since Colin no longer is here.

At the sound of his voice, I forgot ev'ry care;
He was all that was dear to my sight;
So manly his face, and so graceful his air,
He fill'd my fond heart with delight.

When with him I danc'd at our last Village Fair,
The maidens all envy'd my lot;
They frown'd and repin'd, and were fill'd with despair;
He smil'd, and I heeded them not.

He left me, ah cruel! he left me to mourn;
Three moons he has left me behind;
To my arms, oh ye Pow'rs! may he quickly return
To his Phillida, constant and kind.

ELEGY.

No wandering footstep e'er imprest
The turf that wraps Maria's breast;
Deserted tho' her dwelling be,
'Tis consecrated ground to me.

Western sunbeams warm the gale
That flutters o'er the fairy vale,
Where glows the wild flow'rs humid bloom,
That Friendship nursed on Beauty's tomb.

Celestial forms shall hover there
On pinions of etherial air,
And bid the turf its blossoms wear,
Tho' ruin blast the dying year.

To embalm the verdure of the sod
That shrouds the Sufferer's last abode,
From an Angel's downcast eye
They stole the tear of Sympathy.

The sacred gem of lucid ray,
Gleam'd on the greensward's mould'ring clay,
And wore to the enthusiast's eye,
The lustre of eternity.

Spirit of the breathing west,
Leave thy cradling cloud of rest;
And wake where Nature's darling lies,
The golden harp of Paradise.

Oft when the dewy hand of Even
Had closed the starry gates of Heaven;
Thou smiledst to hear an earthly tone
As sweet and holy as thine own.

Go hover o'er yon woodlands dim,
'Twas there she breath'd her vesper hymn;
The memory of that thrilling strain
Might calm a maniac's fever'd brain.

Go! but the fairy spell is o'er,
Its gay delusions charm no more;
No traces of the past remain,
Save only in my throbbing brain.

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, DEC. 19, 1804.

TO LAURA.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Lo! where the bee, from yonder rose,
Fill'd with sweet plunder flies;
Yet still the flower as warmly glows,
As rich its odours rise.

So, dearest, by my ardent kiss
Thy charms unchanged we see;
Then frown not, since my honied bliss
Has nothing stolen from thee.

R. A. D.

LINES

Written under a Print of Cupid, engraved by Francis Bartolozzi, Esq. R. A.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

Oh, Sov'reign of the willing heart,
By all the subject world obey'd,
Who first inspir'd the Painter's art,
And taught the fond Corinthian Maid,

'Tis thine to wake the sweet desire,
And bid the torch of Hymen glow;
To thee the pencil and the lyre
The fairest dreams of Fancy owe.

Then grant, oh grant, propitious Boy,
The beauteous Delia to my arms;
No more delay the bridal joy,
But yield to love her virgin charms.

For this, a fragrant myrtle wreathe
Around my grateful brows I'll twine;
And hallow'd strains of rapture breathe,
In soft devotion, o'er thy shrine.

THE INFLUENCE OF AFFECTION.

To Nature's wild regions fond Love has assigned
A *meaning* that favors the bent of the mind,
And a Zephyr, an Echo, a Flow'ret, or Stream,
Are made the Allies of the VOTARY's dream.

The drops which at eve the CARNATION receives,
Its scent to renew, and to freshen its leaves,
Seem shed of the night-roving SUN to complain,
And are tears that invoke his bright presence again.

W. P.

TO DELIA.

WHEN SLEEP upon my brow alights,
It leaves me still unblest:
Around me throng ill-boding Sprites,
The mockeries of rest.

O DELIA, in the midnight Dream,
With all the constancy of day,
Thy image is my fancy's theme,
And still thy frowns dismay!

But should'st thou once, in vision sweet,
Divest that brow of scorn;
O! may the night of such deceit
Ne'er know return of morn!

W. P.

TO DELIA.

Permitted, unreproved, to gaze—
My favor'd rival idly strays:—
O bless, whene'er thou wilt, my sight,
This breast will beat with pure delight!

If he, who feels the tropic Sun,
Repairs to shade the warmth to shun,
The dweller on the polar shores
Ne'er sees him shine but he adores!

W. P.

TO DELIA.

Written on the Coast of Sussex.

Sometimes the rugged shore I tread,
And now the Downs, high-lifted, rove;
The cliff, the wood, the cavern dread,
Have often heard the tale of Love.

O smile not at the tortured mind
That 'midst the dreary scene complains!
In nature what can be less kind
Than her, who in this bosom reigns?

Less kind?—For tho' no pity dwells
In frowning cliffs, or forests lorn,
The rock my story ne'er repels
The tree waves not its head in scorn.

W. P.

TO DELIA.

THE FAREWELL!

By unrelenting scorn subdued,
When in the sleep of death I'm laid,
My grave with pity will be view'd,
And Delia *then* may court my shade.

The Martyr touch'd with holy zeal
Amidst the flame makes others feel:
The Scoffer, who his virtue eyes,
Becomes his convert whilst he dies!

W. P.

TO FEBRIS.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

I.

Swart Demon! that amidst the breast of man
Ragest, like noon in summer; fiercest thou
Of all the fiends that from his tortured brow
Wring pain; prime leader of that hideous clan,
Marasmus, Epilepse, and Frenzy dire!
Ah far, far hence remove thy heavy hand,
Nor roll thy boiling torrent through the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Scorching the vitals like consuming fire!
Nor, O! forbid sweet sleep with opiates bland
To bathe the senses in forgetfulness,
And yon sad Suppliant's frame with balmy slumbers bless.

II.

Yet seldom sleep affords the wished-for rest,
And those soft dews restorative that cheer
The mind perturbed, but baleful visions drear
Hang lowering, in fantastic horrors drest;
Snatch'd sudden o'er dark desert ways forlorn,
Some cliff abrupt thy victim seems to tread,
Or lists the din of Ocean raving wild,
Against the opposing barrier piled,

Of adamantine rocks incessant borne;
Or marks the wan ghost quit his wormy bed,
Or wanders sad, where o'er the moon-light vale,
Gigantic Terror stalks, with visage ghastly pale.

III.

Fierce like thyself, but of a pallid hue,
Sits AGUE opposite with chattering teeth,
Who, while he fetches hard his labouring breath,
Wipes, from his temples cold, the clammy dew;
Hung o'er the glowing embers, all in vain
He chafes his shivering limbs, benumb'd with cold;
Life's crimson fountain through his veins creeps slow,
And languid beats each pulse and low,
While up his legs in many a tortuous chain,
The dull Torpedo flings his icy fold,
And Languor sits upon his leaden eye,
And heaves his panting breast the involuntary sigh.

IV.

Spare, RUTHLESS POWERS, ah, spare that virgin bloom,
That delicate soft cheek of vermeil die,
That ruby lip, and liquid-beaming eye,
Nor to the dank grave's cold obstruction doom
Virtue's meek lustre, whose unfolding charms
Heighten the graces of ingenuous youth;
Nor bid the Lover, robbed by Fate severe
Of her Affection holds most dear,
Hang, like the blasted oak, and stretch his arms
O'er the lost bud of faithfulness and truth!
But mostly spare the highly-cultur'd mind,
That thrills to every nerve with feelings too refin'd.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

THOUGH the wild Winter's wind I hear,
Dirge of the darkly-closing year,
Though tempests shake the troubled main,
Though torrents whelm the deluged plain,
With tranquil breast, and steady eye,
'Tis mine to mark the threat'ning sky:
What war of elements can move
The heart secure in MARY'S love?

Come, Winter, wave thy funeral robe,
To shade with woe the wasted globe!
Scatter in desolation wide
The hope of Spring, the Summer's pride!
With fiercely-withering rage destroy
The bounteous wealth of Autumn's joy!
But never, never, seek to move
The heart secure in Mary's love!

Thou ne'er shalt bid my bosom wear
The sullen livery of Despair:
When speeds THE SPRING OF LOVE, to ope
For me the orient bud of Hope;
Sweet promise of his SUMMER'S pleasure,
And his rich AUTUMN'S ripen'd treasure,
WINTER, canst thou the bosom move,
Whose seasons feel the power of Love?

Rude spoiler of the ruin'd year!
Come, vainly pour thy vengeance *here*—
Shake from it's stalk the blossom vernal—
Thou ne'er shalt blight the flower eternal,
TRUTH's blooming flower; whose fragrant rose
In MARY's breast undying glows.
Stern WINTER, let thy rage approve
The fadeless flower of Truth and Love!

Come, Genius of the rushing storm!
The darken'd face of Heaven deform—
Come, veil from mourning mortals' sight
The Sun of Day, the Star of Night.
What, what to me the clouded sky?
My sun, *my* star, is MARY's eye.
Nor darkness, nor the storm shall move
The heart secure in MARY's love.

Yes, WINTER, thou to me shalt bring
The bliss of AUTUMN, SUMMER, SPRING:
Yes, MARY's converse shall beguile
Thy frown, and bid it wear her smile:
Yes, let the tempest's rage encrease,
When all within is joy and peace:
Yes, yes, not all thy wrath shall move
The heart secure in MARY's love.

Still as returns DECEMBER's cloud,
Still as the bleak winds whistle loud,
Shall we to home's calm scene retire,
Serenely trim our social fire;
While Love, amid the Winter's gloom,
A Rose-bud in the wild shall bloom:
Say, ruthless tyrant, canst thou move
The heart secure in MARY's love?

Then Memory shall the past endear;
Hope fondly hail the future year,
And as *the Seasons'* silent pace
Steals from that cheek one fading grace,
VIRTUE shall give the charm sublime,
That lives *beyond the Death of Time:*
Nor Time, nor Winter's blast shall move
The heart secure in MARY'S LOVE!

JANUARY 1, 1804.

SONG.

THE blushes that glow on my cheek,
The sorrows that swell in my eye,
Say, whence are their source, and why thus do I heave
The frequent, the half-represt sigh?

Why thus from society fled,
Does reflection such pleasures impart,
And why do I welcome the pang that it brings,
As the dearest delight of my heart?

O! 'tis there that an image appears,
Which can silence or solitude cheer,
Which sooths the keen anguish, which prompts the soft sigh,
And turns into rapture the tear.

A. N.

DISDAIN.

A RHAPSODY.

YE, whom stern Fate has doom'd to prove
The hard vicissitudes of Love,
Does Memory retain;
Or has opposing Reason found
In all the passions' hostile round,
A rebel like DISDAIN?

Sure, not the pain which Beauty gives,
When hopeless Truth the wound receives,
And Fancy aids the spell,
Can make the slighted heart so pine—
Whose pangs, O Tityus! rival thine,
Though thine were fram'd in hell.

For who can bear th' averted look,
Or who with gentleness can brook
The haughty-gleaming eye?—
If Love with blear illusion sees,
Why is he not stark blind to these—
O Nature! tell me why?

Or if the kindly-proffer'd hand
Is with indignant warmth disdain'd,
Or touch'd with torpid pride—
Duller than Lethe's stream his blood,
Colder than Cydnus' icy flood,
That feels no feverish tide.

Too fierce, alas, I feel the flame,
Too quick it rushes through my frame,
Impell'd by Cælia's scorn;—
And though I drag a galling chain,
Yet, to relieve me from the pain,
I cannot, cannot fawn!

T. PARK.

SONG.

THOSE days of delusion were days of delight,
How blest was each morn, and how tranquil each night,
For Friendship a garland I hung on each tree,
And Love in return dropp'd his myrtle for me.

If time shew'd the flatt'ring falsehood too plain,
If faithless the Friend, and if perjur'd the Swain,
I have mourn'd; but shall Sorrow for ever engage,
And benumb with its frost till the winter of Age.

The cold breast of Caution let Apathy steel,
And Feeling refine till it ceases to feel,
With a warmth more exalted my bosom shall burn,
And Friendship and Love shall yet meet their return.

A. N.

ON THE

CLAMOURS OF MODERN REVOLUTIONISTS.

THEY who for Freedom idly rave,
And set no bounds to what they crave,
But still for Freedom brawl;
Ne'er think that Liberty's excess
Borders on wild Licentiousness,
And would but more enthral.

Distracted Gallia's lengthen'd sighs
Have shown what real ills may rise
From speculative good;
And prove—by reason unconfin'd,
Each anarch passion of the mind
Begets a monstrous brood.

So, from the pregnant womb of Nile,
The Æthiop hopes his arid soil
With liquid wealth may flow;
But if too far it leaves his shores,
The unresisted deluge pours
Fecundity of woe.

T. PARK.

THE AGE OF CHIVALRY.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT *.

WHEN fiercely rush'd the Moorish Foe
To lay the Christian Ensign low,
Thy sons, IBERIA! sought the field,
And grasp'd the spear, and braced the shield;
Then, to inspire the hallow'd cause,
Thy virgin daughters smiled applause;
And waked with animating eye
The gallant soul of CHIVALRY.

'Twas then, impatient for the fight,
The Fair beheld her favour'd Knight;
Deck'd with the meed of duteous love,
His conscious plume display'd her glove;
The colours her chaste bosom wore
His stately steed in triumph bore;
While the glad warrior waved on high
The loyal pride of CHIVALRY.

* These lines were written during the late unhappy disturbances in Ireland, when the Author was preparing for the military duties of the night, and in sport bound a Lady's Kerchief on his arm.

E. L. S.

Then to her champion, true and brave,
Amid her smiles one tear she gave;
One tear, inspiring, not depressing,
One tear, the pledge of Heaven's best blessing;
And, as with Virtue's rosy charm,
She bound her *Kerchief* on his arm,
Sweetly she said with speaking eye,
" Go forth, and prove thy CHIVALRY !"

So, when the trumpet pours its sound,
And rebel fury raves around,
When ERIN's sons to battle speed,
And seize the sword, and spur the steed,
The maidens of the Emerald Isle
Prosper their arms with favouring smile;
And bid their hopes undaunted try
The patriot strength of CHIVALRY.

Then, as to save our native soil,
We tempt the war, and wake to toil,
Wouldst thou, to shield me from the foe,
Wouldst thou the guardian pledge bestow;
And give *thy Kerchief's* powerful charm,
To bind my brow, or deck mine arm,
How gladly would I wave on high
The loyal pride of CHIVALRY !

Did not I see thy brow assume
The glittering casque, the nodding plume ?
And shall not thy dear touch inspire
My soul beyond the Patriot's fire!
Then place me with my brothers brave,
Whose hearts can love, whose hands can save;
On my proud arm thy favour tie,
And bid it prove my CHIVALRY !

PROPERTIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST, ELEGY THE FIRST.

TRANSLATED BY W. PRESTON, ESQ.

THY glances, *Cynthia*, taught me first to prove,
Wretch that I am! the galling yoke of Love;
My heart was then a stranger to desire,
Their lambent light'ning wak'd unwonted fire.
Insulting Love, from that ill-fated hour,
With shame and sorrow mark'd his tyrant pow'r,
On me he darts the flashes of disdain,
My captive head he tramples on the plain.
He taught me then to hate the virtuous dame,
Estrang'd from good, regardless of my fame.
The guilty mind, perverted by despair,
In Dissipation sought relief from care;
At random, wild I liv'd, in fatal strife,
With all the rules and decencies of life.
Thro' the long year I prove the wasting fire,
And cruel gods have curst me in their ire.
Yet, Patience, still my counsellor and guide,
Reminds me, "Love by sacrifice is tried."
She bids me, thro' the tales of ages past,
Remark how passion has been crown'd at last.

I find, O *Tullus*, thro' the rolls of fame,
That Love for anguish is another name;
Enslav'd by passion in the days of yore,
A woman's scorn the fond *Menaleon* * bore.
What pangs he felt, from *Atalanta's* pride?
Yet Love repaid the constancy he tried.
The craggy mountain, the *Parthenian* cave,
Beheld him wand'ring wild, and heard him rave,
For there he chas'd the savage beasts of prey,
Uncouth in aspect, and as wild as they;
There from a rival's dart he felt the wound,
And all the mountain heard his groans resound;
Then the coy Fugitive his passion felt;
For pray'rs and kindness coldest natures melt.
Disdainful Love his arts no longer tries,
On me regarded as a certain prize,
He seeks new trophies—it for me remains,
To seek some ease, and refuge from his chains.
Ye Sages, whose resistless art can tear
The wand'ring moon reluctant from her sphere,
Behold an object that demands your skill!
With amorous feelings *Cynthia's* spirit fill:
Let her in passion with her Lover vie,
And tinge her cheek with the same pallid die;
Then I may trust the legends that are told,
Of all your wonders in the days of old;
Then may believe the fabled *Colchian* lay
Could veil the stars, and headlong rivers stay.
And ye, my friends, who kind, tho' late recall
My spirits scatter'd in the dizzy fall,
When to the abyss of Degradation tost,
My fair resolves and youthful hopes were lost,

* Or *Milanion*, an epithet of *Meleager*.

Your aid apply, the latent ill explore,
With kindly cruelty my soul restore.
The steel, the fire, with firmness I endure,
All pangs, all sufferings, that may work a cure.
Waft me to tribes remote, and ocean's bound,
Where woman's presence never may confound.
I part—I vanish—let the few remain,
Whose mutual love with flow'rs adorns the chain.
Venus for me, in all her terror sways,
My nights embitters, and o'erclouds my days;
No peace, no respite, is it mine to prove,
No moment free from anguish, and from love.
To tempt these sorrows, my companions spare,
All are condemn'd to some peculiar care,
For each ordain'd. Seek not, in love, to know
The pangs I felt—accumulated woe—
Too late th' infatuated wretch may mourn,
Whose heedless ears the voice of Counsel scorn.

PROPERTIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST, ELEGY THE SECOND.

BY THE SAME.

To CYNTHIA, *gently reproaching her for her extreme Solicitude about the Ornaments of her Person.*

WHY are thy locks with so much labour drest?
What studied care reveals the snowy breast?
Why wafts *Arabia* clouds of fragrance round?
Why seek in foreign gauds the pow'r to wound?

Oh, why should Art the native Graces hide,
Or charms, like thine, be sacrific'd to pride?
Trust me—thy beauties ask no heightening pains;
And naked Love the borrow'd charm disdains.
Behold the spring with native flowrets clad,
And earth spontaneous in her liv'ry clad—
How void of art the flaunting ivy waves,
And shrubs that mantle o'er the lonely caves!
Mark the bright rill, that winds an untaught way;
Behold the shores unpolish'd gems display;
List to the birds, the leafy bow'rs among,
How sweetly thrilling their unlabour'd song!
Oh, mark them well—for they most strongly teach,
That Art may Nature spoil, but cannot reach.
Not with attire, and vain affected art,
The beauteous *Phœbe* * won her Lover's heart,
The son of Jove. Nor gentlest *Elaire*,
With tinsell'd raiment wak'd the tender fire.
Nor art nor affectation *Idas* † lov'd,
His haughty heart, when fair *Marpessa* mov'd:
Yet, such was sov'ran Beauty's wond'rous sway,
He dar'd a contest with the God of Day.
Nor dress, nor gems allur'd the *Phrygian's* ‡ soul,
That own'd *Hippodamia's* soft controul.
No borrow'd glare obscur'd the native grace,
A roseat hue adorn'd the blooming face.

* *Phœbe* and *Elaira* were sisters, daughters of *Leucippus*, King of *Sicyon*, beloved by *Castor* and *Pollux*.

† *Marpessa*, the daughter of *Evenus*, was beloved by *Idas*. Her beauty was such that *Apollo* forcibly carried her off. Her lover, in a transport of rage, bent his bow, and aimed his arrows at the God.

‡ *Phrygian Pelops*, the son of *Tantalus*.—See a particular account in *Pindar's Olympic Ode*.

Unconscious charmers in th' heroic days
Deserv'd, not sought, the passion and the praise;
No study theirs to lure th' unguarded heart,
Virtue their pow'r, and Nature all their art.
Nor does my *Cynthia* boast inferior charms,
Or wake, in feeling hearts, less fond alarms.
What aim in dress excites thy studious care?
What sway, what subjects satisfy the fair?
Thy charms unrivall'd o'er my bosom sway,
For life, for death, thy pleasure I obey.
One faithful heart is thine, without controul:
Shall not this empire satisfy thy soul?
Art thou not, with a care sufficient drest,
Supremely fair by one true heart confest?
And more than all to charm thy Lover's thought,
Th' accomplish'd mind is with attraction fraught.
On thee the Muse bestows the sounding chords,
And every grace informs thy tuneful words;
The God of Verse confers his art divine,
And *Pallas'* gifts with *Citherea's* join.
These charms shall ever wake thy Lover's flame,
Thro' youth and age unrivall'd, and the same.
These charms beyond the brightest gems adorn,
On wretched Luxury look down with scorn.

PROPERTIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST, ELEGY THE THIRD.

BY THE SAME.

As *Ariadne* lay, when to the gale
The false *Athenian* * spread the flying sail;

* *Theseus.*

Or, newly freed from monsters of the deep,
The bright *Andromeda** was wrapt in sleep;
As the fair *Mænad* by *Lyæus* fir'd,
Rests from the jocund toil the God inspir'd;
My *Cynthia* lay: with wav'ring steps I trod,
O'erpow'rd by influence of the jovial God.
The boys before me wav'd the flickering brand,
And night with day was nearly at a stand.
A double flame with confidence inspir'd,
For love and wine at once the bosom fir'd:
Two potent Deities, that bade me prove
Some happy daring of advent'rous love.
I gaz'd on *Cynthia*, while she slept reclin'd,
And thought and thought—intoxicated mind!
My arm beneath the sleeper's head to place,
And clasp her beauties in a dear embrace.
Then, shrinking backward, fear'd to rouse the fair,
For past experience taught me to beware.
The terrors of her wrath, too often felt,
Deep, deep recorded, in my bosom dwelt.
O'er charms unnumber'd while my glances stray,
Unmov'd I stand, and gaze my soul away.
Far less attentive wakeful *Argus* ey'd
The curving horns † that Beauty's form belied.
And now, I loos'd the garland from my brow,
And plac'd the flow'rs on *Cynthia's* front of snow;
And now I joy with sportive hands to deck
The careless ringlets floating o'er her neck;
Now, the soft iv'ry of her hands I clasp,
While fragrant apples fill th' unconscious grasp.
Unpunish'd, yet, with bolder thoughts possest,
I place the fruit beside her swelling breast,

* When she was rescued by *Perseus*.
† *Argus*.—See the fable of *Io* in Ovid.

Elastic, round, and polish'd, as it's orb,
(For am'rous wishes now my fears absorb)
To thankless slumber were th' oblations pay'd;
Nor long my off'rings in her bosom stay'd,
For as in sleep with gentle sighs it swell'd,
It's heaving pants the fragrant guests repell'd.
Oft as those sighs soft breathing found their way,
My boding soul they fill'd with fond dismay;
And many an omen from those pants I drew,
Of dreams afflictive with portentous view,
Lest fraud should aim our plighted love to part,
Or fell Constraint deprive me of her heart.
But, now, the moon arose serenely bright,
And thro' the casement glanc'd her silver light;
It fill'd the room—methought she check'd her pace,
As if enamour'd of my *Cynthia's* face;
Full on her eyes the streamy lustre flows—
The starting fair one on her elbow rose.
" Why come thus tardy? Say, what wond'rous cause,
" To these neglected doors the wanderer draws?
" What haughty Fair did Pride or Prudence move,
" To spurn the homage of licentious love,
" And send thee back, to feign a Lover's part,
" With languid reliques of the jaded heart?
" Ah, wretched I! but may'st thou yet forlorn,
" Prove such sad nights, as I for thee have borne!
" Oh, how I watch'd, and watch'd the hours away!
" How forg'd excuses for thy long delay!
" What various arts prolong'd the wakeful night,
" Ere sleep encroaching stole upon my sight!
" Now from the spindle flow'd the purple thread,
" And tuneful song the listless moments sped;
" I seem'd to feel thy perfidy and scorn,
" To droop neglected, and to range forlorn.
" Till balmy sleep, sure friend of the distrest,
" Pour'd his soft opiate on my wounded breast."

LOVE ELEGY.

THE THOUGHTS FROM PETRARCH.

Ah! what, my tongue, avails it, that my youth
Still form'd thy accents to the tone of truth;
That, nicely scann'd, no sounds from thee impart
A thought illiberal, or deceitful art;
Still are my cares, when most I need thy aid,
Return'd with silence, or with shame repaid!
When my fond spirit, school'd in sad despair,
Would melt in vows, or breath the tender pray'r,
Abrupt and harsh the sounds imperfect die,
And the low murmur swells into a sigh;
From charm to charm my aching eye-balls roll,
And chilling damps press heavy on my soul,
Half form'd, or lost, my words forget their theme,
Wild fev'rish ravings of my waking dream!
Ye hills and vales, deep shades, or sunny plains,
Whose echoes sigh'd responsive to my strains,
Oft have ye heard my frantic soul invoke
Some saving Fate to deal the pitying stroke.
When she is near, sweet Anguish thrills my frame,
And ill can Absence quench the potent flame.
What strength would nerve my arm it's aid to lend,
And end these torments, if with life they end,
Did not dim Doubt appal with endless woe,
And Fear withhold th' irrevocable blow!
Nor the gay morn, nor ev'ning's golden beam,
O'er my sad breast diffuse a joyful gleam;
When Cynthia sheds soft radiance o'er the plain,
Pensive I rove, and muse the madd'ning strain,

And pensive eye the stars, whose baneful ray
With feelings curst this animated clay.
Yet thus, tho' Fancy pours the plaintive strain,
I would not lose the feeling of my pain.
Blest be the fields, where first the chains were ty'd,
That bind me captive of her power or pride;
Dear throbs, that first confest her soft controul!
Sweet speechless agony that wrung my soul!
And blest be still the year, and blest the day,
When first I shrunk from Beauty's magic ray;
And doubly blest the hour, if such there be,
When her eye dropt one pitying tear for me;
Whate'er could win her in my breast to raise
Th' extatic joy that springs from Laura's praise.
Yet curst the song—but spare me, Laura, spare,
Another frown may end—thy Lover's care.

J. K.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH.

Bufo must sure be doubly blest!
What thousands swell his iron chest!
A handsome wife he has at home;
A mistress, should he chuse to roam;
His well-stor'd cellar wine contains,
Would almost turn celestial brains;
And cooks has he, whose talents might
The variest epicure delight:
While beaux-esprits and idlers gay
Throng round to charm ennui away!
One want supplied would crown the whole:
What wants he then? He wants a soul.

R. A. D.

HORACE, ODE XXXI. B. I.

TO APOLLO.

A LITERAL TRANSLATION, ATTEMPTED WITHOUT RHYME.

WHAT at Apollo's altar asks the bard?
As the new liquor from the bowl he pours,
What prays he? Not the rich
Sardinia's fields of corn,
Nor warm Calabria's grateful flocks; nor gold,
Nor Indian ivory, nor fields, thro' which
The silent Liris eats
With quiet waves her way.

Let those, whom Fortune gives it, prune the vine
From Calen; and from massy cups of gold
Let the rich Merchant pour
His costly Syrian wine,
Dear to the Gods, who often in a year
Safe o'er the broad Atlantic sea can pass.
Me olives, me light herbs
Of my own meadows feed.

O give me, Phœbus, with an healthy frame
And perfect mind my present gifts t'enjoy,
Nor pass a base old age
Unhonour'd by the lyre.

F. S.

THE SAME ODE,

ATTEMPTED IN RHYME.

WHAT for the Poet's vow
Shall Phœbus on his prayers bestow?
Not meadows clad with numerous sheep;
Not fields, that, for the labours of the plough,
With yellow stores are deep.

For gold he never prays,
Nor for the Indian diamond's blaze,
Nor fields, thro' which the streams that pass,
Deepening the verdure, wear their quiet ways
In silence thro' the grass.

Let those, upon whose head
Fortune has shower'd her gifts, be fed
With foreign fruits their costly pains
Have rear'd, and let the Merchant's board be spread
With all his Indian gains!

And let the precious wine
That he, no doubt by aid divine,
Safe o'er the waves so often roll'd,
Bore as his charge, be pour'd from cups that shine
Superb in massy gold!

Let me the simple field,
The stores my little farm can yield
Support, if but my mind be sound,
If, to my age the Muse's rites reveal'd,
My head with bays be crown'd!

F. S.

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

BY MRS. WITTEN,

OF STOURBRIDGE, WORCESTERSHIRE.

WHERE the slant pent-house drops with heavy dew,
Breath'd from the fogs of dim November's reign;
When no kind beam can pierce the thick cloud thro',
Gild the dank path-way, or the marshy plain;

When every gayer Chorister had sung
A requiem soft to Summer's bloom withdrawn,
One gentle Robin to the eavings clung,
And cheer'd the silent, solitary morn.

His notes were of the softest, sweetest kind,
His lively eye bespoke a soul sincere;
And all the treasures of his little mind
Were pour'd by Gratitude on Friendship's ear.

Still hymn thy lay, and glad this wintry scene,
For steady *winter* friends are seldom found,
Where cold Adversity's sharp frosts have been,
The Summer florets wither on the ground.

To Friends, or Foes of Virtue, thou shalt find
Thy name, alike, will ever sacred be,
E'en Superstition, foe to human kind,
Fell Superstition! is a friend to *thee*.

Shou'd the rude school-boy, with unhallow'd hand,
Unconscious seize thee as his destin'd prize,
While all his play-mates mute with horror stand,
He turns thee fluttering to thy native skies.

O! shou'd'st thou hop beneath my friendly roof,
Safe would I keep thee from thy only foes,
Drive all the furry murderers far aloof,
And near thee bid the thundering gun repose.

Nor in imprisoning wires thy form confin'd,
Still shalt thou fleet, and still shalt warble free;
That liberty I wish to all mankind,
Trust me, sweet bird, I ne'er will wrest from thee.

Then still, at morn's repast, at noon, at eve,
Preside the halcyon of my peaceful board!
And should my heart with pining absence grieve,
Prophetic sing its safe-returning lord!

So shall the wintry months, with rapid wing,
In blissful course restore the vernal hours,
When safely thou may'st range the skies of spring,
And pour thy carols in her bloomy bowers.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LEMAZURIER.

THAT Paul's a good doctor, in spite of your gibes,
My friends, I shall ever maintain;
For we know all the patients for whom he prescribes
He quickly puts out of their pain.

R. A. D.

ODE TO SUICIDE.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

DARK, sullen power!
Whom oft beside some ruined wall I've seen,
With stolen step, and clouded mien,
Gathering the night-shade's juices pale,
When shadows dimmed the moon, and midnight hour
Tolled from some steeple nigh!
And downy sleep
Refused to steep
In opiate dews thy ghastly-glaring eye!
While at thy elbow stood Despair,
Grim-visaged man! with bristled hair,
Shaking aloft his iron flail!
And in the blasted vale
The raven shrieked with funeral cry,
A choral dirge the Furies sung,
And while Fate's solemn knell was rung,
Thy voice of dreary dole still bade the wretched die.

Hence away!—thou fiend forlorn!
Nor bid me climb yon summit steep,
That beetling o'er the fearful deep,
Hears the hoarse surge, and the wild tempest borne,
In ceaseless turmoil o'er the wintry main,
Rush by with hideous sweep!
Nor whisper in my startled ear
Thy murmured woes, whose accents drear
Freeze the warm blood; with dire controul
Strike Reason's mintage from the soul,
And all it's powers enchain,
Till from her anchor Hope reluctant driven,
Foregoes her firm support, and quits her hold on
heaven.

Nor yet, where thick-incumbent shadows scowl,
Meet me, beside the lonely wood,
When night comes lowering on, and the winds howl
Among the branches—rapt in pensive mood,
If there, indulging grief, I chance to stray,
While stern Adversity's dire ills infest,
Or untamed passion boil within my breast,
Ah, turn thy steps afar, nor cross my way!
Lest of light's cheering ray
Bereft, and wildered more, as thy dim form
Bids Fancy saddest hues of sorrow bring,
While Death, half-seen, amidst the twilight storm
Sails by on dusky wing;
Aghast, and vanquish'd by thy potent spells,
I drop into the gulph where Frenzy dwells!

THE DISCOVERY.

BY MISS PEARSON.

'Tis said the witching power of Love
Can give deformity a grace,
Shed lustre o'er the dullest face,
And hide the vixen in the Dove.

While o'er the soul the Tyrant sways,
The beauteous object we select
Has elegance and intellect,
And eyes that dart celestial rays

On the poor Lover's dazzled sight,
Altho' those eyes no language speak,
Nor rose, nor dimple bless the cheek,
Nor common sense one phrase indite.

But when the magic medium fades,
Thro' which the form so brightly shone,
And made each excellence its own,
O! what a change in Men and Maids!

This Edward to Maria prov'd—
Full of the little God he sail'd,
And many a foreign port he hail'd,
Far from the angel girl he lov'd.

At length he sought his native shore:
Six tedious years had seen him roam,
The seventh brought the Wanderer home
To fond, expecting Mary's door.

But Absence, love's inveterate foe,
  Had wasted Edward's ardent flame
  To almost nothing but a name,
Tam'd it to Friendship's sober glow.

The spell that bound him was no more!
  He now with different optics saw,
  And in her beauty found a flaw
He never had perceiv'd before.

How chang'd, he cry'd, in form and face!
  "Ye Gods! is this Maria? Why
  "Maria! you have lost an eye!
"When did this accident take place?"

The poor girl heaving piteous sighs,
  Replied in accents of despair,
"Edward, I never had two eyes;
  "But you, alas! have found a pair!"

EPIGRAM,

On a Lady of execrable Temper being burnt out by a late Fire.

This Dame, of a temper infernally hot,
  Should not at her losses be vext;
A scorching perhaps in this world she has got,
  A broiling to save in the next.

C. H. D.

SCANDINAVIA, DEC. 3, 1804.

LINES

Addressed to the Duchess of Bolton, as an Excuse for not undertaking the Part of Alicia, which the Authoress was solicited to act in the private Exhibition of the Play of Jane Shore, at Hackwood, in 1787.

BY MRS. LEFROY.

ALL to the part unus'd, my faltering tongue
Would mar the tuneful strains which Rowe has sung.
Can I, a wife, a mother, tread the stage,
Burn with false fires, and glow with mimic rage?
Quit of domestic scenes the calm retreat,
As mad Alicia teach my heart to beat?
And while my bosom bleeds for Shore's sad fate,
Spurn the dejected mourner from my gate?
Too well her woes by Caroline * expreat,
Compassion's sighs would rend my heaving breast:
No more the vengeful fair with shortening breath
Wildly exclaiming at her Hastings' death,
But sorrowing over Shore's unequall'd woe,
Accents of pity from my lips would flow!
Ah, spare me then, unable to withstand
When lovely Katherine † asks, and you command!

* Lady Caroline Barry. † Lady Katherine Powlett.

HYMN.

Written by Eric XIV, King of Sweden, in Prison *.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

With heartfelt contrite cries,
For all my faults I grieve:
May Heav'n receive my sighs!
And thou, O Lord, relieve!
Stricken for sin I languish;
My heart is rent with pain;
Thou, Lord, canst ease mine anguish,
All other hope is vain.

Some breach of thy commands
Each day my heart can trace;
And thus not only stands
Unworthy of thy grace;
But prone to bad desires,
It evil will not shun;
And good thy word inspires,
It daily leaves undone.

* Eric succeeded his father, the great Gustavus Erickson, in 1560; but his younger brothers entered into a conspiracy, and dethroned him on pretence of mal-administration, and he was at length poisoned by his second brother John.

What mercy can I share,
  Who thus deserve the rod?
Do thou in pity spare,
  My Saviour! and my God!
O! may my sighs ascending,
  Thy gracious bosom find!
A bosom e'er befriending
  The penitential mind.

Jesu! 'tis thou alone
  My spirit can console;
O, may thy blood atone,
  And make my spirit whole!
And when a tranquil moment
  My heart refresh'd regains;
O, may the same atonement
  Release me from sin's chains!

O, may the Lord of Grace
  My soul prepare and guide,
To that celestial place
  Where blessed souls abide!
Thus to my prayer be given
  The triumph of the day;
That I may taste of Heav'n,
  Whilst here on earth I stay.

To thee, O God! I haste.
  With grace a sinner greet!
With joy my load I cast,
  At thine almighty feet.
I mourn, by error taken,
  By snares of sin betray'd:
Then save a child forsaken,
  Relying on thine aid!

G. H. D.

SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH.

It ne'er can be a joy of mine
To drown an useful day in wine;
But when the friendly circle meet,
The chearful, social glass is sweet.

Five senses given for delight,
To equal toasts our minds invite;
And if we fairly drink them up,
Thirst will not need another cup.

My first must e'er devoted be
To her who is the world to me;
Whose tender love all care dispels,
All rapture in whose bosom dwells.

Ye gen'rous Friends! ye chosen few!
My next I consecrate to you;
From you the charms I've learnt to prize
Of chearing, soothing sympathies.

This patriot vow will then demand
A bumper to my native land;
"May Union's wreaths forever twine
"Around fair Freedom's holy shrine!"

Next greets my heart's applauding sense,
The man of pure beneficence;
Him, who can selfish pleasure scorn,
To aid the wretched and forlorn.

The honor of my liberal host
Must be my fifth concluding toast;
And whilst I such libation pour,
My spirits tell, I want no more.

O. H. D.

EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH.

TO A MISER.

THY house is thine alone; this well we know;
The cellar too—we knew it long ago—
Nor do we need, O Gripus, to be told
None ever share thy table, or thy gold.
Not, to this hour, would mortal e'er have known
A part in ought that thou couldst call thy own,
Hadst thou not, Gripus, ta'en it in thy head,
Thanks to our stars! a handsome girl to wed.

R. A. D.

LINES,

Written on the 11th of September, 1804, the Anniversary of the Day on which William Preston, jun. was killed at the Battle of Dehli, East Indies.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON.

WHILE Memory, fraught with images of woe,
Bids the sigh murmur, and the sorrows flow,
And Fancy holds a picture to my view,
And feelings agonize to find it true;
Why should I wander for poetic theme,
To fabled sufferings, and to fiction's dream?
By foreign sorrows of the tear beguil'd,
That ought to flow for my departed Child.
Plague, Famine, War, all ills that torture mind,
Rage thro' the failing ranks of human kind:
For comfort should the sicken'd spirit roam,
The prospect round reflects the grief at home.
Oft at the hour when other mortals sleep,
I think of thee, my *Son*, and wake to weep.
While thoughts transport me to the fatal plain,
Where clouds sulphureous hide the warring train;
And, as the peals of mimic thunders sound,
The prostrate ranks are strew'd along the ground.

I view the field with mangled corses spread,
And bend to seek my *William*, thro' the dead,
Where men and beasts infect the noontide ray,
Or satiate famish'd birds, and beasts of prey.
Promiscuous ruin of the young and brave,
In heaps they fill one undistinguished grave!
I muster round me images of death,
Each direful chance, that takes an Hero's breath.
I see the furrows float, with human gore,
And feel my veins have added to the store,
While, posting to the wintry close of day,
I find one prop from being cut away.
A death untimely ends a father's care,
And fairest prospects blast into despair.
Ceaseless I mourn—I feel his loss, and see
No tranquil apathy ordained for me.
Still drops the tear, and chills the secret heart;
Yet, stony hardness never can impart.
My *Son*, my *Son*, tho' ravished from these eyes,
Thy form, in visions of the night will rise.
The peaceful home, once thine, still bids me view
An hundred monuments, that grief renew.
'Twas here (I murmur) past his cloudless days,
Here was the scene of all his childish plays.
These toys were *William's* once, these books he read,
Thro' careless nights he rested in this bed.
With smiles of fondness, and with gladsome cries,
My little children greet me when I rise;
I see them, in their dawn of morning bright,
And tears of anguish mingle with delight;
While drooping Fancy figures in their bloom,
A transient flow'r, that blossoms for the tomb.
I see them also fill th' untimely urn,
And, with the dead, my living children mourn.

Oh! when we see our infant offspring grow,
Could we the doom that waits their manhood know,
Might we not pray that Heav'n would bid them part,
Ere with a stronger grasp they rend the heart?
Might we not deem some dispensation kind,
That loos'd their union with parental mind,
Ere charms, that growth of form and mind await,
Had more and more entwin'd us with their fate;
Ere Hope and Love a wider circuit take,
And airy fabrics of their fortunes make?
Were it not well if they were call'd away,
In childish prattle, and in thoughtless play?
Ere selfish pride its objects multiplies,
And bid our vanity from children rise?
When, as they pass the crowded street along,
They draw the gaze of an admiring throng,
With fair proportions, and with blooming grace,
How brief their date! and how confin'd their space!
I cannot say that I have left undone,
What love or duty prompted for my *Son*;
Yet wayward Mem'ry will collect her train,
And seek omissions that augment my pain;
Nor yet omissions, but the sorrowing breast,
Still finds the measures it neglected best,
Foregoes the merit of a good intent
Severe, to judge—censorious, from event.
I blame the caution of paternal fear,
That deem'd the rage of civil warfare near,
Nor wished my *Son* to join in furious mood,
And stain the cruel sword in kindred blood.
Oh! vain precaution! he was sent to lie
Where mangled corses welter to the sky.
And can I then contemplate unappall'd,
A *Son* belov'd, to sudden audit call'd,

This moment flush'd with hope, this moment dead,
His youthful follies on his thoughtless head?
Tremendous thought!—Yet no—secure I rest!
Father of Mercies, in thy works exprest,
And in thy word reveal'd! Oh, who might stand
For punishment should rigour arm thy hand?
But thou art not extreme our faults to scan;
Thy pardon is the Righteousness of Man.
Father of Mercies, in thy love I trust,
I know my God is merciful as just.
His creatures all engage his tender care,
The true Believer never can despair.
Should some dark clouds obscure the morning ray,
The breath of Mercy chases them away.
Here let me pause—what murmurs fill my ear,
My *William's* spirit in the blast I hear.
" Why mourns my father thro' the nightly gloom?
" Thy footsteps haste to meet me in the tomb.
" Such is the privilege of hoary hairs,
" Soon comes their respite from consuming cares.
" Hence was I call'd by the Redeemer's will,
" While yet my nature was unstain'd with ill.
" From great offence my conscience yet was pure,
" My fame was fair, my happiness secure.
" Some little space in this bad world abide,
" Where patient Faith is by Submission tried;
" Thro' dangers, toils, and crimes, where mortals know
" Uncertain fortunes, with unvaried woe;
" Then, hope amid the Good and Just to prove,
" The blessed fulness of almighty Love,
" The holy peace, that sanctifies our souls,
" The joys that no remorse or fear controuls."

VERA FELICITAS.

BY THOMAS WARTON *, B. D.

FORMERLY VICAR OF BASINGSTOKE, AND FATHER OF THE LATE LAUREAT, AND OF DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

QUA frondens Ilex annosâ amplectitur umbrâ
Congestum culmen cespite, Pastor agit.
Non illum populi fasces, non purpura tangit,
Non regum cæco vultûre torquet honos:
Mane novâ properat per campos rore vigentis,
Et clausas alacri voce revisit oves:
Mox æstum vitat sub ramis arboris altæ,
Qua viridem pandit roscida ripa torum.

* From his poems, a posthumous publication by his son Joseph, in 1748. He was a friend of Pope, and educated under the famous Dr. Sacheverell, at Magdalen College, Oxford. See Warton's Pope, II. 398. These poems ought to be more known. Dr. Joseph Warton had published his own poems two years before under the title of "Odes on various Subjects," by Joseph Warton, B. A. of Oriel College, Oxford. Printed for Dodsley, 1746, 4to. The advertisement to these last poems is worth transcribing, as it shews the consistency of Dr. Warton's opinions. "The public," says he, "has been so much accustomed of late to didactic poetry "alone, and Essays on moral subjects, that any work where the "imagination is much indulged, will perhaps not be relished or "regarded. The author, therefore, of these pieces is in some "pain lest certain austere critics should think them too fanciful "and descriptive. But as he is convinced that the fashion of "moralizing in verse has been carried too far, and as he looks upon "invention and imagination to be the chief faculties of a poet, so "he will be happy if the following Odes may be looked upon as an "attempt to bring back Poetry into its right channel." 1746.

Pocula sunt liquidi fontes, lymphæque salubres,
Inque levi instruitur gramine prompta dapes.
Nunc vacuam argutâ solatur arundine mentem,
Nunc musco in molli membra sopore levat:
Donec oves tandem constructa ad ovilia sparsas
Cogere, tranquilli vesperis hora monet.
Jamque aures vario permulsus murmure, læto
Corde, humilem repetit nota per arva Larem:
Hunc opibus ditet Fortuna benignior amplis,
Maluerit solitæ limina fida casæ.

THE ABOVE TRANSLATED.

TRUE HAPPINESS.

WHERE the broad oak extends his reverend shade
Across the turf-clad knowl, the Shepherd's laid.
To him, nor shout of mobs, nor smile of Kings,
Nor robe of office anxious wishes brings:
At early morn thro' lawns o'erspread with dew
Chearful he hastes his folded flock to view:
On beds of flowers he finds a soft retreat
Beneath umbrageous trees from mid-day heat:
From founts and living streams his cup is fed;
And his prompt feast upon the grass is spread.
Now with his pipe he soothes his vacant mind;
Now in soft slumbers are his limbs reclin'd;
Till as calm Evening's solemn bell has toll'd,
Warn'd, he again collects his scatter'd fold.
Now glad he seeks his home thro' well-known fields,
Charm'd with the dying sounds that Nature yields.
'Mid richer stores would Fortune fix his lot,
Still would he choose his long-accustom'd cot!

O. Y.

AN ADMONITION.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

FLORIO, the wild, the frolic, and the loud,
Of curb impatient, and of outrage proud;
Skill'd on the turf, familiar with the stews,
Whose lawless senses not a vice refuse,
But young, and titled, amorous, and gay,
Deigns at thy feet the nuptial wreath to lay,
Admir'd ROSILDA!—Ah, in time, beware!
Trust not thy peace to this resplendent snare;
Nor from that Man of errors hope to prove
The faith and tenderness of wedded love!—
Thy fond attentions, thy unswerving truth,
Thy beauties given in such a morn of youth
As fairly promises their rising sway
A brighter noon, and long-enduring day;
While each auxiliar elegance combines,
The wit that lightens, and the sense that shines—
These rare endowments!—Ah! they all are vain,
Habitual vices form a stronger chain.
Inur'd to Change, Change only can impart
Exhaustless transport to the sensual heart.
Blow not the bubble hope, that peerless charms
May bind the plighted Wanderer to thine arms,
When soft attractions in a novel face,
The wanton glance, the gay voluptuous grace,

Venal, or libertine, his faith invade
Who asks nor Virtue's, nor Religion's aid.
As soon expect, on yonder grassy height,
The new-fall'n drifts of April's winter'd night
Lasting shou'd prove, as when, on Jura's side,
Their pure expanse may Summer-beams deride.
Lo! on our humbler mountains dawns the Day,
And the warm South-Wind meets him on his way;
Wide o'er their fleecy tops the Sun shall glow,
And where is then their dissoluble snow?

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN HOOLE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "CYRUS," TRANSLATOR OF TASSO, ARIOSTO, &c.

BY THE REV. G. L. SCHOLN, LL.D.

Oh, summon'd from this vale below
Of toil, and vanity, and woe;
Thy christian warfare now is o'er;
Thy wearied bark hath gained the shore;
And full of days, in cheerful age,
Is closed thy blameless pilgrimage!
What tho' thy labours to diffuse
The splendor of the Tuscan Muse,
Dispersing, with a Master's hand,
Her treasures o'er thy native land,

Shall long attest thy polished mind,
Thy flow of verse and taste refined,
Far different objects strike the few
Thy pure unsullied worth who knew.
Be theirs the daily task to trace
Each modest unassuming grace,
Which, in a world of pride and strife,
Adorned thy calm unenvied life,
And, led by Virtue's gentle flame,
On thine, their devious steps to fame.
To me, who marked from early youth
Thy manners mild, and moral truth,
How keenly tempered is the dart,
When fond regret assails the heart!
For oft will wayward Fancy stray
To bask in Childhood's sunny day,
That early sabbath of the breast
From Passion's hateful strife at rest,
When, freed from discipline and care,
I ran thy social smiles to share:
My frequent haunt at eve when school
Relaxed the rigour of its rule;
There, to each boyish effort kind,
Thy valued stores enriched my mind,
Thy precepts formed my taste, and gave
The little skill in verse I have.
Though all the pride of wealth and power
But glitters for a transient hour,
Tho' Rhetoric's richest strains must fade
When cold the listening ear is laid,
The Poet's energetic fire,
"Oh, proud distinction of the Lyre!"
Aspires to never-dying fame,
And ages ratify the claim:

But human toils have still their date;
The Muse herself must stoop to Fate,
And, in the general wreck of all,
Must see her proudest trophies fall!
While modest Worth, tho' known to few,
And shrinking from the public view,
Labouring amid the Passion's storm,
Life's arduous duties to perform,
And prompt at every Christian call,
And rich in charity to all,
Shall still be register'd above,
In realms of endless peace and love.

EPIGRAM

To a covetous Woman, who rouged her Cheeks while recovering from the Yellow Jaundice.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY MR. PHILIP DODD.

UNGRATEFUL Slave of Gold! What, *blush* to be
The wearer of *your master's livery!*

THE PICTURE.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

COME, Painter, learn of me to trace
The fairest form, the sweetest face:
The Muse's raptures shall inspire
Thy hues of flame, thy tints of fire,
Her pencil aid the pictured strife,
And touch the likeness into life.
Come, Painter, come; and, as I sing,
Thy pallet spread, thy colours bring,
One spangled, rich, refulgent sky,
Whose stars in lucid order lie.
Here the sweet blush, of Phosphor born,
To light the pearly path of morn:
There the mild radiance of the west,
That beams on Hesper's dewy breast:
And see the mingled splendors roll!
See Beauty's sun illumes the whole!
Light would you lay your colours on,
From *Cypria's* softest, fairest swan
The bosom-down be thine to take:
Of this a plumy pencil make.
Or would thy fearful hand prefer
The summer cloud, or gossamer,
Thence let the silver lustres flow,
Soft as the fleecy, feathery snow.

Now full the out-line draw, and fair,
And wind the wave of Beauty there.
Give the free limbs a rounded grace,
And sketch—with caution sketch the face.
  Here spread the front serene and high,
And plant a star in either eye.
A rain-bow draw; and arch it now,
Fair as Heaven's own auspicious brow.
Two rain-bow arches, rising high
Above the star in either eye.
  Now orb the sweetly-circling cheek,
Where dimples dwell, and blushes break:
That cheek, whose garden of delight
From Summer steals her shade and light,
As in the rose's strength of flower
The lily loses half her power.
But give the lips thy richest red:
There the ripe peach's purple spread,
Of melting Grace:—those buds of bliss,
Where Love lies laughing in a kiss:
And let those ruby buds disclose
Of purest pearl two peeping rows.
Thus smile the silver blossoms seen
Two scarlet strawberries between.
  Now let the dancing tresses play,
Like the sweet leaves that fan the May:
And as in frolic sport they flow,
To shade the ivory neck below,
Let Zephyr kiss the locks aside,
That brighten beauties they would hide.
No:—he's too fond: his touch is rude,
Nor let th' officious boy intrude.
  Now, Painter, all thy genius try:
Thy boldest pencil I defy.

The *Bosom* :—draw it, if thou dare:
Paint Heaven, for Heaven is painted there.
Yet, ah! rash youth, thy hand restrain!
Vain were th' attempt, the thought were vain.
For should'st thou but in fancy stray
O'er that celestial milky way,
The Cretan's fortune thou shalt prove,
Lost in a whelming sea of love.
Then to the mien, the form, the face,
Add Beauty's finish'd lustre, Grace *:

* Grace is perhaps inexplicable. Erasmus thought so. "Decorum quoddam arcanum, atque felicitas; cujus effectum in multis videmus, causam vero reddere nemo potest." (*Philodox.*)

Horace, the most *graceful* of all the Roman Poets, despaired of finding it:

—— "Quid habes illius, illius,
Quæ *spirabat amores*,
Quæ me *surpuerat* mihi? (Lib. 4. Od. 13.)

The *spirabat amores* of the bard seems to have been an imitation of Anacreon, the most *graceful* also of all the Greek Poets, Παιδα πνεοντ' ερωτων, *the Girlbreathing Venus*. In like manner, although I do not find any of the Commentators I have opened making the remark, the *Afflârat Honores* of the accomplished Virgil, undoubtedly means that heaven-born Grace, which no less a personage than the Goddess of Beauty herself bestows on her son: the description of whose person (for he is now to subdue the heart of Dido) the Poet concludes by telling us, that she *breathed her Graces into his eyes, lætos oculis afflârat honores:* as if he had said, *Euphrosyne*, the fairest of the Graces, the *Joy*, *Lætitia*, (for so the word imports) the *Delight* of all that is excellent, had breathed her very soul into his looks; and given him that expressive beauty, that finished lustre, which divinity alone can impart, but for which no one word hath yet been invented except *Grace*.

This word seems to imply in its primitive meaning nothing more than *pleasingness*, or the quality of giving delight. Yet, though we cannot define what Grace *is*, we can define its opposite, and say what it *is not*: for where decorum is absent, *ungracefulness*, or that which is *not seemly*, is sure to be found. And it may be

That charm unnamed, as undefined,
That moral magic of the mind,
Which Virtue only can express,
That known, that unknown happiness.
Etherial essence! breath of love!
That spell, that spirit from above;
That subtle, fine, pervading sense;
That gifted, high intelligence;
That vital sun-beam of the soul,
Found by Prometheus, felt, and stole;
That *touch* which gives the likeness true.
And see! Tr*f*s*s stands to view.

observed, that most languages (perhaps all) possess more comprehensive terms to express the attributes of *ugliness* than of *beauty*; and this probably, because adjectives and adjectivial substantives denoting *Privation*, are generally derived from the *Agreeable*; thus defining the presence of Vice by the absence of Virtue.—Horace very properly calls the Graces *decentes, decent*, and *becoming*. It is all that mortal language by one word allowed him to say. From its intellectual import, to which at first it was limited, the word has been transferred to human performances, or the works of Genius and Art. The πρεπον and καλον of the Greeks, which the Romans borrowed, and expressed by *decorum* and *pulchrum*, have been invariably used in an *ethical* sense, to denote *moral fitness*, and the *beauty of truth*; or that mental perfection and excellence, which is better conceived than expressed; the same that Poets, Orators, and Painters endeavour to imitate.

These remarks might be considerably extended were this the proper place to enlarge them.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, SHEFFIELD,

On occasion of the Tragedy of "Edward the Black Prince," being performed for the Benefit of the Volunteer Fund.

THE CHARACTERS CHIEFLY BY VOLUNTEERS.

WRITTEN BY MR. E. RHODES.

When mad Ambition, waging impious war,
Yokes the fierce fiends of slaughter to his car;
And urges on his terrible career,
Havock in front, and Famine in his rear:
When suppliant states, the victims of his power,
Capitulate, and live their little hour,
To Glory blind, and deaf to Nature's call,
Live, but to swell his triumph with their fall!
Shall the dread Spoiler, in his rage, lay waste
The fairest realms of Science, and of Taste?
Realms, where the hand of Freedom loves to spread
Her sacred banner o'er the poor man's head:
Shall none be found to meet the giant foe?
To tell his Ministers of desolation, No!
Yes, Britain's sons! still true to Honour's claim,
True to their King, their Country, and their Fame,
Shall quit, to mingle in the glorious strife,
The kind civilities of social life,
Domestic joys,—those blandishments, that give
A charm to life,—to bid their country live:

And live it shall! the vengeance of the brave
Shall bid the spirit of the battle rave;
Bid round our coasts death's arrowy lightnings play,
And Britain's heroes thunder through the fray;
Shall bid them prove, as victory's wreaths they win,
The angel guard of paradise within.
SPIRIT OF UNION! thou whose influence binds,
In dearest amity, consenting minds;
Strength of the few! thine energies impart,
Nerve every arm, and live in every heart;
Then tho' more loud invasion's tempest roar,
And Gaul's mad thousands crowd upon our shore;
Still shall old England's favour'd children be
Firm as her rocks, invincible, and free.
This night, our Drama's scene triumphant shews
A few, united, crush an host of foes;
From Gallia's plains our choicest laurel bring,
Twined round the standard of their captive king.
'Twas thus our fathers felt, and fought, and won,
Each sire bequeath'd his spirit to his son;
A proud pre-eminence that spirit gave,
And charter'd Freedom's blessings to the Brave.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MLLE DE SCUDERY.

THIRSIS learns you, they tell me, my fair,
Such songs as the bosom may fire,
And adds lessons, with treacherous care,
That are tenderness form'd to inspire.

Fly the pleasure his lessons impart,
Believe 'tis a pleasure unblest;
For the ear is the road to the heart,
And the heart is the road to the rest.

R. A. D.

IMITATION OF SECUNDUS.

KISS THE SIXTH.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

For a sweet memorandum, two thousand sweet kisses,
Between us divided, we took and we gave:
I own, you have made up your number of blisses,
But is Cupid of cold calculation the slave?

When I walk in my meadows, the grass shall I measure;
And hope for my harvest so much, and no more?
When expecting my vines, shall I limit their treasure;
And call in my bees by the ten and the score?

When rushes the hailstorm, or patters the shower,
Who curiously numbers the drops as they fall?
Or the leaves of the tree, or the tints of the flower?
And where were the profit to number them all?

And thou, my fair Goddess, oh, fairer than Venus!
Why bound thy delights, and thy beauties divine!
Why number so nicely the kisses between us,
Yet tell not these tears and these sorrows of mine?

Oh number my tears and thy kisses together!
All tears, and *all* kisses—*no* tear, and *no* kiss:
For *both* should in justice be number'd, or *neither*:
Is my anguish unbounded!—oh bound not my bliss!

1804.

ADDRESS TO A BLACK KITTEN.

BY WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

SABLE sprout of feline stem,
Curling tail, and eyes of gem;
Sportive creature, frank and free;
Oh that I could leap like thee!
Oh that I as little thought,
With what evil life is fraught.
Thou, secure of daily bread,
Hourly coax'd, and duly fed,
Basking in the sunny ray,
Giv'st thy life to sleep and play.
Thou art amiable, and bland,
Plaything of a female hand,
Still untaught to spit and growl,
Or murder sleep with midnight howl.
Thou hast felt no conflict rude,
Nor thy paws in blood embrued:
Velvet unpolluted still,
Scarce their stroke a fly would kill.
Thus enjoy the present hour,
Soon to feel Misfortune's power.
Thus, in youthful revelry,
Chace thy tail, or hunt a fly.
Fate is lab'ring for thy bane;
Tangled in the web of pain,

Thou shalt, like thy master, find
Pangs the lot of living kind;
From philosophers that rise,
Rapt in musing, to the skies,
To the snail upon the wall,
To the hairy worms that crawl,
All the lot of Sufferance know,
Meet at every step a foe.
Sable sprout of feline stem,
Curling tail, and eyes of gem,
Living toy, thy doom fulfil:
Sport—to-morrow brings thee ill.
Boys, the scourges of thy race,
May thy steps terrific chace.
Fate may tempt thee to the glade,
Where the trap for fox is laid.
Thou may'st feel the cruel shears
Crop thy goodly tail and ears.
Many a foe, in witching mood,
Thirsts unceasing for thy blood;
Black Cat's blood, a potent charm
In the spell for good and harm!
Oft I've heard its virtues told,
By the wither'd crone and old,
While, with chattering teeth, and pale,
Men and maids believ'd the tale.
Thou may'st look for warlike fame,
Thou at blood-stain'd trophies aim;
Those engage in mortal fight,
Rats, tremendous in their might.
Like some Amazon of yore,
Who the brunt of battle bore,
Maim'd and limping from the war,
Thou may'st bleed, with many a scar.

Sportive use the present hour,
Soon to feel Misfortune's pow'r.
Thou, remote from pitying eye,
May'st unwept, unburied lie.
Love, the bane of living things,
Hovers round with cruel wings.
Tempted by the call of love,
Thou shalt for adventures rove;
When the elegiac note,
Gurgles trembles in the throat.
Tho' with sober air and wise,
Now you sit and wink your eyes,
Mild as maiden of fifteen,
In her mother's presence seen,
Not unheard the call resounds;
Rushing forth, with sudden bounds,
O'er the gutters, o'er the tiles,
Scale the roof, and thrid defiles;
Where, beneath the moon's pale ray,
Tabby belles and lovers play,
Join the merry-making throng,
Swell the treble of the song;
Where they court and where they scold,
O'er our heads high converse hold.
Many a sleepless night and long
Have I heard your *Orthian* song.
And perhaps a kindred lure,
Shall entice the maid demure,
Quitting the maternal wing,
With some rake to take her fling.
Pass the follies of a night,
Both shall mourn in piteous plight;
Faded ev'ry virgin grace,
Squalid coat, and haggard face;

Maul'd by many a whisker'd jaw,
Scratch'd by many a grizzle paw,
Both to the parental home,
Shall with cries repentant come;
Mournful cries, and looks of pain,
And admittance seek in vain.
  But suppose propitious Fate
Should restore thy former state,
Sorrows of another kind
Soon shall agonize thy mind.
By *Lucina's* timely aid,
See the tabby brood display'd;
Thou in tender state shalt lie,
All the mother in thine eye,
Proud of the maternal care,
Find thy young as angels fair.
Thine is transitory pride,
Joy to sorrow near allied.
How, alas, can I relate
What must be thy offspring's fate!
'Tis a story full of fear,
Tale too sad for tender ear!
See the Cook and Scullion come,
To the pond thy younglings doom.
Here concludes the moral lay,
Thou pursue thy tail, and play,
Sportive use the present hour,
Soon to feel Misfortune's power.

LOUISA.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

WHERE yon tall pine nods o'er the deep,
And murm'ring chides each passing gale,
Louisa oft would sit and weep,
And tell, with broken sighs, her tale.

Seduc'd, a prey to Want and Grief,
The world no pleasures could impart;
Friendship could lend her no relief,
Nor Pity heal a breaking heart.

With woe-worn looks of wild despair,
She'd oft repeat her Henry's name;
Then gaze on one, her only care,
The living record of her shame;

And in each feature fondly trace
The look that did her heart betray,
Then bending o'er his infant face,
Would weep the ling'ring hours away.

" Ah, pretty babe! she oft would cry,
Thy smile but deeper wounds my breast:
Ah! where from sorrow can I fly?
The grave's my only seat of rest.

Ah, pretty babe! no father hears
Thy tongue its lisping tales repeat;
No lover dries thy mother's tears,
Nor marks her tender bosom beat.

Be sorrow poor Louisa's lot;
Yet still her pray'r shall be to Heav'n,
That, tho' by him she lov'd, forgot,
His wrongs to her may be forgiv'n."

A stranger now to soft repose,
No more the mourner hop'd for peace;
And Heav'n, in pity to her woes,
Soon bade Louisa's sorrows cease.

Where yon tall spire o'ertops the height,
And many a place of rest is seen;
There wanders one from morn to night—
Guilt marks his look and alter'd mien.

He heeds no stranger's proffer'd aid,
Nor chilling rain, nor piercing blast;
But near the aged yew-tree's shade,
For ever thinks of what is past.

On one he looks, to one he speaks,
Who oft he prays kind Heav'n to save;
And with his babe, the maniac seeks
Wild flow'rs to deck Louisa's grave.

SONNETS,

IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN.

SONNET FROM BETTINELLI.

VENICE.

Venice, situated on the Adriatic Gulph, was founded by Refugees, in the fourth Century, when Italy was overrun by Attila, King of the Huns.

With talons terrible, for slaughter spread,
On wings that made a tempest of their way,
Down darting from the Alps, by vengeance led,
The' Hungarian Falcon pounced upon his prey:

From wrath and rapine, trembling with dismay,
The Italian Doves before the Spoiler sped,
And wide o'er vales and mountains driven astray,
Far from their ravaged homes for ever fled.

Then found the wiser Halcyon's lovely brood,
(Scared from their country ruin'd and opprest,)
A safe asylum on the rolling flood:
By Worth upheld, by Liberty carest,
'Midst thrones in ashes, cities sunk in blood,
Ages on ages past—behold the beauteous nest!

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD, DECEMBER 12, 1804.

SONNET,

FROM GAETANA PASSERINI.

GENOA.

Liberty speaks as she walks among the Ruins of Genoa, after it had been bombarded, but not subjugated, by Louis XIV. in 1684.

" My native Genoa!—if with tearless eye,
Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
Think not thy Daughter's heart is dead to thee;
—'Twere treason, O, my Mother! here to sigh:

" For *here*, triumphant tho' in ashes, lie
The trophies of thy truth and constancy;
Here, at each glance, each footstep, I descry
The proud memorials of thy love to me.

" *Conquest* to *noble Suffering* lost the day,
And glorious was thy vengeance on the Foe;
—He saw thee *foundering*—yet *not cast away!*"
Thus Liberty, exulting even in woe,
Kiss'd the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
And cried—" In RUINS art THOU?—YES!—In
BONDAGE?—NO!"

ALCÆUS.

SONNET,

FROM BENEDETTO DALL' UVA.

CYPRUS.

The original of the following Sonnet was written in 1571, during the siege of Famagusta, in the Island of Cyprus, by the Turks; and was truly prophetic of its fall. The garrison surrendered to save the town from the fate of Nikosia, where Mustapha, in the preceding year, had massacred 14,000 inhabitants; but a few days after the capitulation the brave Governor was flayed alive by the treacherous Turks; and Cyprus (the profligacy of whose inhabitants was proverbial) remained the victim of their cruelty.

THUS saith the Lord—" In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury and pride?
In her lascivious loves will she confide,
Her harlot Daughters, and her Queen of Lust?

My day is come—when o'er her neck in dust,
Slaughter and Slavery shall triumphant ride,
Death and Captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish!—I the Lord am just!

Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely Merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin, as in guilt before!
And thou, who mad'st thy rampart of the sea,
By foes less humbled than cast down by me,
Thou, Famagusta!—fall, and rise no more."

ALCÆUS.

SONNET,

FROM P. SALANDRI.

TO A YOUNG BRIDE.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! be constant to thy chosen youth,
Watch o'er thy charms, be jealous of thy truth,
O! guard thy maiden innocence of heart!

At every whisper of temptation start;
From the fell sorcery of that Serpent's eye
The Guardian Angels of thy breast would fly,
And all the Paradise of Love depart.

When from the bowels of some Alpine hill,
Fresh springs the fountain, sparkling into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its bed;
If o'er the brink wild herbs and flowerets spread,
Sip the light wave, and wanton with the rill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

ALCÆUS.

SONNET.

Written at the Grave of a young Lady.

BY THE LATE W. GROVE, ESQ.

OF LITCHFIELD.

STRANGER, whose pensive step shall haply stray
To this sequester'd spot, at evening's close,
When deep'ning shades to serious thought dispose,
Here pause; and Pity's tear humanely pay
At BEAUTY'S tomb!—Untimely snatch'd away,
Here Sense, and Youth, and Innocence repose
In Earth's dark bosom. Thus the tender rose
Its lovely head in Winter's adverse day
Shrouds:—Yet shall Hope her christian comforts give,
And dart her radiance thro' the grave's cold gloom,
Triumphant. As in spring again shall live
The flower that late dispens'd its rich perfume,
So shall this fairer flower at length revive,
Glorious thro' Heaven's eternal spring to bloom.

SONNET.

TO MRS. P.

From those drear evils that, empois'ning life,
Spread dark suspicion o'er the doubting mind,
That set us almost with the world at strife,
Shrouding the social comforts Heaven design'd;
From the harsh cavils of contentious Pride,
The supple wiliness of sordid Art,
Of Treachery—that to the mole allied,
Can undermine the too incautious heart:—
From ills like these, that o'er my spirit lour,
And seem to threaten some disastrous doom;
Thine, lov'd Maria! is the cheering power
Whose sun-like force can chase each mental gloom,
For at thy smile, like morning mists they flee,
And make me prize my being still for thee!

T. PARK.

SONNET

TO A ROSE BUD.

BY THE LATE W. GROVE, ESQ.
OF LITCHFIELD.

HAIL to thy blushing dawn, ambrosial Rose!
Fairest of flowers that to the eye of day
The fragrant slope and gay parterre display,
When o'er their swelling bosoms Flora throws
Her gorgeous mantle; and each gem that glows,
From rich Golconda, meets a rival ray
To shame her own:—Queen of the garden, say,
Say loveliest, as around thy infant brows
Sport the light Zephyrs, why in throned state
Where dwells thy modest beauty, plants the thorn
His jealous guards? In vain! since niggard Fate
To short-liv'd glories bids thy race be born;
And tho' no daring hand curtails their date,
Scarce shall thy charms survive one Summer's morn.

SONNET,

TO FANCY.

Written in a blank Leaf of a Lady's Volume of Manuscript Poems.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Come, *Fancy!* from thy fairy haunts repair!
Queen of the rainbow robe, and sunward eye!
Whether an eagle, thundering thro' the sky,
Thy swift wing sweeps th' unmeasur'd void of air,
Or Hell's strong gate thy magic key unlocks.
Whether, descending to the Lover's aid,
Thou wear'st the semblance of the darling maid,
Ah! sweet illusion! that not wholly mocks.
Oh! with the passions probing all the heart,
Thy store of charms, and marvels of the Muse,
Come!—all thy visions, all thy spells impart!
For once be kind! nor oh! my prayer refuse.
But when thou visit next thy Sappho's bower,
Tell her one Bard has robb'd her of a flower.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

O WILD, but lovely is the savage scene,
Where oft the maddening storm with giant arm
Bows the high wood, and shakes the solid base
Of rocks, whose summit proud its wrath defies!
And now the winds, ceasing their bootless din,
Murmur, but faintly murmur, as they fall,
While smooth and clear the streamlet winds below—
Thrice happy they! to whom the heavenly Muse
Has given majestic Nature's scenes to trace,
To mark her forms sublime, and gaze her wild
Mysterious visions, that with impulse strange,
Like the Great Spirit brooding o'er the deep,
Still prompt the enthusiast's sleepless energies,
And thrill th' impassion'd soul to ecstacy.

SONNET.

RECOLLECTED DREAMS.

Ye troubled visions of uneasy sleep,
How oft ye flit before my aching eyes!
When in the midnight watch 'I wake to weep,'
In all your magic hues ye seem to rise,
And to my view the fading vestige bring,
Of tender joys, in Love's delicious day,
When flushed with youth, he 'wav'd his purple wing.'
Ah Fancy, paint no more that angel smile,
That look seraphic, and that face so fair,
Which did my youthful heart of peace beguile,
'For why should Love inhabit with Despair?'
Oh lovely Syren! 'take those lips away,'
Nor with your balmy breath awake the fire,
Nor light within unsatisfied desire!

R. CARLYLE.

CARLISLE.

SONNET.

Fool that I was! what did I not resign
For thee, the weakest of a fickle race?
If but awhile unseen thy witching face,
How did I then in bitterness repine,
Deeming all excellence obscured with thine?
Lost on my soul the world's attractive grace,
How have I vainly roam'd, in hope to chace,
From my sad heart, thy image still divine?
Ah! not by me unmerited the fate,
Which now in tearful silence I deplore;
Me, long self-blinded, who perceive too late,
What to behold my pride disdain'd before.
And yet, in spite of this her chilling hate,—
It cannot be!—methinks, I love her more.

P. L. C.

SONNET

TO AN IMPERIOUS BEAUTY.

I DID not praise thy cheeks of vermeil hue,
Which in complection emulate the rose;
I did not say those eyes of heavenly blue,
Were softer than the sky in summer seen;
Nor that each curling lock that waving flows
O'er thy fair brow commandingly serene,
Was polish'd as the raven's sable plume,
When rising high he shows his glossy wing;
Or that thy breath was like the breeze of spring,
When Zephyr bids the various garlands bloom;
Thy native virtues, not thy heavenly charms,
Enslaved my heart to wonder and adore;
And shall another clasp thee in his arms!
And I enjoy thy angel smiles no more!

R. CARLYLE.

CARLISLE.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

My mind is pure and high! and I disdain
Whate'er might injure Honour, holiest name,
And worse than death lothe the hag Infamy:
Ne'er shall the sons of Pleasure, or the train
Whom Fashion calls her own, but rightlier named
The votaries of Folly, e'er seduce
My soul from truth and rectitude. Firm fix'd,
Secure as on a rock, ne'er will I swerve
(For so by God's help am I purposed)
Into the devious path where sinners stray;
But keep that narrow track that, soon or late,
Brings the tired pilgrim to his heavenly home,
And ends his labours. There the Just shall live,
And glorious crowns enwreath their temples round.

SONNET.

Written in the first Leaf of a Common Place Book.

O'ER these blank leaves may Inspiration beam,
And Fancy paint her magic fictions here;
The passing scenes that to her view appear,
The noon-day musing, and the midnight dream!
But, more than all, the airy shapes that stream
Before her wondering sight in radiance clear
'Twixt wake and sleep, when Phœbus 'gins to steer
From the red east his heavenly-harness'd team!
So with Amanda's smiles, whose image fair
In all my dreams, and all my musings wild
Still claims the greatest and the sweetest share,
Perchance my labours soft may be beguil'd!
Dear Maid, for thy applause I only care!
Favor'd by thee, I have not vainly toil'd.

F. S.

SONNET.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

WEARIED of walking, for the Sun was high,
And fervid was his ray, I sought the shade;
With violets prank'd, and daisies trim array'd,
A bank I saw; where, winding, wandering nigh,
A stream irriguous ran;—my length I laid
Along the green declension of its slope:—
Soft sorrows sooth'd my soul—and "Oh," said I,
Contemplating the brook that babbled by,
"Emblem of Time, of Nature, and of Hope!—
"Continual as thy current, Time shall fly,
"And Nature shall decay, and Hope shall fade."—
Thus did I moralize in mournful trope,
And ponder pensive parallels: and then
Full of sad musings—I got up again.

1804.

A SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION,

FROM THE

SPANISH, OF THE ARAUCANA,

A POEM.

BY ALONZO DI ERCILLA I ZUNIGA.

BY THE REV. H. BOYD.

The two first Cantos contain a description of the country and character of the Araucanians, their conquest by Valdivia, their conspiracy and revolt, which was projected in such secrecy, that, as appears, the Spaniards were nearly taken unprepared; this led to the miserable end of Valdivia, described in the following extract, as his avarice had contributed to the general odium in which he was held.

The valley where they met for their consultations is thus described by Alonzo, who probably had seen it *.

In an umbrageous vale the seniors meet,
Embosom'd deep in woods, a cool retreat,
Where gentle Flora sheds her annual blooms,
And with her fragrant scents the air perfumes.

* The assembly or proceedings of the Araucanians resembles the debates of the antient Germans.—See Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum.

The sweet perfumes the Zephyrs waft away,
Deep whisp'ring thro' the groves in wanton play;
And to the limpid stream that purls below
The rising gales in solemn concert blow.
Here, in a sylvan theatre, they find
An ample space, where all their tribes combin'd,
Could meet at large to banquet or debate
In graver mood the business of the State.
Th' assembling clans within this bowery scene
Repose, where scarce a fiery shaft between
From Phœbus can descend, so close above
The hand of Summer weaves the solemn grove.

* * * * *

CANTO THE THIRD.

O thirst of gold! disease without a cure!
What toils thy persevering slaves endure!
Thou common vice, whose long, tenacious spell,
The noblest energies of mind can quell!
Thy deadly charms the human soul unbind
From Heaven, and let her drive before the wind.
Thou public foe! insatiate as the tomb,
A dropsy's rage distends thy craving womb;
From thee those countless ills derive their source,
That deluge all the world with headlong course:
Disguis'd by thee, the pomp of state appears
A troubled journey thro' a vale of tears;
Thou bidst the peasant wail his luckless lot,
And spurn the blessings of his peaceful cot.
* Each morning from Potosi's sunless caves,
Five toiling myriads of devoted slaves,

* Cinquanta mil vassallos. Orig.

Five golden MARKS for each incessant bore,
To proud Valdivia, yet he long'd for more:
Tho' wealthy, still in want, by sloth betray'd,
And love of gold, he in his mines delay'd,
Till from the potent grasp of mighty Spain,
The land was rescu'd with its num'rous train;
By him in evil hour, these vales were found
So long conceal'd within the southern bound;
For him Bellona stretch'd her sway afar,
Follow'd by dire Oppression, worse than War
Till rous'd to rage, with unsuppressive might,
The hardy Araucanians claim'd their right,
And all the rigours of unlawful sway
Call'd forth those powers that held her rage at bay.
How well in calm prosperity we know
Due counsel on the wretched to bestow!
And much the fruitless theory we prize,
Tho' for ourselves the practice we despise.
How learn'd we seem beneath the tranquil shade,
In every chance of warfare's deadly trade!
With what keen scorn the favourites of the sky
Survey their brethren in adversity;
And as they stumble in the vale of Death,
Censure attends them thro' the slippery path;
Still judging by th' event; but Heaven alone,
By whose just hand the lots of life are thrown,
Can tell why some are wreck'd on Fortune's steep,
While others sail secure the smiling deep.
* Led on by fates averse, Valdivia past
In long disastrous march the lonely waste,
Not with such headlong and ungovern'd speed,
As late he us'd his haughty bands to lead,

* The story is continued from the second Canto, where the steps that led to the revolt are detailed.

For sad presages of impending doom,
O'er his sick fancy hung unusual gloom.
His bands he led in order thro' the shade,
As if he fear'd a springing ambuscade.
Couriers he sent before, with timely speed,
To try the passes, and the war to lead,
And nam'd a place to meet. The tangled dell
They past, but ne'er return'd their doom to tell.
Now at the rendezvous arriv'd, they stood
To wait their spies returning from the wood,
While, as the time drew on, in every breast
Contending hope and doubt the soul opprest.
Nor long the heroes stood in sage debate,
But all at length resolv'd to share their fate,
Whether by Heaven's behest they scap'd the snare,
Or fell the victims of insidious war;
And tho' a falt'ring pause the boldest felt,
Yet no presage their high resolve could melt;
On their good falchions, oft in battle try'd,
And strenuous arms the gallant bands rely'd.
Scarce two short leagues along the glade they move,
When, midst the dark funereal boughs above,
Hung by their gory locks, aloft were seen
Their comrades' heads above the hostile green;
Or fix'd on pales within the deadly pass,
Glar'd on their friends with formidable grace.
Mute with surprize, but firm and unsubdu'd,
In solemn gaze awhile the soldiers stood,
But stood not long, for Fury soon began
To rouse to deeds of blood the hardy clan.
Storming with rage, and cursing dull delay,
They call their Captains on to lead the way.
Their Lord, who saw the future in the past,
Stood silent for a space, and try'd at last,

Calmly, with look sedate, and temper cool,
The dangerous ardour of the train to rule,
" Ye gallant Champions of the Cross," he cry'd,
" Be firm, be fearless, but let reason guide.
" You see our bold rebellious slaves display
" Their hostile ensigns in the face of day,
" Triumphant over broken faith they rise,
" And spurn their oaths, recorded in the skies;
" We hear their deadly trumpets angry sound,
" We spy the flames of Discord kindling round,
" And know what lives were lavish'd to subdue,
" And bend beneath our laws the savage crew:
" When Fortune led us on, with conqu'ring arms,
" Thro' paths of deadly guile, and fierce alarms,
" This ground was often drunk with hostile gore,
" That bought our triumphs on this fatal shore:
" But dangers new our sagest counsels claim,
" To guard the glories of the Spanish name.
" Inveterate Hate, by habit nurst, you know,
" And scorn of life inspires the savage foe;
" And, should we fail, their pride, despising bound,
" Would flame defiance to the world around.
" This gives me pause, nor can my anxious eye
" The safer path in this dilemma spy."
Fermenting courage in each bosom flam'd
Of those bold youths, by evil yet untam'd,
And native valour beam'd in every eye:
" Let us but see them once," aloud they cry,
" Let ten of us be nam'd to face the foe,
" We'll force the post, and lay their standard low.
" We know not fear, nor be it ever told
" That dastard dread our inborn worth controll'd;
" Our taintless honour deprecates the thought,
" That, by retreat, a moment's life were bought.

" One faltering motion, one retiring pace,
" Would shade our long renown with deep disgrace.
" No, let us with undaunted march proceed,
" We dare to follow, if you chuse to lead."
Valdivia's burning cheek the pangs confest
Of shame and honour, struggling in his breast.
Ill-fated Chief! the dire effect you saw
Of youthful rage that spurn'd at Reason's law;
The keen, and venom'd shaft of causeless blame,
You, like a Warrior, felt with honest shame;
False honour o'er your better sense prevail'd,
The *Soldier* triumph'd, but the *General* fail'd:
You rather wish'd to sink among the slain,
Than soil your honour with the slightest stain!
While thus revenge and war the soldiers vow'd,
A friendly Indian, from the martial crowd
Sprung forth, and to Valdivia thus exclaim'd:
" O mighty Chief, in many a combat fam'd,
" Recal the word, nor try that dang'rous way,
" Full twice ten thousand foes, in dread array,
" Cover the plains of Tucapel afar,
" Confederate all, impatient for the war;
" All bound in solemn oaths to meet their doom,
" And purchase freedom, or a glorious tomb."
At this report, a cold sensation past
O'er every bosom like a wintry blast;
The King of Terrors seem'd to stalk around,
And every shuddering heart his presence found:
The noble Chieftain, unappall'd alone,
Beheld them blanch, and thus in angry tone:
" What! do ye falter ere you see the foe!
" Be constant, or the soldier's name forego!"
Then with a look that spoke a wounded mind,
He spurr'd his courser on: the crowd behind

The damp contagion from their souls expell'd,
And dauntless follow'd o'er the dusty field.
Soon Tucapel's retiring heights display
The fatal champain to the face of day.
The fortress first their wond'ring eyes survey'd,
Late a proud pile, but now in ruin laid.
" O noble friends! aloud the General cry'd,
" Those walls I thought the utmost force defy'd
" Of hostile rage, but see how low they lie,
" A spectacle of ruin to the sky!
" The deadly foe in arms we soon shall meet,
" No friendly castle here affords retreat;
" On our good swords alone we now depend
" To purchase conquest, or a glorious end."
While thus he strove their gallant hearts to warm,
A distant rumour, like a gathering storm,
Broke on th' unfinish'd word; and soon were seen
Innumerous spears, thick glancing o'er the green,
Brandish'd by hostile hands; while all around
Was heard this dire salute, with sullen sound:
" Robbers! advance, and with your blood repay
" The wrongs we bore beneath your deadly sway;
" Your lands and lives you now must leave behind,
" Your deadly sentence Fate at last has sign'd."
The General saw that now the hour was come,
That nought but valour could decide their doom,
Then bade a Chieftain with his troop invade
A squadron of the foe, whose files display'd
A scantier depth: the noble Spaniard flew
Like bolted fire against the hostile crew.
From Mareande's hills the warriors came,
Second to none in military fame;
To meet the shock before the hostile band
The hardy pikemen in close order stand.

Soon, at the lightning of the lifted spear,
The serried files divide from van to rear,
And let the Spaniards pass; then hemm'd behind
The luckless foe, as in a net confin'd;
Who, buried in the hostile crowd afar,
Soon disappear'd amid the mingling war.
Thus the fell crocodile, in ambush laid,
When finny shoals his secret haunt invade;
While troubling the clear stream they sport along,
With mighty jaws engulphs the heedless throng,
Then closing his wide mouth with eager haste,
Battens at leisure on the rich repast;
So our thin squadron soon to sight was lost
Among the numbers of the savage host;
Nor one escap'd of that distinguish'd few,
Who first in arms assail'd the hostile crew.
Now the loud trumpet gave the fatal sign,
Slow mov'd the mighty Araucanian line;
And now they bend their shadowy wings to close
In one gigantic sweep their gallant foes.
Valdivia, yet, by no example wise
That instant to an hardy leader cries,
With a bold voluntary band to face
The foe, that now advanc'd with steady pace.
Twice five were only found that dar'd to brave
Their fate, and seek, by wounds, a glorious grave:
They, spurring on their steeds, with loosen'd rein
Met with a mighty shock the pagan train.
Nine spears at once were dy'd in hostile gore,
One only left his steed, to rise no more.
Pierc'd with barbarian shafts the soldier lay,
And breath'd in mortal pangs his soul away.
Thro' ranks of death the nine bold brethren rode,
And drench'd the summer sands with hostile blood;

But after many a proof of matchless might,
They fell successive in th' unfinish'd fight;
Mangled with wounds, the noble youths resign'd
Their souls, but vengeance was not left behind,
For e'er they fell themselves, their deadly blades
Sent their destroyers to the stygian shades.
But now the dreadful trump of Spain afar
Pour'd on the startled ear the blast of war;
With vizors clos'd, and every lance in rest,
The hardy Spaniards to the combat prest.
In four light squadrons form'd, the gallant van
Spurring in full career, the fight began;
Backward recoil'd the battle of the foe,
And soon barbarian blood was seen to flow.
Lopp'd arms, and mangled limbs, their triumphs told,
And heads and headless trunks at random roll'd:
Nor stood the foe aghast, but soon return'd
In force, and o'er the field the battle burn'd.
Now van to van they meet with mortal blows,
And Death alternate feasts on friends and foes;
Yet each disdains a thought of dastard flight,
And on his single arm relies in fight:
The meadows, late in chearful green array'd,
To the sad eyes a sanguine tint display'd;
Still the dire clang of arms incessant rung,
And Death above his sable ensign hung;
Viewing with horrid glee the shatter'd brain,
Or the warm bowels gushing on the plain;
Or gory head, that, as it roll'd along,
Seem'd with convulsive glare to view the throng,
Rolling in blood its ghastly eyes around,
While the fallen body spurn'd the sanguine ground.
The blood-stain'd sabres, glancing to and fro,
Gleam'd like red lightning o'er the field below;

And oft as vigour fail'd, by steadfast haste
Inspir'd, they still prolong'd the stern debate.
None shunn'd, nor wish'd to shun his deadly doom,
Nor sought repose but in the yawning tomb;
Even cowards felt their fear to frenzy chang'd,
And only wish'd to die, but die reveng'd.
  But fierce desire of blood, and scorn of pain,
With tenfold rage enflam'd the sons of Spain;
Onward they rush'd, impetuous in their course,
And scarce created might could stand their force.
Slowly the Araucanians first retreat,
But soon in squadrons turn, and trust their feet.
" Triumph to Spain," the conquering legions cry;
" Triumph to Spain," the neighb'ring vales reply;
* But dire mischance, or Fate's resistles sway,
Gave a dread sequel to this signal day.
  An Indian Chieftain's son, in arms renown'd,
To great Valdivia by allegiance bound,
For many an instance of paternal care,
Follow'd his patron to the field of war;
But when he saw his friends resign the field,
Commotion strange his looks and words reveal'd;
And as they fled, pursu'd by wild alarms,
He thus recall'd their broken bands to arms;
" O blind to glory, whither would ye run,
" Where do you think impending fate to shun?
" And is it thus your antient fame expires,
" The Sage's honour, and the Patriot's fires?
" Are all your laws and rights for ever lost,
" Your father's freedom, and your country's boast?
" Once ye were independent, fear'd, and bold,
" Now, for degrading bonds your claims are sold.

* These two lines are taken partly from Mr. Hayley's translation.

" The vigour of your antient stem decays,
" Each drooping bough a latent plague betrays;
" That, deep within, its vernal sap consumes,
" And withering blights invade its tarnish'd blooms.
" Do you not see yon squadrons spent with toil;
" They scarce can drag their limbs along the soil;
" While their tir'd coursers draw their breath in pain,
" And bathe with sweat and blood the dusty plain.
" O let not yonder sun behold your name
" Sunk in the dungeon of eternal shame;
" Fly from the yoke that hovers o'er your heads,
" Rally, and charge, where lasting glory leads:
" Nor thus be seen to shun a feeble foe,
" And turn your shoulders to the mortal blow;
" Let memory fix this truth in every mind,
" That dastard fears the light of reason blind;
" Then to the world a legacy bequeath
" Of Freedom, purchas'd in the field of Death.
" Yet listen to my warning voice! Return,
" Nor thus your glorious hopes ignobly spurn.
" O turn upon your foes! renew the fight,
" Or check, at least, your ignominious flight.
" But, if my words are vain, observe my deed,
" And learn of me in Freedom's cause to bleed."
Exclaiming thus, among the crowd he prest,
And aim'd his javelin at Valdivia's breast;
Profuse of life, to fire his kindred band
By the atchievements of a single hand,
Rounding among the levell'd spears he flew,
While death around his steely circle drew;
As when, in summer's glow, a panting deer
Seeks the cool solace of the waters clear,
And sports amid the waves in wanton play,
So sped the warrior thro' the thick array.

One he o'erturns: another warrior's side
Feels thro' his ribs the deadly weapon gride,
Tho' long and large; then lancing thro' the throng,
He turns and winds at will, or darts along;
Now springing to the blow, a soldier's thigh
He pierc'd, as on his steed he past him by;
The shock, as o'er the field his courser flew,
With headlong fury snapt the beam in two;
In his strong hand remain'd the shatter'd wood,
Fixt in the lawn the pointed truncheon stood.
Flinging the fragments of his spear away,
An huge two-handed mace, with furious sway,
Caught from the field, around the warrior swung,
And fell'd the bravest of the fighting throng.
Before the tempest of his arm afar
At distance due retir'd the baffled war;
But rallying soon the martial tide returns,
And round his dauntless head the battle burns.
No more they pour upon the flying crew,
But 'gainst a single youth the fight renew.
With active bound he shuns the levell'd lance,
Keen falchions round his helm innocuous glance,
Thro' tilting spears, and many a random blow,
He vaults, or springs aloof, or lurks below;
And like a Demon, in the shades of night,
Eludes the touch, tho' visible to sight.
What far-fam'd ages ever yet supplied
A name like his, who left the victor's side,
And with the vanquish'd host, at Honour's call,
Resolv'd to wake their hopes, or share their fall?
What eye had ever seen beneath the sun,
Since he began his daily race to run,
A young barbarian's solitary hand,
Extort a trophy from the victor band?

Tho' Rome, exulting, give the Decian name
With their sad offering to eternal fame;
Tho' Curtius past the gloomy gulf below,
And Mutius' burning hand amaz'd the foe,
Tho' Cocles long maintain'd the bloody post,
And with his single arm repell'd an host,
Tho' in the pass Leonidas was seen
Tinging with Median gore the fatal green,
Since first the world was shook by war's alarms,
His equal ne'er was known in deeds of arms.
Let Furius, with Marcellus, join his claim,
Fulvius and Quintus with the Sergian name,
And noble Sceva with Dentatus vye,
The young barbarian's fame shall mount a loftier sky.
What glory have they won, ye sages tell,
When match'd with his, altho' they fought and fell?
Did e'er their trumpet wake the deadly fray,
But selfish hope illum'd the doubtful day?
'Twas pride, ambition, thirst of boundless rule,
That led them thro' Bellona's bloody school;
E'en sacred lust of gold has oft inspir'd
Prone souls, by sense of glory never fir'd.
False Honour's claims her duteous slaves incite
To try their valour in the dubious fight:
But when their fortune turns, their hopes decay,
Their idol like a phantom fleets away,
And all at once their energy of mind
Evaporates, nor leaves a wreck behind.
The heady current of a nation's fate
He stemm'd alone, and sav'd a sinking state;
And with bold hand unravell'd all her doom,
To weave the tissue in a nobler loom.
His word the stern behest of Clotho shook,
And fate relented at his steadfast look,

While cowards at his call forgot their fear,
And startled conquest dropp'd her bloody spear.
Still round his dauntless form the battle wheel'd,
And arms and corses strew'd the sanguine field;
When India's leader o'er the fighting crew
A glance of grief and rage indignant threw.
At his stern look, and animating cry,
The startled soldiers turn around, and spy
Where to a single combatant oppos'd,
Iberia's files the matchless foe enclos'd;
As visionary phantoms take their flight
At the first dawning of the sacred light,
As the first error fills with wild alarms
The man whom genuine love of honour warms,
As they who fly when danger threatens near,
While night redoubling every cause of fear
Conceals their shame, but when Aurora springs,
And on their burning brows detection flings,
By Indignation fir'd, and generous Shame
Undaunted rally, and the combat claim,
Thus Araucania started from her trance,
Thus the keen lightning of the lifted lance
To the horizon gleam'd; while all around
The dusty fields their thund'ring march resound;
And, pealing to the skies, from wing to wing,
Unnumber'd choirs the hymn of battle sing,
While echo sends around, with mimic breath,
The solemn vow of conquest, or of death.
As with tremendous shock the battles join'd,
And shouts of onset fill'd the passing wind,
The mighty Oro's lance like thunder past
Brave Paynaguala's breast, who breath'd his last.
Caupolican observ'd him as he stood,
Proudly exulting o'er the scene of blood,

And aim'd a downright blow, but sidelong swung
His pond'rous mace, which laid the Knight along;
His batter'd helm return'd a sullen sound,
And blood and brains came gushing thro' the wound.
A second foe unknown his truncheon sped,
By many blows subdu'd among the dead,
With dinted helm, and batter'd sides he lay,
Breathing in mortal pangs his soul away.
Mighty Ongolmo, with Iberia's lord,
Met in the mortal conflict, sword to sword;
His mutilated hand Ongolmo mourns:
To find another foe Valdivia turns,
And saw where Leucoton maintain'd the fight
Against proud Lamas with Reynoso's knight.
Nought could the Spaniard's double force prevail,
And still the battle hung in even scale;
But when Valdivia to the combat drew
Such fearful odds, the Araucanians flew
Their friend to aid; again the battle rag'd,
And Spanish Knights, and Indian Chiefs engaged
With equal might, while to the vaulted sky
From plate and mail the steely sparkles fly.
Thus veer'd the tide of fight, by fortune driven,
While the rude sound of onset rose to Heaven.
Here many a gasping Chief resign'd his breath,
Disdaining flight, and proud of glorious death;
While some with hostile arms embrace the foe,
And speed with daggers keen, the mortal blow.
'Twas not enough that GUPIEL* ne'er had seen
An equal wrestler on the sylvan green;
But kindling with ill-omen'd thirst of fame,
He now resolv'd to try the dang'rous game,

* A Spanish Knight.

Strong Guaticol he challeng'd to the field,
A youth, yet never known the palm to yield;
They meet; they grapple long with fruitless toil,
While drops of sweat bedew the dusty soil;
But to his brother's aid bold Puron flew,
And with insidious hand a dagger drew;
Then ripp'd with cruel stroke the Spaniard's side,
And life came floating in a purple tide.
Faint with the loss of blood, and deadly wan
With stagg'ring step brave VILLAROEL * ran
Among his foes, a speedy fate to find;
With him the noble heir of Pennas join'd,
Oozing in gory drops his life away,
And both at once provoke the mortal fray;
And not in vain: for soon, combin'd in death,
They sink together, and resign their breath.
Our ranks grew thin, and still the bravest fell,
While still the hostile numbers seem'd to swell.
Scarce sixty gallant combatants remain'd,
Who with undaunted hearts the fight maintain'd:
And Fortune, wav'ring in her fickle mood,
The part she favour'd late, with rage pursu'd;
That cause, which Heaven appear'd before to love,
Seem'd now abhorr'd by every power above.
Two thousand bowmen bold, ally'd to Spain,
But natives, kept at bay the savage train,
With many a fatal shower of arrows keen,
And strew'd, with copious death, the bloody green.
But now, surrounded in the fatal field,
These archers to their doom were forc'd to yield.
But still, with dauntless hearts the Spaniards stood,
And sold, with many a life, their streaming blood.

* Another Spanish Knight.

What man could do, their gallant Chief essay'd,
And timely succour here and there convey'd;
While his strong voice their fainting souls could raise
With sharp rebuke, or well deserved praise.
While his unwearied arm the sword could wield,
Like Mars he mov'd along the bloody field.
Alas, in vain! his friends with gradual fall
Sink round, and on his name, expiring, call;
Those that were left, resolve in arms to die,
Nor means of reconcilement know, or try.
In turn by twos, and threes, they press the plain,
Twice seven alone of all the band remain;
Yet, resolute the last extreme to meet,
Like soldiers, and like men, who scorn'd retreat;
Nought but the force of steel could bend them down,
Or make the gallant youths a victor own.
At length the wretched Chief alone was left
Of all his followers in a day bereft,
Except his chaplain sage, a blameless Priest,
Whom thus with hasty words the Chief address:
" Since we perceive it fruitless to contend,
" Another course we now must learn to bend;
" If Heaven allows escape, our lives to save,
" And shun the horrors of the yawning grave."
He spoke, they spurr'd their steeds, and fled amain
Pursu'd, insulted by the yelling train:
Like two wild chafing boars, by hunters chac'd
Along the mazes of the sylvan waste,
With dogs of scent, that range the forest o'er,
Or fleet Hibernian hounds, athirst for gore;
So in the track of death, with savage spite,
The cruel Foe pursu'd the Chieftain's flight;

While clouds of missile death, discharg'd behind,
Fell on the ground, or sung upon the wind,
As wintry gusts the darkened fields assail,
And o'er the vallies sweep the sounding hail.
A deep morass at length their flight withstood,
On them the hunters flew, athirst for blood:
While those that lagg'd, the hindmost in the chace
Their shouting fellows mark'd with deep disgrace.
The chaplain soon was slain, the savage crew
With contumelious blows Valdivia drew,
Where met in dire divan the seniors sate
With general sentence to pronounce his fate.
Caupolican, who wish'd to see his foe,
A living trophy of his overthrow,
With lordly look and haughty threat began
To question and insult the ruin'd man.
With abject mien, and supplication low,
The captive try'd to melt the cruel foe;
Imploring life, and oft devoutly swore
To Chili's tribes their freedom to restore;
Nor e'er, if mercy met his prayers again,
With slavish bonds to gall the hardy train.
'Tis said the general heart began to melt,
And all a transient glow of pity felt:
But one, to whom the doubtful Chief apply'd
For prompt advice, with soul relentless cry'd:
" Say, will you to a captive's prayer resign
" The noble fruits of many a bold design?
" This arm will soon annul the deep disgrace."
Then lifting in both hands a pond'rous mace,
With sudden fury struck his kneeling foe,
And sent his spirit to the shades below.
As when a bull is seen for slaughter bound,
Whose mournful lowings fill the region round,

While crowding near, with unrelenting eyes,
The cruel train admire his mighty size,
The stern assassin lifts his murd'rous mace,
And, marking with his eye the mortal place,
His brain-pan smites, and lays him on the soil,
Then from his members tears the reeking spoil.
The cruel Indian thus, tho' chill'd with age,
On the defenceless victim spent his rage.
The Chief, with generous indignation warm,
Against the ruthless deed began to storm;
And vow'd revenge, and to the host appeal'd;
The general vote his rising rage withheld:
And all agree, that none of hostile name
Should 'scape, the general danger to proclaim:
The cruel senior thus from peril freed,
Exulted in his unrelenting deed.
Two friendly Indians, when their comrades fell,
By fate were spar'd the deadly news to tell.
Those fled the field of death, and gain'd a wood
From which the direful scene of strife they view'd.
Till Phœbus in the west, with setting ray,
Clos'd the dire triumphs of that dreadful day;
And when clear Hesper led the train of night,
The friendly hour conceal'd their homeward flight.*
Now climbing up the vast Olympian steep,
The car of night, involv'd in darkness deep,
Reach'd to the point of noon, and far display'd
Over the face of things her peaceful shade.
Not peaceful was the camp, where clamorous joy
Broke thro' the gloom, and struck the vaulted sky.

* This accounts for the particulars of the battle being so distinctly known to the Spaniards, from whom Ercilla had probably learned them.

Now fearless of alarm, and eas'd from toil,
Their blood-stain'd arms around the Warriors pile;
The youths prepare to dance, the timbrels sound,
And jocund measures beat the groaning ground;
The joyful tidings, ere the blush of morn,
To all the Araucanian tribes were borne.

In an assembly of the Araucanians a general confederacy of all the southern tribes is proposed, in order to attack the Spaniards in every quarter at once, and extirpate the whole race. This proposal is overruled by Caupolican, the General, who recommends defensive war as the more effectual means of establishing their independence.

He thus proceeds—

" Valdivia's doom, yon castle's mighty fall,
" A feebler foe than Spain would much appall;
" But, when our bold revolt is fully known,
" Revenge to deeds of blood will urge them on.
" WHO then shall meet their desolating rage,
" Or in an equal field their powers engage?
" No! be it ours to leave a passage free,
" While they, secure of fancy'd victory,
" By woody wilds, and swamps encircled round,
" And cliffs embattled high, and lakes profound;
" Incautious in the deadly snare shall fall,
" And one wide ruin overwhelm them all.
" Nor can their valour then their lives defend,
" If fortune still the juster cause befriend;
" In search of us in vain they long may roam,
" And find us, unexpected guests, at home."

The General spoke, the crowd with joint acclaim
Approve his counsel, and applaud his name.
Those means, which wayward fancy spurn'd before,
Seem'd now the best their safety to restore.

Then to the youth he turn'd, whose daring hand
Relum'd the courage of the flying band,
From the proud Victor snatch'd his wreath away,
And with unequall'd prowess turn'd the day;
And on his right the high-distinguish'd man,
Placing with due respect, he thus began:
" All hail, unequall'd youth, whose warlike name
" Exalts to Heaven the Araucanian fame!
" To thee she owes that her capacious bound
" Takes in a large extent of hostile ground.
" To thee the safety of the State we owe;
" To thee our cruel Tyrant's overthrow.
" Thine is th' atchievement sole, and thine the praise,
" To last, while yonder sun our world surveys."
Then, turning to the Senate, thus he said,
" For such high merit in the field display'd,
" By great LAUTARO (so the Chief was nam'd)
" Say, what reward, what honours can be claim'd?
" If your consent, with my design accord,
" His hand shall wield a delegated sword,
" And guide to fame, the second in command,
" The bold defenders of our native land.
" I send him with a brave selected train,
" Where best his active valour may sustain
" The hot incursion of our deadly foes,
" While I, at Elicura's pass dispose
" My powers, the hostile squadrons to engage,
" If haply there they mean to point their rage."
All prais'd the generous boon, so well bestow'd,
The new made Chief with grateful ardour glow'd:
Envy, the darkest demon of the mind,
Was mute, if envy there a place could find.
The Chief, as laws ordain'd in days of yore,
From his redundant locks a ringlet shore;

This simple mark of delegated sway
The tribes were long accustom'd to obey.
  This meed the youth obtain'd, his country's shield,
In counsel wise, and fearless in the field:
Yet mild, and gentle in the peaceful shade,
He only seem'd for social pleasure made;
But when his country's call inspir'd his soul,
His fiery spirit flam'd above controul.
Not large of limb, but with collected might,
And lion nerve, he turn'd the tide of fight.
His swelling muscles, his capacious chest,
And shoulders broad, transcendent force confest;
The choice, and presence of this guest renown'd,
Prolong'd the feast, while oft the sun went round.
The rivals in the course, the wrestlers ring,
The sinewy champion, who with active spring
Out-leap'd his peers, employ'd the jocund day,
But, when pale Cynthia shed her silver ray
Along the solemn wood, the dance and song
Varied the pleasures of the martial throng:
Not equal feasts adorn'd, in days of yore,
The plains of Argos or Scamander's shore:
When long-protracted joys, with honours due,
Paid the long labours of the gallant crew.
  But o'er th' assembly soon a cloud was cast,
When thro' the forest, breathless, pale, aghast,
O'ertoil'd, and smear'd with dust, a Courier came,
And thus was heard his tidings to proclaim:
' To arms, great Chief! to arms, ye tribes renown'd,
" The deadly Foe has forc'd the guarded bound.
" Your ambuscade is broke, your champions slain,
" None but the troops that fled the field remain,
" The reliques of the war. A scanty foe,
" Twice seven in number, caus'd our overthrow.

" All cas'd in mail, on fleetest coursers borne,
" Our shafts and pointed spears they held in scorn,
" As like autumnal storms they swept along
" Our scatter'd files, and thinn'd the feeble throng,
" The boldest of our train in battle fell,
" The rest surviv'd the deadly news to tell."
The Chief, who knew his anguish well to hide,
Thus, with a well-dissembled scorn reply'd:
" And is it thus our foes maintain the war?
" This sudden onset only marks despair.
" A band so small can never hope retreat,
" Compell'd at every pass their doom to meet."
Then to his delegate he gave command
To take the vaward with a chosen band,
To watch the foe, and recognize their force,
While with his legions he pursued their course.
Proud of his charge, the dauntless Indian drew
A band of heroes from the martial crew;
And led them on with speed in quest of fame,
With new atchievements to adorn his name.
But the sonorous trump of Mars afar
Recalls the Muse to other scenes of war;
To sing what these advent'rous Knights perform'd,
With what impetuous rage the camp they storm'd.

* * * *

CANTO THE FOURTH.

Of what high import is the love of right!
By her, what numerous ills are put to flight!
Thro' all the Araucanian vales afar
Rebellion had not wav'd the flag of War,
Nor Ruin roll'd her sweeping tide along,
Had castigation check'd the infant wrong.

Thus wounds, when left to fester, in the close
Bring on a sable train of cureless woes.
Mercy is cruelty when ills invade,
And timely cure is by neglect delay'd.
If the deep gangrene calls the searching steel,
The stroke is needful, tho' the *man* may feel;
Even soft Compassion holds the saving knife
That lops the member, to preserve the life.
Forbid it, Heaven! that every crime should draw
The trenchant sword of unrelenting law,
Except when deadly guilt the wound requires,
Pregnant with plagues, and warm'd by stygian fires;
The guilt was mutual here; the lust of gold
Foster'd the fiend to licence uncontroll'd:
No strong corrective hand his rage represt,
Till his dark venom boil'd in every breast.
The strictest laws of Nemesis abjure
That wanton cruelty that kills to cure,
And wades thro' deluges of blood, to claim
For deeds of ruthless stamp, a lasting name:
Or with a causeless and unbounded rage
Which Mercy tries in vain to melt or suage;
For solitary crimes with deadly wrath
Consigns a guiltless hecatomb to death.
The Muse might here indulge an ample view,
And this important theme at large pursue;
But Modesty forbids the depths to scan,
That shew the duties, and the claims of man.
Censure and Envy, with malignant eyes,
In me a partial bias might surmise;
But this, at least, is clear, that careless sway,
And absence of a King, to num'rous ills betray.
To trace the course of wrong no more the Muse
Attempts, but now her former theme pursues,

Nor longer now forsakes the path assign'd
To sow the seeds of wisdom in the wind *;
Gladly she turns to that advent'rous band,
Whose gallant deeds a nobler flight demand;
Ambitious to consign to endless fame
The glory of each far-distinguish'd name;
But ah! a nobler palm than she can give
These youths demand to bid their memory live;
Yet even this monument of rustic praise,
That such an humble bard as I can raise,
To times remote may send their glories down,
And other ages hear their long renown;
Till unborn heroes, kindling at the view,
Shall bid the fair example live anew.
Their names, before their deeds, O Muse! record;
Cortez, Almagro's far-destroying sword,
Cordova, with Nereda's heir combin'd,
Moran, Gonzalo, with Hernandez join'd;
With Maldonado, Penalosa came,
Their place Vergara next, and Garcia claim,
Herrera nigh with Castaneda rode,
Like the twin offspring of th' Olympian God;
And noble Manrique, not the lowest name,
Brought up the rear, and clos'd the lists of fame;
Those, when the fallen Valdivia sent for aid,
With eager haste the martial call obey'd,
And spurr'd along, unconscious of the doom
That sent their General to th' untimely tomb.
By Puren's shadowy cliffs the heroes past,
And reach'd a sylvan theatre at last,

* Derramando
Al viento en el Oeferto las Razones.—Orig.

Where marks of mighty rendezvous were seen,
For countless feet had mark'd the trodden green;
By num'rous signs they soon discover'd clear,
That wild Revolt had rais'd her standard here;
Yet neither stopp'd their course, nor turn'd aside,
Till mild Aurora's crimson vest they spy'd,
Above the dawning hills display'd afar,
And gladly hail'd the morn's ascending car.
Fair Elicura's opening vale they spy,
When Sol o'erlook'd the woods with lordly eye.
Here in dread ambuscade the Indians lay,
Hoping that, when their Foes pursu'd their way
In careless march, a loose, disorder'd host,
Their bands, conceal'd around the fatal post,
Might hem them in amid the woodland gloom
All unawares, and mark them for the tomb.
Three steep descending glades the Warriors past,
And to the central shades arriv'd at last;
Where stood their foes, deep rang'd in alleys green,
Hiding in sylvan mask their hideous mien;
Sudden, the Araucanian trump afar
Was heard, and tambourines provoke the war;
Barbarian cymbals join their deadly sound,
And doubling echoes from the vales rebound,
While from their green retreats in dread array
The Indians pour, and intercept the way.
Not hunters, when the starting hare they see
Stretching, with tim'rous speed, along the lea,
More transports feel, than each Iberian breast,
At the first prospect of the foe confest.
Instant, their thund'ring steeds they spurr'd along,
Eager to plunge amid the hostile throng.
Of flinty-headed pikes the Indians drew
A line before to foil the Christian crew;

Yet nought the Christians, at their force dismay'd,
Dismist the boldest to the stygian shade;
And spears and spearmen, helms and batter'd shields,
In various havoc spread the fatal fields.
With active hands, but hopeless hearts, they fought,
For still new numbers hemm'd the fatal spot.
Two squadrons, in a circle wide, surround
The fatal wood; the third maintains its ground
Against their foes: their foes in close array
Came on with levell'd spears, or break away.
And now in deadly tournament they join,
And with fierce inrode part the lengthen'd line.
Again their rallying foes and legions meet,
And force them back to find a safe retreat.
Now back to back they fight: now side by side,
And chace their wounded foes along the forest wide.
Soon other foes, assembling in the rear,
Laugh at the light'ning of the lifted spear.
Thus twice with desperate rage to force their way
They strove, as oft the Indians firm array
At every pass their furious course withstood
Among the mazes of the faithless wood.
Then facing to the long defile, that led
Where Casafuerte rais'd its awful head
Of old, to right, to left the warriors wheel'd,
But still the thronging Indians fill'd the field,
And mingling boldly with the gallant band
Provok'd th' unequal conflict hand to hand.
At length from that sad vale a pass they found,
By mining waters thro' the lofty mound
Open'd of old, where now the sinking soil
Promis'd a seeming respite to their toil;
So narrow was the way, that as they past
Along the path by shelving hills embrac'd,

As slowly on they fil'd a Knight behind,
With single valour check'd their foes combin'd;
The ridge was skirted by a gloomy wood,
Thro' this the warriors past by fate pursued,
Full in the track behind. A friendly slave
They met at last, who to Almagro gave
A billet, which with better hopes before
His trusty servant to Valdivia bore,
To fix their rendezvous, but bore in vain;
And now, the triumphs of the barb'rous train
Return'd, with all the marks of fear to tell,
And how the great Valdivia fought and fell;
His people fall, the castle's overthrow,
He told, a sad variety of woe.
The champions heard the news with thrilling pain,
And, marching onward, found a narrow plain;
By east and west, and on the northern side
Emboss'd, the south alone a pass supply'd.
Hither they bent their course, retiring slow,
Still on their rearward hang th' insulting foe.
In lengthen'd files they haste, behind, before,
And thro' the tangled wood their prey explore:
And now they reach the plain, and full in sight
Their destin'd victims view with stern delight:
Then all the vallies rung with loud alarms,
Calling afar the scatter'd bands to arms.
Now in two squadrons form'd, the savage crew
Came onward, and the deadly fight renew.
The champions bold, who saw it vain to fly,
Resolv'd to force a passage through, or die.
The bold Lincoya led the hostile band;
Their formidable wings on either hand
They spread, while mixt with fifes, the savage yell
Of thousands seem'd the harmony of hell.

Onward the Spaniards came, sedate and slow,
Nor yet their buoyant hearts the hope forego
To turn those notes of joy to wailing strains,
And with barbarian slaughter heap the plains.
Undaunted at the formidable view,
Alike they deem'd the many, or the few;
As men long us'd to foil superior force,
With skill combin'd on fam'd Europe's shores.
Yet one degenerate son of Spain was found,
(The Muse disdains the recreant's name to sound)
Who turning round to view the slender train,
Thus feebly spoke his soul's degenerate strain:
" Would Heaven recruit our yet—unconquer'd band
" With eighty Knights, we then might hope to stand."
The bold Hernandez, turning to the sky,
And then on *him* a calm, untroubled eye,
Where pity with ineffable disdain
Was mixt, reply'd in scorn: " Our gallant train
" (If Heaven would hear my prayer) would send away
" Two Knights, and, with the rest, provoke the fray.
" Then Fame's loud trump to all succeeding time
" Would sing the matchless TWELVE in notes sublime."
Then each with cautious heed his courser try'd,
Nor found their wonted mettle yet subside;
And in their saddles firm, with loosen'd rein,
They sally forth to meet the hostile train;
Spurring with speed their coursers all a-breast,
With vizors clos'd, and each his lance in rest,
While to the God of Hosts their prayers ascend
His servants from perdition to defend.
As on the barb'rous hordes the Knights advance,
The savage tribes, with many a ported lance

Prepare to stem their course: their thronging spears
Seem'd, as when Boreas bends the loaded ears
By Ceres fill'd: o'er all the spacious plain
Flouts a redundant crop of bearded grain;
But nought their numbers, nought their rage avail'd,
By such impetuous tournament assail'd.
O'er falling files the steeds resistless rode,
And open'd thro' the line an ample road.

After feats of almost incredible prowess, seven of the Spaniards are killed, being overpowered by the arrival of Lautaro with a reinforcement; the rest are saved by a sudden storm, which the Poet thus describes.

As Maldonado breath'd his soul away,
Unusual darkness hid the face of day,
O'er the sun's blotted orb it sail'd along,
And o'er the bloody scene portentous hung;
And now the tempest lifts its angry voice
With long collected rage, and sweeps the skies;
Strain'd by the powerful gust the forests groan,
And distant vales return the sullen moan.
As every wind its liquid treasure brings,
Large drops at first are shaken from it wings:
Singly they fall, till roll'd upon the wind
The clouds at once their wat'ry stores unbind,
And pour them downward in continuous flow
On the wide desolated plain below:
Thus, when the beaten tambourines begin
Before the onset their sonorous din,
With the deliberate march, their solemn sound
In unison its ardour seems to bound;
Till, as they close, discordant, long and loud,
The martial music fires the fighting crowd.

From the swoln clouds with like tempestuous wrath,
The driving deluge swept the field of death;
While the deep thunder, from the stygian womb
Of darkness, roar'd, and thro' the parting gloom
Fierce lightnings quick dispell'd the cloudy veil
By sweeping rain pursued, and sounding hail.
By terror seiz'd, the Araucanian crew
Disperse, and all a different course pursue;
For still the loud aërial war increast,
And struck cold terror in the boldest breast.

* * * *

LINES

On seeing the Duchess of Devonshire half-masqued at the Opera House Gala in June 1786.

O QUITE reveal that heav'nly face!
Where LOVE and all his cherubs play:—
—So morn's first blush in shades we trace,
And anxiously invoke the day.—

W. P.

ANACREONTIC.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

FILL, fill the goblet—let it flow:—
The Womb of Joy—the Grave of Woe.
Let sober mortals sit and think;
I learn philosophy in drink.
My brain in rolling visions whirl'd,
Describes the motion of the world;
And circling glasses to mine ears
Strike up the music of the spheres.
High foams the bowl above the brim:—
In lunar rage my senses swim:—
My glass the moon.—My nightly rule
Displays her always at the *full:*
And still my daily round I run
With punctual pace:—my glass the sun.
Yes, yes, our potent glass surpasses,
Old *Tycho-Brahe*, thy boasted glasses:
One object *they* present to view;
For every one *this* gives us two.
Who doubly sees, is doubly wise.—
'Tis here the true *attraction* lies:
No power centripetal we ask,
To seek the center of the cask;
That gives, what Nature's laws deny,
Attraction without *gravity*.
Come! learn of me true wisdom's lore.
Heard you that shout?—Again they roar.

'Tis Comus with his midnight throng,
Laughter, and *Mirth*, and *Dance*, and *Song*,
And *Joy*, and *Joke*, and *Sport*, and *Play*.
They come!—I feel, I bless their sway.
Sad Care and Sorrow's wrinkled frown
In *the Red Sea* they come to drown!
To Beauty let the bumper flow:
The man that flinches is my foe.
Let Discord drop no hostile ball,
No tears but of the tankard fall!
Now give thy wearied cup the pause
Prescrib'd by *Order's* decent laws:
Now be the favorite damsel seen,
With every cup a kiss between,
To temper with her smile the bowl,
And calm the fury of my soul.
Again the kiss;—the cup again!
Another—and another then!
I envy not the state of Jove,
Inspir'd by Wisdom, Wine, and Love.

"THE KISS."

IMITATED FROM SECUNDUS. BASIUM VII.

BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

Kisses, ah never, never sunder'd,
An hundred counted by the hundred,
The dying flame of love to rouse, and
The hundred counted by the thousand;

The thousand by the million counted,
The million on the million mounted,
I'll give thee; kisses thrice a million,
For every drop in wave Sicilian,
For every star the heaven bestudding,
I'll give thy lip so softly budding,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
Unwearied give, if thou canst bear a
Whole life of love, my sweet Neæra!
  But when clos'd as shells, caressing,
Clos'd as shells, thy soft lips pressing,
Thy cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Thy tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
  Ah me, not mine their charms to gaze on!
Those tell-tale eyes in silence speaking,
That cheek, where blooms the red rose breaking,
Those lips, that love in laughter plays on.
  Ah me, not mine to gaze on!
Laughter, that as Cynthius splendid,
On his sunny steeds ascended,
Up the sky in triumph rushes,
Breaks the cloud, the tempest hushes—
Laughter, whose sweet graces golden,
Were by me their charm beholden,
From my cheek the tear would banish,
Bid my sighs and sorrows vanish.
  Ah me, what jealous war? are waging?
My eyes, my lips, in strife engaging;
My eager lips my eyes preventing,
My envious eyes my lips resenting;
Each so tenacious of it's treasure,
Not Jove himself shall share their pleasure!

1804.

SKETCH

OF

ANCIENT AND MODERN TYRE.

(FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.)

BY W. HOLLOWAY,

AUTHOR OF THE "PEASANT'S FATE," "SCENES OF YOUTH," &c.

How are the Mighty fall'n!—the Proud debas'd!—
Their honour tarnish'd, and their works defaced!
Where now but wretched huts disgrace the strand,
And speak the meanness of a beggar'd land,
Once stood commercial TYRE, whose boasted name
The heav'n-taught *Prophet's* harp consign'd to fame.
The crowning city she, whose merchant sons
Were princes—high and honourable ones
Her traffickers—of various climes and birth,
And drawn from all the limits of the earth.
Queen of the Isles, she rais'd her haughty brow,
And *was* of old what *is* AUGUSTA now.
Methinks before the Muse's ranging eyes
The visions of her ancient glories rise!
High on yon mole whose deep foundations brave
The thund'ring efforts of the ocean wave;

Temples, and towers, and citadels sublime,
Defy the sword of War, and scythe of Time.
Vast marble colonnades aloft sustain
The pond'rous galleries where the bartering train,
Of every nation, and of every tongue,
The gainful intercourse of trade prolong.
Like bees around the summer hive they pour,
And toil, like them, amid their golden store;
Enriching and enrich'd from many a source,
Far wide as winds and waters hold their course.
A grove of masts appear the crowded port,
Where mariners of every land resort:
Tiers of deep-laden hulls in safety ride,
And the green bosom of the ocean hide:
Their figured prows with costly gilding shine,
And their firm keels divide the foaming brine;
Or outward bound, or inward, many a sail
Displays its swelling surface to the gale;
And farewell shouts, and grateful welcomes rise,
In mingled vollies, to the prospering skies.
  Reflection wakes—and lo! the dream is past—
Tyre is no more!—Her glories all effac'd—
Down to the silent grave her pomp is brought,
Her mart neglected, and her trade unsought;
Choak'd are her ports; her walls, her mounds decay'd,
And citadels, and tow'rs in ruins laid.
Where cedar barks, of old, at anchor lay,
E'en children ford the flood in fearless play,
And oft from rubbish draw the sculptur'd stone,
That once to grace the battlement was known;
Fragments of urns, and bones, and armour, stain'd
With patriot blood, from dying heroes drain'd:
And oft the traveller sadly pausing by,
To her departed greatness pays a sigh.

LINES

On hearing a Series of Discourses on the Evidences of Christianity, preached in the first Congregation of Presbyterians in Belfast, by the Rev. Dr. BRUCE*.

BY MISS ELIZA HAMILTON.

As when of old, the venerable † seer
Heard Israel's sceptics point the impious sneer

* In the years 1796 and 1797, the people of Ireland were much infected with that political frenzy and romantic notion of liberty, which had been productive of melancholy consequences in France. In order to extend the influence of revolutionary principles, and render ineffectual all oaths of allegiance, the factious Demagogues of the times dispersed among the people of Ireland a vast number of copies of "Paine's Age of Reason," either gratis, or at a very reduced price. The mischievous effects of this procedure were soon too evident, and Irreligion with Disloyalty increased to an alarming degree. Fortunately, however, the active zeal of some eminent divines was strenuously exerted to prevent the progress of Infidelity and Disaffection; and their Sermons and Publications had the happy effect of reclaiming many who had been misled, and of counteracting, in a great measure, the pernicious influence of Paine's doctrines. Among the clergymen who engaged in this laudable undertaking, none was more distinguished than the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast. His "Strictures on the Test of the United Irishmen" is a valuable work, and exhibits, in the most lively and perspicuous manner, the ruinous tendency of secret plots and machinations against the civil government. His Evidences of the Truth of Christianity, contained in a series of discourses delivered to his congregation at Belfast, form a complete and satisfactory refutation of Scepticism and Infidelity. It is much to be wished that he would publish, for the general good of mankind, tracts so highly interesting to their most important concerns.

† Elijah.

'Gainst Israel's God, his power, his truth deny,
And even his arm omnipotent defy;
From them the holy Priest indignant turns,
While his pure breast with sacred fervour burns.
To the deluded world he lifts his voice,
And bids the list'ning nations own their choice
Between Jehovah, and the Gods of Earth,
Who, to fond Fancy, owed their monstrous birth.
Whilst, with loud voice, and pure uplifted hands,
The zealous Preacher supplicating stands,
Imploring age, adjuring thoughtless youth,
He bids the fire of Heav'n attest his truth.
Lo! as he speaks, th' inverted flame descends,
Plays at his feet, and with his off'ring blends;
As the blue light'ning runs along the ground,
Thro' the mix'd throng conviction flashes round,
And with Jehovah's name the vaulted skies resound.
With such resistless energy imprest,
Glow'd radiant truth in ev'ry hearer's breast,
So did her form immortal seem to shine,
When Bruce display'd, in eloquence divine,
Proof of that light by revelation given:
(Most precious gift of ever-bounteous Heaven!)
With easy grace his copious language flow'd,
As grave it reason'd, or indignant glow'd;
Like some majestic stream it pour'd along,
Tho' deep, perspicuous; elegant, yet strong.
What heart so cold, so trifling, or so vain,
So wrapp'd in selfish Apathy's dull chain,
As not to follow, when the path he sped,
Step after step, to demonstration led?
Bar'd by his arm, the living rock appear'd,
On which the structure of our Faith is rear'd:

Around its more than adamantine base
The Sceptic wave in harmless eddies plays;
To shake the deep foundation oft it tries,
And oft, with threat'ning aspect, seems to rise,
Then bursts in foam—evaporates—and dies.

BELFAST, 1797.

THE FATAL MOMENT.

It was but a moment! 'twas but like a dream!
Of her musical voice I but just heard the sound;
And but just of her dark tender eyes met the beam,
As they smilingly rov'd o'er the landscape around.

Yet, though brief was the moment, 'twas fatal to me,
For that moment the peace of my bosom destroy'd:
Now in feverish slumbers her image I see,
And waking my soul feels a sorrowful void.

Thus, when Summer the pride of her beauty displays,
From the gathering clouds dart their arrowy fires,
And the victim scarce views the sulphureous blaze,
Scarcely breathes out a sigh, ere he falls and expires!

IGNOTO.

THE WATER LILY.

TO STELLA.

BY MR. J. THELWALL *.

As o'er the western moor I stray'd,
A beauteous flow'ret caught my view,
Whose half-unfolded leaves display'd
The virgin snow's unsullied hue.

The fountain of a nameless stream
Its stem with purest nurture fed;
And, cool beneath the noontide beam,
It slumber'd on its chrystal bed.

I stoop'd to gaze; when, on the breeze
That o'er the dimpling fountain play'd,
Such fragrance rush'd the sense to seize
As never breath'd in vernal glade.

If simple beauty charm'd my sight,
The breathing soul enraptur'd more;
And, panting with a fond delight,
The Lily from its stem I bore.

* The pieces inserted in the original poetry of the last volume, pages 44, 57, and 85, under the titles of "Absence," "The Tear," and "The Stranger," are by the same author.

And, as I placed it in my breast,
What added charms the prize reveal'd,
Disclosing what the modest vest
From passing eyes had kept conceal'd.

The snow without within was gold;
Pure living gold of warmest ray;
Like Innocence in Beauty's mold,
Or deeds of worth that shun the day.

Just such a flower, in early youth,
I found, and plac'd my bosom near;
Just such a flower, in early youth;
Stella, perhaps, can tell me where.

WESTMORLAND, JUNE 1804.

ADDRESS TO GOOD SENSE.

To Fancy let the Poet raise
His bold enthusiastic lays;
To Memory grateful tribute pour
For all her rich collected store.

To thee Good Sense I lowly bow;
To thee I pay my sober vow;
Flattery in vain the bribe supplies,
'Tis thine her incense to despise.

Simple thine air, thine eye serene,
Thy charms more valued, as more seen.
Proportion o'er thy form presides,
Utility thy motion guides.

Without thy genuine stamp imprest,
Vainly is mental wealth possest;
In vain Imagination warms,
Creating gay or solemn forms.

In vain is Memory's crowded store,
And vain the scholar's antient lo ;
Without thy ballast in the mind,
The veffel veers with every wind.

Even Virtue swerves without thy aid,
By sudden gusts of passion sway'd;
And Genius, an unrooted flower,
Blossoms and withers in an hour.

O thou to whom I lowly bend,
Do thou thy votary's prayer attend;
Do thou her steady pilot be,
To guide her thro' life's shoaly sea.

Should she, in Fancy's air-balloon,
Mount to steal radiance from the moon;
Then sudden sink with curious eye
To search where Fancy's glow-worms lie;

Now like the Aeronaut * explore,
And count the waving ridges o'er;
Then sudden up the welkin rush,
Till forests seem a gooseberry bush;

Do thou her giddy flight restrain,
And call her back to earth again;
Let her thy temperate medium know,
Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.

E. C. K.

* Capt. Sowden. See his account.

SONG.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

If on some burning desart plac'd,
And there for ever doom'd to dwell;
Or Lapland's wide wild wintry waste,
Where Day ne'er beam'd within my cell,
Nor Friendship's joys could chear me;
Or if by Poverty held down,
Till all but one should me disown,
I'd smile beneath Misfortune's frown,
If still *that one* were near me.

But were my path bestrewn with flow'rs,
That blushing, breath'd their various sweets,
Where Pleasure leads the rosy hours,
And ev'ry breast with rapture beats;
Ev'n this would fail to chear me:
No splendor could attract my sight;
No courtly joys my soul delight;
For life would seem an endless night,
If Anna were not near me.

CARLISLE.

HANNAH'S EYE.

TO MISS H. GRAHAME.

BY MR. J. THELWALL.

Now April suns, with softening gleam,
Begin to cheer the vernal sky,
I wander near the huddling stream
Where Roslin Castle nods on high.

The hanging wood, the jutting scar,
The ruin'd tower with ivy'd wall,
And headlong brook resounding far,
The Poet's youthful dreams recall.

Yet not in lonely thought I rove,
With hermit step, and vacant eye;
Nor warble to the senseless grove,
Nor bid the echoing rocks reply:

For Hannah's gentle form is near;—
For her I tune the social lay;
For her I bid the vernal year
Its emblematic sweets display.

And I have found a beauteous flower,
Of foliage soft, and radiant hue,
That, underneath a ruſtic bower,
Seem'd half retiring from the view.

In shape and size 'tis Hannah's eye:
'Tis Hannah's tint of lovely blue:
The clustering petals well supply
The iris form of varied hue.

I'll ask yon pair of loitering friends
That listen to the water fall,—
I'll ask yon swain that earthward bends,
How they the beauteous flow'ret call.

But loitering friend, nor hoary swain,
The beauteous flow'ret's name supply;
Tho' speaking glances tell me plain—
How like it is to Hannah's eye.

Of maids and youths I ask by turns:
Nor youths nor maidens can reply;
Yet every passing glance discerns
A sister flower in Hannah's eye.

Then, tho' the bashful flower refuse
Its name, to deck the cordial theme,
The image, sacred to the Muse,
Shall gild the Poet's future dream.

And if, perchance, some kindred flower,
In southern groves I chance to spy,
I'll think of Roslin's rural bower,
And call that flow'ret Hannah's eye.

EDINBURGH, APRIL, 1804.

THE KISS.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

From rose-buds yet unblown, whose orient morn
Opes the young blush, unconscious of a thorn,
The purest purple take: and steal from May
The pearl that gems the lawn, when springs the day.
Crop the chaste violet from her scented bed,
And spoil the primrose of his velvet head.
With Hybla's store the luscious labour fill,
Diffusing odours as the drops distill.
But search, O search, the aromatic joy!—
One latent sting would all thy care destroy.
Now cheer with hope; and now a smile infuse,
Bathed by the Graces in Castalian dews:
Now *Paphia* thrice invoke:—with pious hand
Thrice dip the magic of her myrtle wand.
Into the nectar'd mass let Zephyr fling
The newest, earliest whisper of the spring:
Now haste to *Saba;* now returning, breathe
The gale that wantons on her summer wreath.
The note of Beauty's darling bird prepare,
And mix the murmur of the turtle there.
'Tis done:—and hark! the chirp respondent rhimes
With Love's dear poesy in dulcet chimes.

It breathes!—*The Senses* feel the blest controul,
And joy and transport chain the charmed soul.
See!—Finished lives the spell of full delight,
And Fragrance, Melody, and Grace unite!
But say, ye Muses, in what favour'd soil
Blooms this fair blossom of your balmy toil?
On *Laura's* lip resides the treasured bliss,
And Poets mold the rapture to *a kiss*.

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

HYMN.

"Ye are the Salt of the Earth."

SALT of the earth, ye virtuous few,
Who season human kind;
Light of the world, whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind;

Where Misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows;
From your blest lips the balm distils,
That softens mortal woes.

By dying beds, in prison glooms,
Your frequent steps are found;
Angels of love! you hover near,
To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page,
Which human crimes deform;
When vengeance threats, your prayers ascend,
And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of vice
The thoughtless many glide;
Upward you steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

Where guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure;
Unspotted still your garments shine—
Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the Poet's lyre,
A loftier strain is heard;
Each ardent thought is your's alone,
And every burning word.

Your's is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed;
Exile and chains to you are dear;
To you 'tis sweet to bleed.

You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail;
Your's is the writing on the wall,
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue,
With scoff, and shame, and loss;
The hemlock bowl 'tis your's to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

E'en yet the steaming scaffolds smoke
By Seine's polluted stream;
With your rich blood the fields are drench'd
Where Polish sabres gleam.

E'en now, through those accursed bars,
In vain we send our sighs,
Where, deep in Olmutz' dungeon glooms,
The patriot martyr lies.

Yet your's is all; thro' history's rolls
The kindling bosom feels;
And at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

In every faith, thro' every clime,
Your pilgrim steps we trace;
And shrines are drest, and temples rise,
Each hallow'd spot to grace:

And Pæans loud, in every tongue,
And choral hymns resound;
And length'ning honours hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure!
You come, commission'd from on high,
And your reward is sure.

A. L. B.

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK.

Paphos may now two goddesses adore,
Ten are the Muses, and the Graces four:
For such is Delia's wit, and mien, and face,
She's a new Muse, a Venus, and a Grace.

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

AN IMITATION OF HORACE, L. 1. ODE XV.

SURROUNDED by his vaunting host,
As proudly from the Gallic coast,
With fragile barks across the flood,
Towards Albion's cliffs the Consul stood,
Half channel o'er, the favouring breeze *
Was sudden lull'd, and from the seas,
Prophet of ill! lo, Nereus rose,
Fate's awful secrets to disclose.
" In evil hour this warlike band †,
Devoted, quit their native land,
To meet, mid danger and mid toil,
The vengeance of yon hostile soil.—
On her bold brow Minerva's crest ‡,
Minerva's ægis on her breast,
Stern Neptune's trident in her hand,
See on yon rock Britannia stand;
Where at her feet the subject main
Roars with indignant surge in vain,
See round her croud her naval race
Triumphant in your late disgrace.

* Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata.
† Mala ducis avi domum, &c.
‡ Jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.

Hope you across the main to fly *
Again unmark'd by Nelson's eye?
Say, will you tempt once more the fight
With trophied Acre's godlike knight?
The fire of valiant Duncan brave,
Or meet St. Vincent on the wave?
Or, should dim mists in hazy cloud
Your voyage inauspicious shroud,
Should the rash vows you breathe be crown'd,
Ah, should you tread yon fatal ground,
Will all your force one trophy boast
Redeem'd, from that victorious host,
Which from your bravest bands they tore,
With conquering arm on Egypt's shore,
Where Scotia's annals long shall tell
Victor in death her veteran fell,
While Erin twines her laurel bough
Round, modest Hutchinson, thy brow?
See, his scorn'd olive thrown aside,
Cornwallis frowns in warlike pride;
Dreadful in arms see Moira shine,
The noblest of a noble line †;
See, where their patriot Monarch leads,
From breezy hills and verdant meads
Croud the bold peasants wide and far
To swell the wasted ranks of war,
Fierce, as the wolves from Atlas' brow ‡
Rush on the trembling herds below.

* Calami spicula Cnosii
Vitabis, strepitumque, & celerem sequi
Ajacem, &c.
† Tydeides melior patre.
‡ —— Cervus uti vallis in altera
Visum parte lupum, &c.

Not such the promise that betray'd *
Your squadrons from their native glade.
Tho' empty hopes your breast beguile †
That Chatham's son, retired awhile
From Albion's councils, should delay
Of your disgrace the fatal day:
Lo! once again his wisdom guides
Of Britain's arms the impetuous tides,
In act with whelming wave to sweep
Your scatter'd legions to the deep.

EPIGRAM FROM DIONYSIUS.

Ah, were I but a breath of air!
And thou with heat opprest;
Welcome I'd court thy bosom bare,
And wanton on thy breast.

Ah, were I but a rose! that grew
Thy searching eye to meet:
Plac'd on thy neck, my purple hue
Should grace the snowy seat.

Ah, were but I a lily fair,
In virgin tints array'd,
Plac'd on thy neck, new whiteness there
Would all my leaves pervade.

* Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
† Iracunda diem proferet Ilio, &c.

INSCRIPTION

For a Dissenters' Meeting-House in the Country.

Although within this holy hall
The beauteous arts have never stood,
To image on the storied wall
Our Pilgrim-prophet doing good;

We need no painting's gaudy show
To print his kindness on our heart,
Who, while he wept at human woe,
Pour'd balsam on the sufferer's smart.

Tho' here no Sculptor's pious hands
Engrav'd the mighty Victim's death,
We can obey the lov'd commands
Taught by his last, his dying breath.

We claim no organ's solemn tone
To wing our praises to the sky;
The incense of the heart alone
Climbs with a welcome wing on high.

Not on the marble altar's brink
Only descends Devotion's tear;
Simplicity high thoughts may think:
To God the simple mind is dear.

IMITATION

Of Ode XVI. of the Second Book of Horace.

WHEN jolly JACK afar is bound,
Some hundred leagues from British ground,
His course rude Boreas stopping;
He looks askew at low'ring skies,
Thinks of his Sally's sparkling eyes,
And longs for ease and Wapping.

In London, negro beggars pine
For ease, in huts beneath the line,
Remote from beadles sturdy;
The poor Savoyard, doom'd to roam
In search of halfpence, sighs for home,
And spins his hurdy gurdy.

Ease loves to live with shepherd swains,
Nor in the lowly cot disdains
To share an humble dinner—
But would not for a turtle treat
Sit with a miser or a cheat,
Or canker'd party-sinner.

In Britain, Ease makes Labour glad—
She travels with the merry lad,
Who whistles by his waggon;
Bids him not envy *Fox* or *Pitt*;
Whilst ale-inspiring, homespun wit
Flows from the guggling flaggon.

Care's an obtrusive craz'd physician,
Who visits folks of high condition,
And doses them with bitters;
Claps caustics on the tend'rest sores,
And won't be turn'd from great men's doors
By footmen or beef-eaters.

Some, to avoid this frantic pest,
Sail to the north, south, east, or west—
Alas! Care travels brisker;
Light as a squirrel he can skip
On board a ninety-four gun ship,
And tweak an Admiral's whisker!

The lamp of life is soon burnt out,
Then who'd for riches make a rout,
Except a doating blockhead;—
When Charon takes 'em both on board,
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard,
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a sorry world as this,
We may not hope for perfect bliss
And length of days together;
We have no moral liberty
At will to live, at will to die,
In fair or stormy weather.

ROCKINGHAM, good as he is great,
Was seiz'd by unrelenting Fate,
Our freedom whilst he guarded;
Others, whom, if it pleas'd the Lord
To take 'em, we could well afford,
May live as long as Parr did.

Many I see have riches plenty,
Fine coaches, livery-servants twenty—
But envy never pains me;
My appetite's as good as theirs,
I sleep as sound, as free from fears—
I've only what maintains me.

And while the precious joys I prove
Of John's true friendship, and the love
Of bonny blue-eyed JENNY—
Ye Gods! my wishes are confin'd
To health of body, peace of mind,
Clean linen, and a guinea.

EPITAPH

On Robert Griffin, who died suddenly, on the point of Marriage, in his 22d Year.

IF matchless virtue, if unspotted truth,
If ripen'd talents in the bloom of youth,
If polish'd manners, and if sterling sense,
With sportive wit, that never gave offence;
A face, whose features beam'd th' ingenuous mind,
A form more just than *Phidias* e'er design'd,
GRIFFIN, if these—if Beauty's tears could save,
Thou hadst not sunk in this *untimely* grave.
For thee, dear youth! the torch of Hymen glow'd,
Bright burn'd the flame, and pure the passion flow'd;
Three tedious summers had its fervor prov'd,
And with thy own chaste fire BELINDA lov'd.
Gay glides the vessel to the destin'd shore,
Sudden the tempests rage, the surges roar;
In one dire instant quench the sacred light,
And whelm the BRIDEGROOM *in eternal night.*

BRITISH MUSEUM. T. MAURICE.

THE NOSEGAY.

Full of the muse, with doubtful feet,
I sought her grateful bower,
Half hoping—half afraid to meet,
Some kind inspiring power.

When fleet along the rising gale,
The queen fair Fancy pass'd,
And thro' her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant caſt.

Then pointing to a fragrant glade,
Come see, she cry'd, the train,
Who own in this sequeſter'd shade
My visionary reign.

Proud to obey the glad command,
I took with silent awe my ſtand;
Meanwhile with many a varied veſt,
Of mystic texture aptly drest,
Ideal myriads seem'd to move
Promiscuous thro' the colour'd grove;
And each as inbred impulse led,
From ev'ry flower-embroider'd bed,
Some certain plant, whose blossom rose
Significantly placing, chose.

With frank, firm look, and light, though steady tread,
Came Courage first, and cropt the dew-charg'd rose;
For in the crimson rose might best be read
Her very essence—bloom, which gently glows,

Refresh'd by genial breath, prone to dispense
To all—all sweetness; yet alert to shew,
If rash Ambition ruder deeds commence,
That warm Resentment points the thorn below.

Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden meek Humility,
Was seen to turn with mildeſt grace,
To heaven her thoughts, to earth her face:
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit like her's might well assume,
Preferr'd to every other claim
The modest daisy's simple bloom.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, and changing,
The coquette Affectation skimm'd wantonly by;
In her breast a Narcissus she wore,
As if, with Narcissus of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish and die.

Heedless of the scorner's joke,
Smiling at the ruffian's stroke,
Persevering Patience stood,
Conquering evil still with good;
Binding for her brows the while,
Artless wreaths of camomile,
Hardy plant! whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath th' oppressor's foot.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain,
Ardent Hope all panting flew;
Prompt her eager eyes to strain,
Apt to catch the distant view,

Quick from haunt to haunt to stray,
She the primrose held most dear,
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

Superstition came telling her steps and her beads,
Like Jack in a box hung all over with green;
Agnus Castus by wholesale she brought from the meads,
And stuck with due care holy-thistle between:
A chaplet of monks-hood she wrought for the head,
And rosemary sprigs from the graves of the dead.

Pure Constancy, whose hallow'd fires,
Time dignifies, and truth inspires,
In spite of absence, grief, and pain,
Approves the faithful marigold:
Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
Soon as the sun asserts his reign,
Hail his glad progress through the day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open till he shines again.

Ill-Nature to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot eyes to roll,
As if they meant to blight
Each flower of happier scent, or hue;
For none she chose of all that grew,
Save poisonous aconite.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All graceful their features, all easy their mien,
Contentment and Innocence tript it along:
By the delicate snow-drop was Innocence known,
Contentment took heart's-ease and call'd it her own;
Nor envy'd the gay or the great in the throng.

LINES

FROM THE SPANISH OF VILLEGAS.

HYMEN! ere yet, with chasten'd heart, I pass'd
Thy threshold, I hung up the idle lute:
For better offerings suit thy blessed shrine,
Oh, holy Power! I gather now no more
Garlands of gay and perishable flowers,
But in the summer-tide of life present
The summer fruits. Enough were thirty years
Of youth and folly. Even the mettled steed,
Obedient to the rein, will bend at last
His stately-arching neck. The blood grows cool,
Passions' wild tempests to a quiet calm
Subside; and from the witcheries of Vice
Her waken'd captive starts. Oh, holy Power!
Who but would bow the neck to thee, and court
The freedom of thy yoke? With thankful heart
I bless thee, Hymen, for that seraph form,
In whom thou gaveſt me another soul,
Doubling existence. Thou haſt given to me
Truth, tenderness, and all the nameless joys
Of quiet life, making me live indeed!
Who but would bow the neck to thee, and court
The freedom of thy yoke? Oh, holy Power!
I have escap'd from Babylon, and bless
Thy saviour aid.

T. Y.

ADDRESS,

Delivered at the Opening of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, November 23, 1803.

WRITTEN BY EDMUND L. SWIFT, ESQ.

The opening of the Theatre having, by the agitated state of the country, and of the metropolis in particular, been delayed beyond the usual period, the winter season was at length permitted to commence at the close of November. It were needless to say, that this assurance of returning tranquillity and restoration to the social habits of which we had so long been deprived, was gladly and gratefully received. E. L. S.

WELCOME!—thrice welcome all!—What joy to meet
Once more our friends in Reason's favorite seat!—
Cheer'd by each smiling brow, with hearts serene
Once more we lift the triumphs of our scene.
Too long, alas! hath War's destroying hand
Blighted the fairest blessings of the land;
While the loud trump arous'd to civil rage,
And mourning Science clos'd the instructive page;
While 'waken'd Genius felt the patriot fire,
Seized the bright sword, and dropt the dulcet lyre.
Return, Oh Peace!—Return, auspicious power!—
To thee, to thee be given the future hour!—
O'er ERIN'S isle restore the Muses' reign;
And lead the arts exulting in the train
Of deathless poesy!—whose charm refin'd,
Inform'd, subdu'd, and humaniz'd the mind,
Compos'd the savage breast with soft controul,
And pour'd the sun-beam on the darken'd soul!

Let suffering Worth, and injured Honour, here
Draw from each eye once more the pitying tear;
Till vanquish'd Vice, and Guilt's tremendous close,
Appease th' indignant sorrow as it flows!
But shall the scene be sought of Greece, or Rome,
And scorn'd the example better found *at home*?
No—let THE BRITISH DRAMA proudly praise
The ancient virtue of our fathers' days!
Rous'd by the theme, let SHAKSPERE's muse of fire
To deeds of equal fame their sons inspire!
To distant times record, in glowing strain,
The strife of AGINCOURT's illustrious plain;
Where THE FIFTH HENRY smote with fearless blow
The vaunting pride of FRANCE, and crush'd the numerous foe!—
And shall not we, by great example taught,
Now fight as boldly as our fathers fought?
Yes—when INVASION lifts her loud alarms,
THE SPIRIT OF THE LAND awakes to arms—
The patriot sons of ERIN's ISLE advance,
And scorn the insulting boasts of haughty FRANCE!
Yes—let the proud Usurper tempt the wave!
Or *there*, or *here*, his myriads meet their grave—
They seek the war, our dearest hopes to spoil*;
We, to protect the blessings of our soil;
They bend beneath a foreign Tyrant's rod;
We love our MONARCH, and revere our GOD!
For this, in virtue to confirm the mind,
By ancient wisdom was the stage design'd:
And haply, distant ages to inspire,
Some Bard unborn shall strike the Thespian lyre;
With *our* example grace the moral page,
And give *our* triumphs to the future stage.

* Vide the energetic and animating Address which Sheridan put into the mouth of Rolla to the Peruvians. E. L.

PROLOGUE

TO HENRY THE FOURTH,

PART I.

Performed by the young Gentlemen of Reading School, for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans of the gallant Seamen and Marines who fell on the glorious First of August.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

" Now all the youth of England are on fire,"
And War's loud clarion drowns the peaceful lyre,
Our scene to-night from Shakspeare's hand displays
A favourite tale of Albion's earlier days,
When Douglas and when Percy, antient foes,
'Gainst England's Throne a dread alliance close.
How different now! the sister nations claim
One common cause in George and Britain's name,
And, jointly arming in their Monarch's right,
" Are confident against the world" in fight.
Alas! that on a kindred island's shore,
With horrid yell, Sedition's fiends should roar!
Yet many a Chieftain there, to duty true,
Turns on his Sovereign's foes a threat'ning view,
Bids his bold bands the sword of Vengeance rear,
And dashes down Rebellion's impious spear.
O! soon o'er fair Ierne's rich domain
May Loyalty assume her golden reign,

While Gallia mourns, on her indignant coast,
Her tarnish'd laurels and her captive host!
But, lo! where Nile, from Egypt's fruitful shores
Swoln, to the sea his deluged current pours,
The din of battle sounds! Near seats of old,
Where seers and saints immortal tidings told,
An Atheist Warrior, with gigantic pride,
The armies of the living God defied.
Britannia's sons the boast with horror hear,
And, fearing Heaven, disclaim all other fear,
By valour fired, by gallant Nelson led,
Free to the winds their red-cross banners spread:
In vain the close-moor'd fleet their anchors keep,
A massy bulwark floating on the deep;
In vain, tremendous, from the circling shore,
With brazen threat the thundering batteries roar;
Down sinks the baseless vaunt of Atheist pride,
The victor's spoil, o'erwhelm'd beneath the tide;
And wild Arabia's desultory bands,
The fight surveying from the neighbouring lands,
With shouts of triumph hail the conquering host,
And Albion's fame illumines Egypt's coast.
Ah! gallant heroes! in this glorious strife,
Who purchas'd deathless fame with transient life,
No tear of weakness dims your virtuous pride,
In Heaven's and Europe's cause who bravely died.
O'er the blue wave that shrouds the illustrious dead,
Her amaranthine wreath shall glory shed,
Angelic strains shall chant your blest decease,
And seraphs hymn ye to the throne of peace.
But, say! what sounds of joy or fame can cheer
The orphan's sigh, or wipe the widow's tear!
Yet, Britons, when ye can, O yield relief!
One thorn extirpate from the breast of Grief!

Let them no humbler shaft of sorrow know,
Nor chilling Poverty embitter Woe.
So, when in future fights the generous band,
Firm in the cause of you and Britain stand,
Those, on the tented field, or stormy wave,
Who meet a glorious, tho' a timeless, grave,
Secure each dearer pledge they leave behind,
In you shall guardians, brothers, parents, find;
Will yield without a pang their parting breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smile in death.

1798.

TO LAURA.

Can the harmoniz'd tints which the rainbow adorn
The complexion of Laura outvie,
Or the dew-drop, enrich'd by the blushes of morn,
The lustre that melts in her eye?

Can the golden light shed when the sun's dying gleams
The cup of the tulip illume,
Excel the soft radiance that o'er her face beams,
When a rosy smile heightens its bloom?

Ah! no; all that nature or art can combine
Is surpass'd by the blaze of her charms;
And far above others that mortal will shine
That enfolds this proud prize in his arms.

I envy not canopied monarchs their throne,
Their sceptre and glittering train;
But I envy the man that calls Laura his own,
Tho' a cottage be all his domain.

ODE.

THE DEATH OF RODERICK.

BY R. A. DAVENPORT, ESQ.

Say, traveller, on the distant plain,
Hast thou seen the warrior train;
With lion hearts, the foes of fear,
Each grasping firm his deathful spear?
Roderick leads the dauntless band,
The blooming pride of Cambria's land;
Roderick, whose illustrious name
Blazes on the rolls of Fame:
By valour arm'd, the chieftain goes,
To crush the pride of Cambria's foes.
Ah! what means that boding sigh,
That mournful mien, that tearful eye!
What ill has met the warriors bold?
Oh! haste, the woeful tale unfold!

"Fraught with woe, indeed, my tale!
Down in yon cliff-encircled vale,
The warriors of transcendent worth
Lifeless press their parent earth.
As through the vale, in bright array,
They fearless, onward, bent their way,

From ambush, lo! with ruffian frown,
Rush'd the hostile thousands down.
Firm, as the storm-defying rock,
Our little band repell'd the shock,
And shout for shout, and blow for blow,
Return'd the proud insulting foe:
While, towering far above the rest,
I mark'd bold Roderick's lion crest;
Where'er his course the warrior turn'd,
With tenfold rage the battle burn'd:
Struck by his falchion's lightning sweep
What numbers sunk to lasting sleep!
But, O! what mortal arm can boast
The power to match a countless host?
Fast fall their choicest legions slain,
As fast fresh legions croud the plain,
And raise the sword, and wing the dart,
To pierce the warrior's fearless heart.
Ye powers, I cried, that watch the brave,
The pride, the shield of Cambria save!
Vain prayer! his breast the horrid wound
Receiv'd; I saw him press the ground;
And saw of those dark eyes the fire
Chill'd by Death's icy touch, expire.
Nor one, of all the band, remains
To wear the haughty victor's chains,
Or the sad tale of woe to tell,
For round their much-lov'd chief they fell.

1796.

AN EPITAPH

ON THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

Of Burke here lies the cold inactive clay;
His soul exulting in perpetual day:
With universal genius born to shine;
All themes at once to strengthen and refine;
Science, in aid of Fancy, to engage;
And pour it, soften'd, on his ardent page.
Survey the beauties of his classic mind;
The critic leaves Longinus far behind.
Hear the great legislator plead the cause
Of instituted; of eternal laws,
Oppression and Rapacity submit
To matchless Reason, Eloquence, and Wit.
See, while his thunders iron hearts assail,
The tyrants of each hemisphere turn pale!
Hail! Shade beatified! thou Friend of Man!
Friend of God's mortal, and immortal plan!
Thy noble works, that guard us while we live,
Of heavenly bliss a demonstration give:—
For surely minds like thine can never die;
They mount, by nature, and assert the sky;
Their glory fires us, to our latest breath;
Protects through life; and animates in death!

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

1797

ALTERATION OF THE OLD BALLAD

" Ye Gentlemen of England."

Ye mariners of England,
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd a thousand years
The battle and the breeze;
Your glorious standard raise again
To match another foe,
And sweep thro' the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow—
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy tempests blow!

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave!
Where *Blake* (the boast of freedom) fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
When the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her *home* is on the deep:
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow!

The meteor flag of England
Must yet terrific burn,
'Till Danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of Peace return!
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow!

EPITAPH ON MRS. GARTHSHORE.

BY MRS. HUNTER.

Bless'd with rare talents, and a soul sincere;
Of active virtue,—strict, but not severe:
Cheerful, as innocent, her days have flown;
The gentle charities were all her own:
Belov'd through life, lamented in its end—
Come, children of misfortune, mourn your friend.

TO THE NYMPH OF THE SPRING.

Written near a Spring between two Hillocks, in the Neighbourhood of the River Tivy, in Pembrokeshire.

BY THE LATE SIR W. JONES.

WHY should old Tivy, boys, claim all our duty paid,
And no just homage be to charming youth and beauty said?
See where the Nymph of the Spring sits inviting us,
With charming waters crystalline, refreshing and delighting us.
What, tho' his margin broad be rocky, oak'd and willowy?
And what, tho' his ozier banks be spacious, deep, and billowy?
She, from her sweet paps, lilied and roseal,
Lies feeding all her laughing buds, with dew-drops ambrosial.
Then, with sweet melody, carol to the fountain nymph,
Far sweeter than a sea nymph, and milder than a mountain nymph.
Long may her streams gush, lucid and nectarious,
And long may her banks be deck'd with flow'rets multifarious;

Long o'er her arched grot may purple-winged Zephyrus
Come leading on his wanton bands of breezes odoriferous.
Yearly to the Naiad shall the roundelay repeated be,
And by the chorus jubilant her liquid silver greeted be.
Say, can we better, boys, chace dull idle Care away,
Than thus by passing hours of mirth in harmony and roundelay?
Stretch'd on that green hillock's bank, around her rosy nipple, boys,
We merrily will sing and laugh, and merrily we'll tipple, boys.
Drinking to damsels, lovely and delicious;
Oh! heav'ns, would they smile on us, like deities propitious.
And, mark! if any rebel here shall miss the cup or mutiny,
Amerc'd shall be the miscreant without appeal or scrutiny.

EPITAPH.

FROM THE LATIN OF BELLAY.

I WEEP upon thy grave—thy grave my child!
Who should'st have wept on mine! we deck thy tomb.
This—for thy bridal bed. Thy parents thought
To see thy marriage day; thy father hop'd
From thee the grandsire's name. Alas—my child!
Death has espous'd thee now,—and he who hop'd,
Mary, O dearest yet! the grandsire's name
From thee, has ceas'd to be a father now.

REFLECTIONS

ON A

SUNDAY MORNING'S WALK.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

———balm of hurt minds—
Prime nourisher in life's feast!

MACBETH.

On that blest day, when weekly labour ends,
When Trade unchains her slaves, her whip suspends,
I left the stifled city's smoky bounds,
Where Pity bleeds from never-closing wounds;
Where Beauty, doom'd by Poverty to die,
Bends o'er the hated task her languid eye;
Where Childhood, early victim to despair,
In sad maturity of thoughtful care,
All the long day immur'd in dusty cells,
Breathing disease, with pain and sorrow dwells.
On such dark thoughts, with downward looks intent,
Forth to the fields my wand'ring steps I bent;
Pensive and slow I walk'd; but now the gale,
Brushing the hawthorn blossoms from the vale,
Breath'd sweet around, and on my temples stray'd;
The landscape smil'd, in purest green array'd;
Each insect, bird, and beast, in gambols play'd.
The gen'ral pleasure seiz'd me as I stood,
My thoughts, on evil fix'd, return'd to good.

I blest th' unseen hand that sooth'd my care,
And shed a healing balsam in the air;
That made each sympathetic joy we prove,
A spring of kindness, and a bond of love.
Yet shall we say, that with impartial skill
Nature has pois'd the scales of good and ill?
Behold the man, whom hourly tumults leave
No space for joy, and hardly time to grieve,
In love with solitude, yet forc'd all day
To elbow through the croud his breathless way;
Still harrass'd with new cares from sun to sun,
Fancy's fair dreams cut short, e'er well begun;
Despising lucre, yet for lucre's sake,
Condemn'd to labour till his fingers ache;
With slavish pen to drudge in ceaseless toil,
And waste on sordid thoughts the midnight oil.
Unhappier yet, in secret doom'd to feel
The glow of shame, or blushing to reveal;
Of moral pride to bow the lofty head,
Oh! guilt inglorious! not for wealth, but bread;
Oblig'd to dun, and fawn, and lie, and swear,
And count an oath a trifle light as air;
To such a man, what boon has nature giv'n,
What recompence, to make the balance even?
Yet here, even here, is Nature's bounty shown;
The wrong is Fortune's, the redress her own.
Full well she knew the baseness of mankind,
What various woes assail the tender mind,
That, like a wild-flower mid the ripening corn,
By peasant hands is rudely pluck'd and torn;
And form'd the country with mysterious art,
One great asylum for the human heart.
The sufferer, here releas'd from city strife,
Imbibes new patience for the ills of life;

Nobly erect beneath the frown of fate,
He views the world with sorrow, not with hate;
And calmly weighing luxury with health,
The pride of feeling, with the pomp of wealth,
Returns appeas'd, nor writhing calls again,
The power of dulness to protect from pain.
Yet think, my friend, how vain were Nature's care,
Her waving groves and blossom-scented air,
Her fields with verdure green, or gay with flow'rs,
Did not Religion make these blessings ours?
What boots it to the wretch, who, sunk in mines
Of central depth, in midnight darkness pines,
That o'er his head the glancing sun-beams play,
Or long remember'd moonlight's softer ray?
Did no sweet interval of rest and peace,
No stated breathing-time and short release,
Break the sad dulness of this irksome scene,
And chear with hope the tedious time between,
Nature might give her embryos to the waves,
And leave the sleeping flow'rets in their graves;
No eye undimm'd with tears, nor heart at ease,
For rural grace, and simple charms to please.
Have you not seen a youth, whose lib'ral mind,
For brighter hopes and higher aims design'd,
Was snatch'd from Science, by a hapless doom,
To plod with Traffic in his dungeon gloom?
Wak'd from the sullen lethargy of Grief,
That seeks entire despair, and spurns relief,
Alarm'd he sees the wings of Dulness spread
To wrap for ever his devoted head;
And dead to Hope, yet still alive to Shame,
Defrauds of needful rest his weary frame;
Struggling with sleep and whelming cares, to save
Some wrecks of knowledge from Oblivion's wave.

In vain! in vain! no efforts can controul
The creeping torpor that subdues his soul.
As some lost mariner who strives to hail,
Stretch'd on the billowy deep, a passing sail;
While swift before the wind the vessel flies,
Unseen his signals, and unheard his cries;
And oft despairs, but still renews the strife,
Upheld by buoyant hope and love of life:
At length he sinks, no friendly succour near,
The knell of death resounding in his ear:
So sinks the mind with noblest ardour fraught,
When labour presses down the spring of thought.
Around his couch no wonted visions smile;
Deep are the slumbers of the sons of toil.
Imagination, that in happier days,
Still as declining Reason veil'd his rays,
Rose like the queen of heaven with brow serene,
And threw a trembling radiance o'er the scene,
No more shines forth amid the clouds of night;
Or sheds a broken, melancholy light.
Welcome then, Sunday! to the wretched given;
A boon to misery, most worthy heav'n!
A resting-place beside life's weary road,
To ease the groaning pilgrim of his load;
To raise his drooping head, surcharg'd with years,
And give him time to wipe away his tears.
By labour brutalised, the people then
Start up, and re-assume the shape of men;
To social bliss unlock the feeling heart,
And for a time perform a human part.
The soul athirst for knowledge takes her fill,
And drinks from learning's antique vase at will.
The banish'd worshipper at nature's shrine,
Again admitted, views her face divine;

And hears her soothing, soft, maternal voice
Bid him go forth, and in her smile rejoice.
Glad he obeys, and wand'ring far and wide,
Follows some wooded stream's descending tide;
Or climbs where yon clear ridgy summits rise,
With sharp blue edge, along the northern skies,
To some bold peak, superior and alone,
To swiftest wing and wildest foot unknown;
Whence the strain'd eye with wonder stoops to trace
The insect dwellings of the human race.

FREE IMITATION OF "PERSICOS ODI."

Dinners of *form*, I vote a *bore*,
Where folks, who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together:
Cramm'd close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with *Chesterfieldian* graces,
Drink healths, and talk, with sapient faces,
About the weather.

Thrice blest, who at an *inn* unbends
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward, at his ease,
Or cocks his cross'd legs, if he please,
Upon the table.

MERCUTIO.

A PICTURE.

Ah who art thou of more than mortal birth,
Whom heaven adorns with beauty's brightest beam,
On wings of speed why spurn'st thou thus the earth?
" Known but to few, Occasion is my name.
" No rest I find, for underneath my feet
" The eternal circle rolls that speeds my way;
" Not the strong eagle wings her course so fleet;
" And these my glittering pinions I display,
" That from the dazzling sight thine eyes may turn
away;
" In full luxuriance o'er my angel face
" Float my thick tresses, free and unconfin'd,
" That through the veil my features few may trace;
" But not one lock adorns my head behind.
" Once past, for ever gone, no mortal might
" Shall bid the circling wheel return again."
But who is she, companion of thy flight?
" Repentance!" if thou grasp at me in vain,
" Then must thou in thine arms her loathsome form
retain."
And now while heedless of the truths I sing,
Vain thoughts and fond desires thy time employ;
Ah, seest thou not—on swift but silent wing
The form that smiled so fair has glided by.

THE CHEVALIER DE LILLE'S PROPHECY.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1777.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Long live the lights of human kind,
Ye *Encyclopedistes*,
Ye formers of the Gallic mind,
Renown'd *Economistes!*
Reason and Wit ye well employ
To make our nation greater!
And, to complete the gen'ral joy,
Restore a state of nature.

From no old musty books ye steal
The wisdom which ye preach us:
Your own capacious minds can deal
New stores of sense to teach us.
Talk as you will of old *Colbert*,
Of *Sully*, and such prosers,
Those dunces no one can compare
With our great state composers.

Soon shall ye see all ranks of men
Confounded on one level;
The wretch, who lies on straw-bed, then
On bed of down shall revel.
Into one mass our wealth we'll throw,
The world to equalize;
Then draw a lottery, and shew
How each shall have a prize.

Then, friendly walking side by side,
The equal prince and clown
Shall prove that Frenchmen take a pride
The rights of man to own.
Then farewel laws, and such old things,
Ye parliaments farewel,
Adieu ye princes, dukes and kings,
Now blackguards bear the bell.

When by Philosophy we're grown
So very good and wise,
Frenchmen with gods, 'till now ne'er known,
Shall colonize the skies.
When old Devotion's pack'd away,
And Heav'n no more we dream on,
Frenchmen shall adoration pay
To their own type, some dæmon.

Then will our jolly days begin,
Our loves will be in common;
Concubinage will be no sin,
Nor modest any woman.
With cap of Liberty so red
Each drunken dad will vapour,
Dance carmagnols upon his head,
And teach his sons to caper.

Fat, lazy, droning Monks no more
At public cost shall fatten,
No longer Nuns shall Heav'n adore
With vesper or with matin;
But, casting all their vows aside,
They'll trip along their choir,
Each pale-fac'd Nun a blooming bride,
A husband ev'ry Friar.

Ye partisans of innovations,
How matchless is your glory!
France, as the model of all nations,
Shall raise you high in story.
Yet let us give the honour due
To those who'll share your fame;
For Premier Turgot, and his crew,
Divided honours claim.

Nor to our king the praise refuse,
Which justly we should pay,
Who votes himself a mere abuse,
And flings his crown away.
His sense of rectitude how great!
Was e'er such talent shewn!
His kingdom thus to abdicate,
And kick away his throne!

EPIGRAM

On a Musician and Dancing-Master, who decamped with Cash subscribed for a Musical Publication.

His *time* was quick, his *touch* was fleet;
Our gold he nimbly *finger'd*:
Alike alert with *hands* and *feet*,
His *movements* have not linger'd.
Where lies the wonder of the case?
A moment's thought detects it:
His *practice* has been *thorough-bass*,
A *chord* will be his exit.
Yet, while we blame his hasty flight,
Our censure may be rash:
A traveller is surely right
To change his *notes* for cash!

THE WITCH OF LAPLAND.

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

UPROSE the fiend of Gaul with speed,
And seiz'd his fiery-footed steed,
And over sea and land he flew,
'Till near the Witch's den he drew:
The lofty rock, the gloomy cave,
Echo'd to Finland's roaring wave,
And far within the fiends' abode,
That rule the blasts and vex the flood.
"Give me a wind!" the Demon cried,
"To sweep the broad Atlantic tide,
And drive away the British train,
That block our ports, and guard the main!
A storm! a storm! to scour the sea,
Then claim a noble gift from me!
Grant me a storm, and name your price;
My pupil gives me large supplies!"

WITCH.

"Tell me what my reward shall be,
Before my whirlwinds scourge the sea."

DEMON.

"Phials of tears I will bestow,
By matrons shed in deepest woe;
And cinders swept from burning towns;
And jewels reft from plunder'd crowns;

A trampled cross, a sacred bowl,
Pledge of a renegado's soul;
And if you to my prayer incline,
That soul-benumbing plant is thine,
Grafted on the Cyrnean yew,
Foster'd with Tartarean dew:
Nay, if you the blast unbind,
A nobler gift shall soothe your mind,
A mitre by a Prelate worn,
Who gave his creed to public scorn,
And here it is on vellum fair,
In letters blue, his backward pray'r—
When his dire spells the Magian hurl'd
Against the Guardians of the World.
This scarf is dy'd in infants' blood,
Shed by its sire in furious mood,
When robb'd by Gaul, with frenzy wild,
Famine to shun, he stabb'd his child.
The maiden that this girdle wore
Lies pale and stiff on Weser's shore;
To shun the Gauls' enfuriate chace,
She chose the water's cold embrace—
And see what Gallic love bestows,
Impartial boon to friends and foes,
Those scales that weigh with even poise
Plagues, that are blessings in disguise."

WITCH.

" Give me all thy plunder'd store,
That cross and kerchief stain'd with gore—
But somewhat still you must resign
Before the hurricane be thine.
A warrior's hand I must obtain,
Unmatch'd in combats of the main—

This martial hand in battles lost,
Alone can free your cumber'd coast,
And you the precious boon must find,
Wherever borne by wave or wind.
This charmed hand, when made my prize,
Spreading to gigantic size,
And nerv'd anew by magic lays,
The anchor's magnitude can raise.
Fate and France the boon demand,
'Tis Neptune's gift—'tis Nelson's hand."
" I know the hand, I hate the name,"
The fiend replied, with eyes of flame;
And seaward soon he took his flight;
Borne on the dragon-wing of night,
And oft he search'd the sea-wolf's jaw,
And oft the shark's voracious maw;
At length a shatter'd arm he found,
And bore to Lapland's stormy bound.
The Crone her crimson flag unfurl'd,
Dread signal to the vapoury world;
And soon her elves, with sullen tune,
Drew a dim halo round the moon.
Loud and long the tempest blew;
Uptackle ran the gallant crew;
The navy furl'd her sail in haste,
Half yielding to the furious blast;
But mightier powers had render'd vain
The compact of the hellish train;
And soon like eagles, scatter'd far
By the rude rage of windy war,
The squadrons rallied to their post,
Lining with fate their trembling coast.
Storming with rage, the Demon finds
The grey commandress of the winds,

And loud with furious banns assail'd,
Demanding why her magic fail'd.
" Alas!" the Beldam cried, and shook
Her sides with laughter, as she spoke,
" My friend, you've quite mistook my meaning,
Dead fingers from the ocean gleaning—
The hand I meant is active still:
And HE that baffles all our skill,
Defends from ev'ry chance of war,
That member with peculiar care.
But for the spoils you and your chief
Gave me, a treasure past belief,
They shall be paid (by hell, I vow)
With tenfold usury below."

EPITAPH

Requested for Mr. Garrick's Monument in Litchfield Cathedral, but not used.

WHILE o'er this marble bends the pensive eye,
Here, Genius, breathe the tributary sigh;
Beneath these groves your Garrick nurs'd his art,
That reign'd resistless o'er each feeling heart;
And here those virtues dawn'd, whose power benign
Bids Hope for him celestial garlands twine:
Oft has his bounty, with pervading ray,
Chas'd the dark cloud from Want's tempestuous day;
And oft his SILENCE, generous as his aid,
Hid from the world the *noblest part he play'd.*

ANNA SEWARD.

TO THE

PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

ON THE THREATENED INVASION.

BY DR. CHARLES BURNEY.

ARM, Britons, arm! Your Country's cause,
Your Monarch, Constitution, Laws,
Religion, Wives, and Infant Train,
Now call to arms!—nor let their call be vain!
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
The stake is England! Britons, rise:
Your Foes are Gauls! Those Foes chastise:
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall He,—with virtues amply known,
Our King, be hurl'd from Britain's throne
By Gauls, embrued in Royal gore,
Who menace death or slavery round our shore?
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
Nor let the Foes' licentious pride
Your Monarch's lawful power deride:
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall We, who boast a Briton's name,
Renounce our Constitution's claim?
King, Lords, and Commons, levell'd low,—
And, tamely crouching, court the threaten'd blow?
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
No Foes in arms, with treacherous hate,
Shall shake your Church, shall change your State,
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall We, whose Laws our rights secure,
Protecting all,—or rich or poor,—
Those laws abandon:—fram'd of old
By Sires whose souls were stamp'd in Freedom's mould?
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
No proud Dictator Britain knows:
Nor brooks the rule of tyrant Foes:
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall We Religion's voice neglect:
Her duties spurn, her Word reject;
While Priests by ruthless steel expire,
And Temples sink, involv'd in Atheist fire?
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
The learn'd and pious Sons of pray'r
From Foes protect, with grateful care,—
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall We, whom Wedlock's bands entwine,
With dastard souls our Wives resign;
While Love and Honour "blow War's blast;"
And Memory lives to paint endearments past?

No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
Guard female worth, and female charms,
Guard wedded Love, from Foes in arms:—
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

Shall We, who've fondly watch'd each grace
That seem'd to mark our Infant Race,
Now prematurely fix their doom,
While murderous rites pollute the Victim's tomb?
No:——tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
Like them the ensanguin'd battle dare:
The Foes nor Child nor Matron spare:
Foes to your King, your Country, and your God!

The trumpet sounds! Ye British Host,
On British ground defend your coast:
In every clime you 've tam'd their pride,
When Kings their Rulers—Sanctity their Guide!
Now tread the path which erst your Fathers trod:
United brave the impending storm!
One dreadful phalanx, Britons, form:
Friends to your King, your Country, and your God!

Go—you may call it madness, folly,
You shall not chase my gloom away,
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh! if you knew the pensive pleasure,
That fills my bosom when I sigh,
You would not rob me of a treasure,
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

S. R.

ODE.

THE ABOLITION OF CATHOLICISM.

Written on learning the Arrival of the French at Rome in 1798.

On consecrated ground
Their trampled graves around,
Ghosts of the good, their midnight moanings vent;
Yon vacant ailes among,
Where kneel'd the christian throng,
Voices of weeping stray with strange lament,
A dew from the chill marble breaks,
While each peculiar pow'r its long-wont seat forsakes.

The quaking altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Dismays the priest amid his mutter'd toil:
Beside the golden shrine
Expires the taper's shine,
The guardian saints with wailings thence recoil;
As were it their unwilling doom
Thro' the aërial waste to rove in lonely gloom.

Celestial groves of palm,
Ye are not ever calm;
Laden with sighs, the gales of Eden flow;
Tears such as angels weep
The unfading amaranth steep;
The living waters slide more sad and slow;
The golden harps are all unstrung,
Mute to the sweeping hand, and on the willows hung.

In coarser sackcloth fold
Thy limbs of dainty mould;
Fling further off thine essenc'd kerchiefs sweet;
With brinier tears embathe,
With looser tresses swathe,
Fair Magdalena, thy lov'd prophet's feet:
Forgot is now, by man below,
The life of matchless love, the death of matchless woe.

Nor James, nor sworded Paul,
Watch in the cross-shap'd hall:
Nor the first martyr of a madding crowd.
Back to the desert-air
Unmet shall he repair,
Who guided throngs to Jordan's cleansing flood.
E'en the much-lov'd disciple must not stay,
His crown of glory sheds a paler, bluer ray.

Cecilia's bright-hair'd band
Of pupil cherubs stand,
With veiling wings their drooping heads concealing:
To hymns of praise and joy
Their closed lips are coy;
To anthems high in echoing air far pealing.
Hush'd is her soul-dissolving tongue,
Nor floats aloof her proud-voic'd organ's rolling song.

Forego thy keys of gold,
The pearly gates unfold,
Cephas, thy mansioners must now be free.
Not all on high who bide,
Shall grace the judge's side;
When, the new earth reclad in bridal glee,
On clouds of heav'n majestic riding,
He comes to wake the dead, the dooms of men deciding.

Whether for Constantine,
Or that mysterious Trine,
Which ranks the prophet with the Only Lord;
Or for that Dominique,
Whose cruel heat oblique
Steep'd writhing infidels in flames abhorr'd;
Or for those priests the wed-bed who renounce,
Flows the wrath-vial now—what mortal may pronounce.

The star that told his birth,
Who taught a heedless earth
How might be won the beamy home of bliss,
The queen of heav'n forlorn
From her high front hath torn;
Hurling its glories to the foul abyss,
In meet eclipse, while the arch-fiend of God,
Loos'd from his searing chains, shall wield the sov'reign rod.

The thousand years are past
For which his bonds should last,
Again he strolls abroad and roars amain;
"There is no God," he cries,
While impious shouts arise,
And laughing crouds applaud the hell-taught strain.

"No God," with lips unpalsied they declare,
Tossing their brands against the scorned domes of prayer.

Torn from its altar-stand
With sacrilegious hand,
The chalice scatters its forbidden wine:
On mystic wafers, flung
In scorn by heaps of dung,
And human flesh, dogs of the miscreants dine!
And him who on the crucifix expir'd,
They hoot a felon fool by fellow fools admir'd.

Was it for these accurst,
Great Angelo, that erst
Thy chisel bad the moving marble preach?
That Raphael was not loth
The storied wall to cloathe
With those pure charities, which vainly teach?
That Pergolesi told the mother's woe
In wringing tones so sooth that seraphs lean'd to know?

As, when o'er guilty towns
Jehovah's anger frowns,
Deep bellowings thro' the nigh volcano writhe;
While priests with fault'ring tread,
Their pale processions lead,
And shudder at their proper temple's highth:
So was the holy city all aghast,
When through its rifled walls the stranger ruffians past.

The saintly father flies
To close his fading eyes,

Where yet the lonely olive strives to grow:
  Not the tiara's band,
  Or harmless crosier'd hand,
Would now forfend him from th' assassin's blow.
  Haste to the tomb! it waits thee long;
Thou art of purer eyes than to behold this wrong.

  Avenging plagues of war
  Affright the world afar;
The ranged ranks to loud-blown trumpets wheel:
  The steeds so proudly dight,
  Are pawing for the fight;
The spear is fasten'd to the tube of steel:
  The widow's shriek, the orphan's tear,
For the town-shatt'ring cannon's roar, is hard to hear.

  Lo! the fell devil-forms
  That play amid the storms—
Plunder, who tears from Industry his all;
  Rape, who delights to rush
  Where beams the virgin's blush;
Murder scarce waiting for Suspicion's call,
  Ere in the bishop's hoary hair
His grappling fist is fixt, his lifted poignard bare.

  But not for aye shall reign
  The hell-disgorged train:
Ye will return to lift the bruised reed,
  Who, learn'd of Jesus' tongue,
  To pardon human wrong,
Cheer the shorn lamb, and bind the wounds that bleed.
  Immortal Mercy dwells in safe retreat,
And back to the sad toil shall wend her pilgrim feet.

Then all the angel train
Shall visit earth again;
And Michael bind the dragon's strength anew:
While the taught nations bend,
In holier pray'r to blend,
And purer, heav'n-atoning rites renew.
Force-shunning Freedom shall appear
To guard the teacher's hall, the ruin'd pile to rear.

Long absent Justice then
Shall back return to men,
With meas'ring look her scales and compass minding;
And Peace, with myrtle wand,
Shall take no fleeting stand,
From either foot her turtle-wings unbinding;
And orb a rainbow through the azure sky,
In token that the tempest-clouds are now gone by.

So when the seven-mouth'd tide
Withdraws his waters wide,
And feeds his scaly flocks in narrower vale;
Emerging groves are seen,
Enrob'd in springing green,
To branch beside the dike-bound city's pale:
And as the oozy billows sink,
Young flow'rs and waving blades dance on the fragrant brink.

Far from their impious dens,
Within the Memphian fanes,
The greedy crocodiles in fear are swum:
To rinse the marble floor,
From ling'ring slime impure,
With pearled wrist the bathing maidens come:
And joyous crouds with sport and song,
Stroll where the levelling stream trail'd its slow width along.

BELLUM ET LIBERTAS.

HAIL to the trumpet's blast!
That calls bright Valour to the tented field—
O'er ALBION'S hills the martial clangour past,
Whilst rung the stern alarm from many an echoing shield.
Break off the festal strain;—no more
Shall Love the Warrior's arms entwine;
Bid Pomp her pageant state give o'er,
And Peace her silver reign resign.
To gay delights, and amorous hours,
And Pleasure's rites, 'midst wanton bow'rs,
The dreadful note of War succeeds,
The shout of men, the neigh of steeds,
The drum's deep murmuring on the sullen gale;
Where late the smiling Graces trod,
The helmet's plumy terrors nod,
And gleams the vengeful mail.

FREEDOM! to thee we consecrate the toil;
Thy spirit prompts us, and thy flame inspires;
No victor's rage, no kingdom's tempting spoil,
Wakes the wide ruin of Ambition's fires:
LIGHT of the SOUL! for thee we brave
The whelming surge of Danger's wave;
For thee, the seraph Peace, we shun,
So lately wooed, so lately won:

And, when the TYRANT, with unhallow'd pow'r,
Would bid the storm of Desolation lour,
And bend the free-born soul
Beneath his strong controul;
Where dwells the spirit but would joy to dare
The proud oppressor in his onward way;
Hurl fierce Ambition from his glittering car,
And mock the vain assail of unattemper'd sway.

HARMODIUS.

BRISTOL, JUNE 4, 1803.

FROM ANACREON.

GAY Bacchus o'er my festive head,
His soul-entrancing spells had shed,
When on the Tyrian-tinctur'd bed
I softly sunk to rest;
See, see! what angel forms advance,
They knit the love-inspiring dance,
With many a wild and witching glance
Inviting to be blest!
All, all were fair,—beyond comparing
One beauteous nymph my fond heart sharing,
With love, with fear, though trembling, daring,
I seized her azure zone:
But whilst I revel on her charms,
And clasp elysium in my arms,
While passion every fibre warms,
I wake—and am alone!

G.

TO DOCTOR THORNTON.

THORNTON, while polish'd DARWIN tells,
The loves of Flora's gaudy train,
'Tis thine to guard from Time's decay
The fading glories of her reign.

Thy garden of perpetual bloom
No change of threatening skies can fear;
Nor dashing rains, nor chilling blasts,
Can reach the lovely fav'rites here.

Bright Tulipa in form as fair
As on the lap of Nature shines;
As gaily spreads each opening flow'r,
As soft each varying tint combines.

Whether in Asia's sun-bright soil
The nymph her crimson chalice rears,
Or 'mid Batavia's fost'ring clime
In every added charm appears.

Here view august, in conscious pride,
Agave lift her standard high;
Swell in full pomp her cluster'd flowers,
Resolv'd to flourish ere she die.

There Cerea, rich in countless charms,
Spreads to the moon her golden ray;
Nor fears that, ere yon orb descends,
Each blooming grace should fade away.

Behold in realms of endless spring
Mimosa's beauteous form arise;
While, circling round on festive wing,
The ruby-throated spoiler flies.

Here, floating to the evening air,
Fair Passiflora scents the gale;
Expands her crowns of sapphire blue,
And softly waves her petals pale.

Nature well pleas'd at Art's success,
Each imitative grace shall see;
And Flora with approving smile
Shall twine her choicest wreaths for thee.

DR. G. SHAW.

TO ROSINA.

I DREAMT, that on thy lovely face
I gaz'd (thine eyes no more retreating),
And wildly snatch'd thee to my breast,
With hope, with fear, with transport beating.

These eyes that saw thee in that dream,
O! will they ever more behold thee?
Those arms that clasp'd thee to my soul,
O! will they, will they, e'er enfold thee?

CYRUS.

THE WORM OF THE STILL.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

I HAVE found what the Learn'd seem so puzzled to tell,
The true shape of the Devil, and where is his Hell;
Into serpents, of old, crept the author of ill,
But Satan now works as a WORM of the STILL.

Of all his migrations this last he likes best,
Now the arrogant reptile, here, raises his crest!
His head winding up from the tail of his plan,
'Till the Worm stands erect o'er the prostrated Man.

Here, he joys to transform, by his magical spell,
The sweet milk of the earth to an essence of Hell:
Fermented our food, and corrupted our grain,
To famish the stomach, and madden the brain.

By his Water of Life, what distraction and fear!
By the gloom of its light, what pale spectres appear!
A Demon keeps time with his fiddle, Finance;
While the Passions spring forth in a horrible dance.

Then, prone on the earth, they adore in the dust,
A man's baser half rais'd in room of his bust:
Such orgies the nights of the drunkard display,
But how black with ennui, how benighted his day!

With drams it begins, and with drams it must end,
A dram is his Country, his Mistress, his Friend,
Then his opify'd heart hates itself at the laft,
And a dram nerves his hand for the death-doing blast.

Mark that mother, that monster, that shame, and that curse,
See her child hang, dead drunk, at the breast of its nurse,
As it drops from the arm, mark her stupefy'd stare!
'Till she wakes with a yell, and a laugh of despair.

Is this the *civility* promis'd our nation?
This the UNION, dissolv'd in a cup of damnation,
Which our Chancellor Comus extols as divine,
To train up our fate and our fortunes—as swine.

Drink, ERIN, drink deep, from this crystalline round,
Till the tortures of self-recollection be drown'd;
Till the hopes of thy heart be all stiffen'd to stone,
Then sit down in the dirt, like a queen on her throne.

No frenzy for freedom to flash o'er the brain,
Thou shalt dance to the musical clank of the chain;
A crown of cheap straw shall seem rich to thine eye,
And peace, and good order, shall reign—in the stye.

Nor boast that no track of the viper is seen,
To stain thy pure surface of emerald green;
For the serpent will never want poison to kill,
While the fat of thy fields feeds the WORM of the STILL.

DUBLIN, 1802.

THE DEATH OF HIPPOLYTUS.

TRANSLATED FROM RACINE.

The Narrative is addressed to his Father, who had banished him on Account of the false Accusations of Phedra.

We saw his chariot, as we pass'd the gate:
Graceful in woe, the banish'd hero sat;
As silent, and as sad, his guards around
Cast their full weeping eyes upon the ground.
Loose to the wind his reins neglected float;
His steeds forget to neigh their ardent note;
No more with flashing eye they beat the plain,
With high-curv'd neck, and wildly-waving mane,
But each, with sullen sympathy opprest,
Drags his slow feet, and droops his tow'ring crest.
As we beheld this scene of deep despair,
A sudden roar burst on the silent air;
From the green wave it came, a hideous cry;
The earth, in dreadful echo, roar'd reply.
A chilly horror seiz'd our creeping blood,
With mane erect the list'ning coursers stood;
When, lo! a liquid mountain, vast and wide,
Rose with tremendous bubbling on the tide.
Onward it roll'd, and rolling vaster grew,
Till to the beach its foaming bulk it drew;

There sudden burst, and with redoubled roar
Disgorg'd a furious monster on the shore.
Red were his eyes, of hellish form his face;
His frightful body shining scales encase:
Huge horns rise threat'ning from his forehead bold;
Thick-winding wreaths his sturdy tail enfold.
His bellowings loud th' affrighted welkin pierce—
A mighty bull, a dragon wild and fierce.
The savage prodigy scares all around,
Infects the air, and shakes the stedfast ground;
The wave that bore him quits the fatal plain,
And back retreats in terror to the main.
All fly: resistance were a vain pretence;
A neighbouring temple offers them defence.
Hippolytus alone, thy godlike son,
Disdains the desperate assault to shun:
From his sure hand a javelin swift he threw,
Which to its destin'd mark unerring flew.
The monster leapt with anguish at the wound,
And, groaning deep, roll'd welt'ring on the ground,
Presenting to the horses' wond'ring gaze
His throat thick-fuming with a hideous blaze.
Starting, in awful dread awhile they stood,
Whelm'd in a mingled spray of fire and smoke and blood;
Then fled precipitate along the plain,
Unheard their master's voice, unfelt the rein.
Vain is his toil, with frantic speed they roam,
Dying their useless bits with bloody foam:
Across the rocks they urge their fiery course;
The axle, creaking with the craggy force,
Now breaks:—Hippolytus beholds the car
In shatter'd fragments scatter'd wide and far;

And as his foot a safer station gains,
He falls himself, entangled in the reins.
Excuse my tears: Alas! this scene of woe
Shall bid such tears in streams unceasing flow:
I saw the youth, with reeking gore besmear'd,
Dragg'd by the gen'rous steeds his hands had rear'd.
He calls: the voice they never scorn'd before
Is fruitless now, or only frights them more:
Mangled is ev'ry limb; his clotted locks,
Torn from his head, hang clinging to the rocks.
Near where his parent kings in dust repose,
Their fury spent, the dreadful scene they close.
His gen'rous blood appears, a piteous trace,
Sprinkling the way, and guides us to the place.
I spoke: he scarcely rais'd his dark'ning eye,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and check'd by many a sigh,
" The Gods," he cried, " my harmless days thus end:
" Protect my love! Be thou Aricia's friend!
" Should my dear father, by my foes abus'd,
" Learn how unjustly was his son accus'd,
" Be his atonement to my mourning shade
" A gen'rous treatment of the captive maid.
" Let him restore—" A sigh supplied the rest;
He falter'd, droop'd, and sunk upon my breast:—
From life and woe, from hate and Phedra free,
A victim to the wrath of heav'n and thee.

J. K.

THE GHOST OF WALTER *.

"Rouse, Henry! rouse—nor slumber still,
"Thy pen, thy tongue may yet fulfil
"A Patriot's noblest part!
"Arrest, arrest the felon hand,
"That deals dark murders round the land,
"And mangles Erin's heart!"

Such sounds o'er Henry's restless bed
Their melancholy music shed,
As Walter's sainted shade,
Dim seen at first in gloom of night,
Then gradual gleaming on the sight,
Its awful form display'd.

Graceful the manly arm was wav'd,
As erst when Erin's rights he sav'd,
Those rights to Erin dear;
Bent was the brow, but mild the eye;
And deep and loud the frequent sigh
Was borne to Henry's ear.

"And canst thou sleep?" the vision said;
"Ah! whither is the ardour fled
"That fir'd thy gallant mind;
"When, lur'd by us, to Erin's shore,
"Her banner Independence bore,
"High streaming in the wind?

* The late amiable, eloquent, and truly patriotic Walter H. Burgh, in earnest expostulation, addressing his former friend and arliamentary associate, Henry Grattan.

" Our faith we pledg'd in mutual league,
" And spurn'd Corruption's close intrigue,
" And Faction's lawless bands:
" Proud Erin saw, and smil'd applause;
" While freedom, loyalty, and laws
" Uprose beneath our hands.

" And Husbandry resum'd her flail,
" And Commerce spread her bellying sail
" On seas, unplough'd before;
" The rapid shuttle echo'd round,
" And ev'ry art a mansion found
" On Erin's verdant shore.

" Triumphant pæans Concord sings,
" While, hush'd beneath her silver wings,
" Contending sects repose;
" And Independence rears the pile,
" That, glitt'ring o'er our western isle,
" With short liv'd glories rose.

" The godlike work we pleas'd survey'd;
" Nor saw the dark portentous shade,
" That chas'd our dawn away;
" The lurid cloud, the stormy tide,
" The redd'ning meteor glaring wide,
" That blurr'd our op'ning day.

" From Gallia's coast a Demon came,
" In Freedom's violated name,
" Instinct with Gallia's art;
" From livid lips he scatters round
" Smooth glozing words of specious sound,
" And winds into the heart.

" The robber's creed, the murd'rer's test,
" In Gallia's false embroid'ry drest,
" Were rights of injur'd man;
" And much he rav'd of Priests and Kings,
" Of order that from tumult springs,
" And Nature's equal plan.

" And thus (the general ear abus'd,
" And deadliest hebenon infus'd
" To quench the virtuous spark;)
" Deep in his bosom's gloomy cell
" The poor man's heart was taught to dwell,
" A prison damp and dark.

" Ah! how unlike the jocund breast,
" Of Truth and Joy the halcyon nest,
" Our Erin's antient pride;
" The harmless taunt, the noisy joke,
" Smiles, that the honest heart bespoke,
" And sports, that Care deride!

" The Demon spies the alter'd scene;
" He notes the peasant's vengeful mien,
" He marks the treasonous lore;
" He limes the snare with potent spell,
" And the dark compact, brew'd in hell,
" Flits round the ravag'd shore.

" Henry!—the merry pipe no more
" Assembles on the rustic floor
" The lightly-bounding throng;
" No quenchless laughter shakes the croud,
" While the rude plaudits echo loud,
" To hail the jovial song.

" Far other orgies claim them now;
" Low-mutter'd sounds of murd'rous vow,
" While Horror chills their breath.
" A blood-stain'd scroll the Demon holds,
" And to their shrinking eyes unfolds
" Dire plans of ambush'd death.

" Scarce have warm tears bedew'd the grave
" Of valu'd friends, the learn'd, the brave;
" When some new horrors rise!
" Th' insidious Gaul, with slacken'd sail,
" Smiles ghastly, as the tainted gale
" Comes freighted with our sighs.

" Vaunt not, O France, to honour lost,
" And stain'd with crimes! thy clust'ring host,
" That warps upon the gales;
" God's licens'd messengers of ills!
" —— His mercy far from Erin's hills,
" Shall dash thy shatter'd sails.

" I see, I see a gallant band,
" Combin'd in loyal union stand,
" And lift the patriot shield:
" I see new glories gild our isle,
" And Concord beam her genial smile
" On Erin's verdant field.

" Is Henry there?——Alas! in vain,
" These air-form'd orbs of sight I strain
" To see my Henry there——
" That mind, whose pinions soar'd so well,
" Now flick'ring low in Party's cell,
" Forgets its plighted care.

" Let him, whose deeds at int'rest aim,
" On shielded outrage build his fame,
" Sedition's venal slave;
" To nobler views thy thoughts expand,
" Thy King, thy God, thy native land,
" To serve, adore, and save!

" Rouse, Henry! rouse—nor slumber still—
" Thy pen, thy tongue may yet fulfil
" A Patriot's noblest part.
" Arrest, arrest the felon hand,
" That deals dark murders round the land,
" And mangles Erin's heart!"

He ceas'd; but Henry's eager eye
Still strains the well-known form to spy,
And wildly gazes round;
While yet on Henry's list'ning ear
The charm'd air vibrates soft and clear
With sad and solemn sound.

1798.

EPIGRAM.

From morn till eve, throughout the day,
My Chloe was serenely gay:
I romp'd with Phillis—all the while
Nothing disturb'd my Chloe's smile.
The next day came—the morning low'r'd,
Our schemes were crost, our tempers sour'd:
Still Chloe smil'd—Amaz'd I said,
" Can nothing vex this lovely maid?"
At length a tooth by luckless blow
Was struck from out the pearly row:
Tho' time has long since heal'd the pain,
My Chloe never smil'd again.

Z.

VERSES ON A SILK WORM.

Addressed to Mr. Thomson, on his unfinished plan of a Poem, called the Castle of Indolence, in imitation of Spenser. By Thomas Morell, D. D. formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge.

As when the silk-worm, erst the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold,
From his sleek sides, which now much sleeker are,
The glossy treasure, and soft threads of gold:
With various turns, and many a winding fold,
He spins his web, and as he spins decays;
Till within circles infinite enroll'd,
He rests supine, imprison'd in the maze,
The which himself did make, the gath'ring of his days.

So thou, they say, from thy prolific brain,
A Castle hight of Indolence, didst raise;
Where listless sprites withouten care or pain,
In idle pleasaunce, spend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor seeken praise;
Thither thou didst repair in luckless hour,
And, lulled by thine own enchanting lays,
Didst lie adown, entranced in the bow'r,
The which thyself didst make, the gath'ring of thy pow'r.

But Venus, suff'ring not her fav'rite worm,
For aye to sleepen in his silky tomb;
Inspires him to throw off his pristine form,
And the gay features of a fly assume.
When lo! eftsoons from the surrounding gloom
He vigorous breaks forth issuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new plum'd wings he flutters all around,
And buzzing speaks his joy in most expressive sound.

So may the God of Science and of Wit,
With pitying eye ken thee, his darling son,
Shake from thy fatty sides the slumb'rous fit,
(In which, alas! thou art so woe-begone)
And with his pointed arrow goad thee on,
Till thou refeelest life in all thy veins;
And on the wings of *Resolution*,
Like thine own hero* dight, fliest o'er the plains,
Chaunting his peerless praise in never-dying strains.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE LUCKY FALL.

Two wanton Cupids took their stands
In the large orbs of Lucy's eyes—
A third, with supplicating hands
To gain admission vainly tries.
Fiercely they thrust the rogue away—
When lo! on Lucy's breast he fell;
And nestling there, I heard him say,
"Thanks, friends! THIS suits me quite as well."

BATISTO.

* The Knight of Industry, the hero of the poem.

THE SQUIRE'S TALE.

IMITATED FROM CHAUCER.

WHERE wide the plains of Tartary extend,
And Sarra's towers in glittering pomp ascend,
A monarch reign'd, who made proud Russia yield
Beneath his arm, in many a bloody field:
Cambuscan was the mighty hero's name,
Of yore unrivall'd in the list of fame!
In worth unrivall'd; Nature never join'd
A form more faultless with a nobler mind.
By Fortune plac'd to rule a mighty land,
He bore with dignity his high command;
Pure was his faith; wise, merciful, and just,
His word was sacred, Honour seal'd his trust:
Invincible his courage; never knight,
E'en of his race, could boast such strength in fight;
Around his court such wealth and splendor shone,
As Fortune pour'd her gifts on him alone.
This monarch, by fair Elfeta his wife,
Boasted two valiant sons; stout Algarsife,
His eldest hope; next, valiant Cambal came;
A beauteous daughter, Canace by name,
Was youngest of the three; her praise to speak,
To paint her charms, my language is too weak;
Those charms which eloquence itself might move
To study beauty, and to sing of love.

My humble muse dares not, with timid wing,
So bold a flight, content 'mid the low vale to sing.
When twenty lingering winters now were flown
Since great Cambuscan wore the regal crown,
With feasts and tournaments, and revels gay,
He hail'd, as he was wont, his natal day.
Now Phœbus had renew'd his bright career,
And waning March confirm'd the infant year,
Calm was the sky, and through the chequer'd grove
The merry birds renew'd their songs of love,
With wild delight they view'd the tender spray
Cloth'd in fresh green, and felt the sunny ray,
Which seem'd to tell, the snow, and wintry blast,
And all the horrors of the year were past.
High on his throne, repos'd in kingly state,
Adorn'd in royal robes, Cambuscan sate,
This rich and splendid festival to grace
With every solemn rite: the sacred place
In order to describe, my time would fail,
And day be finish'd, ere I clos'd my tale.
'Twere needless here the customs to relate
Of rude magnificence; the massy plate
Pil'd high and smoking with a monstrous weight
Of flesh or fowl, in foreign lands esteem'd,
Yet here I guess no dainties would be deem'd.
No longer to delay, I haste to tell
What wonders the admiring crowd befel.
Ere yet the feast was ended, while the king
Heard the rapt minstrel strike the sounding string,
Sudden before the hall an armed knight,
High on a brazen steed, advanc'd to sight;
A dazzling mirror in his hand he bore,
A golden ring upon his finger wore;

Bright by his side was hung a naked sword;
Proud thro' the hall he rode, and sought the royal board.
Attention now in every eye appear'd,
And not a murmur from the croud was heard;
Without a helmet was the knight, his breast
And manly limbs in radiant armour dress'd;
Such grace his mien, his speech such art betray'd,
So high respect the royal pair he paid,
And all the nobles as by ranks they sate
Along the splendid hall in princely state;
Had Gawen bade the bowers of bliss adieu
On earth this solemn festival to view,
E'en Gawen must have own'd no art could teach
More faultless action, or more pleasing speech:
Each courtesy perform'd, before the throne
He stood, and thus with manly voice made known
The purport of his message.—" He who reigns
" In sovereign grandeur o'er the boundless plains
" Of Indus and Arabia, to display
" His sacred friendship, on this solemn day,
" Commanded me, your humblest slave, to bring
" These matchless presents, worthy of a king:
" And first this brazen horse, whose speed can trace,
" Safe and with ease, within a day's short space,
" The outstretch'd earth; o'er barren desarts fly,
" Or through the pathless regions of the sky;
" Unhurt mid' storms and tempest, you shall gain
" The eagle's tow'ring height, or smoothly skim the plain.
" Turn but a pin, where'er you list to go,
" The conscious steed his destin'd course shall know;

" And whether on his back you wake or sleep,
" Unalter'd still his first position keep.
" The artist vers'd in magic, long survey'd
" Each heav'nly constellation ere he made
" The wond'rous fabric, though he knew each art
" Great Nature's hidden mysteries impart.
" Within this polish'd mirror you may see
" Events yet veil'd in dark futurity;
" When gathering evils threaten to o'erwhelm
" Your private peace, or discord shake your realm;
" Here, undisguis'd by art, you may discern
" Your friends and foes: or ladies fair may learn,
" If still the favour'd lover's faith be true,
" If false, his wiles, and secret treason view;
" Behold to whom his flattering vows are made,
" By magic here in lively tints display'd.
" This matchless mirror, with this golden ring,
" A present for the merry months of spring,
" To your fair daughter Canace I bring.
" Such knowledge does this magic ring convey,
" That she who owns it, whether she display
" Or bear it in her purse, shall read aright
" The voice of every bird that wings its flight
" Beneath the expanse of heav'n; his notes explain,
" And in his language answer him again.
" Instinctively shall learn the name and worth
" Of every plant that clothes the fruitful earth;
" And know to cull from Nature's secret store
" The choicest herbs, whose medicinal power
" Can cure the deepest wounds, at once subdue
" The force of fell disease, and life and health renew.
" This naked sword which glitters at my side,
" Such secret virtue boasts, it can divide

" The strongest armour with a single stroke,
" Though forg'd far thicker than the stoutest oak,
" Nor strength, nor skill, escape the direful shock;
" And those who chance it's fatal edge to feel
" No drugs can ease, no magic art can heal,
" Till o'er the wound (though ne'er so deep and wide)
" The flat smooth blade, with soothing hand apply'd,
" You deign to draw; at once thro' every vein
" The blood shall staunch, and not a sear remain."
When thus the stranger knight his tale had told,
He turn'd his steed that shone like burnish'd gold
Bright glistening in the sun, his way retrac'd
Along the splendid hall, and came at last
Into a spacious court; there lighting down
He left his horse, immovable as stone.
A courtly train receive him from his steed,
And to a richly furnish'd chamber lead;
Rid of his cumb'rous arms; and serve the feast,
For splendor worthy of a princely guest:
Then the bright mirror and enchanted sword
Apart within a lofty turret stor'd,
Where lay the royal treasure:—next the ring
To beauteous Canace in state they bring;
They next essay the brazen steed to move,
But far too weak their strongest engines prove
To heave the pond'rous weight—they strive in vain,
His glowing hoofs seem rooted to the plain;
Yet, by the knight untaught, the secret power
To guide at will, they gave their efforts o'er,
And wait his wish'd arrival, to unfold
What in the sequel of my tale is told.
Now gathering in a throng the gazing croud
Surround the horse; inquisitive and loud

His mighty form they point by point explore,
And count (to shew their skill) his beauties o'er:
Some prais'd his height and strength, and swore the steed
Resembled much the stately Lombard breed;
While others in his sprightly eye can trace
A likeness of the fleet Apulian race;
Yet all agreed he pleas'd them passing well,
Nor happiest Nature could such art excel.
But much it puzzled the admiring throng
To find how sense and motion could belong
To sluggish metal; some among them thought
That magic art the strange effect had wrought.
Some one opinion, some another binds;
As many men, 'tis said, have many minds.
Then like a swarm of bees they fill the air
With busy murmurs; sagely some declare,
They'd heard the like in ancient story told;
Relating then how Pegasus of old,
Although a horse, with outstretch'd wings could fly
Through the vast regions of the vaulted sky.
Then speaking of the mighty Trojan horse,
Whose dark and hollow womb contain'd the force
Which lurk'd perfidious, plotting to destroy,
And level with the dust, the tow'rs of Troy.
Quoth one, " My heart misgives me; much I fear
" Some secret mischief may inhabit here,
" Perhaps *this* steed an armed force may bear,
" Prepar'd to issue forth and burn the town;
" I think 'twere fit it's real use were known."
Another smiling, to his neighbour cries,
" How oft suspicion makes us dream of lies;
" I deem this huge machine, by magic wrought
" To grace this solemn feast, and hither brought

" To entertain the court:" thus none agreed,
But doubts, and fears, and scoffs, by turns succeed;
Though most concluded, as the vulgar will,
Who treat on subjects far beyond their skill,
And find out meanings which were never meant,
The horse was fashion'd for no good intent.
Some wonder'd at the mirror's magic pow'r,
Now plac'd with care within the topmost tow'r,
'Twas strange, they cry'd (perhaps more strange than true),
That men such objects in a glass could view;
While others answer'd, such effects might rise
From nat'ral causes, which deceiv'd their eyes
By side reflection angles multiply'd;
Then nam'd a dozen learned terms beside.
Said, that at Rome one might it's fellow view,
And vouch'd an hundred wond'rous stories true,
Told by old sages, who have long been dead,
Whose tedious works they boasted to have read.
Another set with equal skill explor'd
The matchless temper of the magic sword,
And told how nearly Telephus was slain
By the same spear that heal'd his wounds again!
Achilles' spear—which like the enchanted blade,
Could cure the mischief that itself had made:
Then argu'd of the various methods us'd
In hard'ning metals; and of drugs infus'd
Into the mass, which could pervade the steel,
And give the point or blade the pow'r to heal.
And now the subject changing, they conferr'd
About the wond'rous ring; none ever heard
Such virtues center'd in a ring before,
Except in that which Moses own'd of yore,
And the fam'd seal which Solomon once wore.

Thus saying they withdrew; though as they went,
The vulgar seeking still new argument,
Wonder'd how glass from ashes could be made,
For glass and ashes were unlike they said;
But yet they saw it, therefore thought it true;
Thus ideot-wonder still finds matter new:
The cause of mist, why ocean ebbs and flows,
And doubts and puzzles, till it thinks it knows.
But now the sun's meridian height was past,
And his clear orb a milder radiance cast
O'er all the scene; the splendid feast is done,
And great Cambuscan rises from his throne:
At once the minstrels swell a solemn strain,
And through the hall proceeds the princely train,
In stately march; their monarch they attend
Through richly-furnish'd rooms, and now ascend
The sacred chamber; still the minstrels' notes
In solemn concert through the palace floats;
A thousand instruments their efforts join,
Now pause, then mingling in one strain combine;
At length loud pealing swell the choral song,
And pour the deep full tide of harmony along;
To hear—the rage of phrenzy might controul
And lift to heav'n the yet embody'd soul.
Now drawn in trim array the youth advance,
The fair to summon to the sprightly dance;
The stranger knight, preferr'd before them all,
With beauteous Canace began the ball.
The masking to recite, and revels gay,
Which wore in mirth the fleeting hours away;
The dances mazy figure to explain,
The face of beauty striving oft in vain
To hide the wishes of the beating heart,
Which still too plain her speaking eyes impart;

The conscious smile, the sigh but half conceal'd,
The tongue denying what that sigh reveal'd:
The trembling hand, the whisper soft and low,
The blush and every symptom lovers know:
Would ask a gallant, brisk and debonair,
Vers'd in Love's wiles, devoted to the fair,
And free and open as the passing air;
Like brave sir Launcelot who liv'd of yore;
He might have told you—I shall say no more,
But leave amid their mirth the jocund train
Till supper summon'd to the feast again.
Still day-light smil'd; the plenteous board was crown'd
With costly fare, and Pleasure hov'ring round
Smil'd in each face; their supper at an end,
The king and all his thronging court descend;
And lords and ladies in a troop proceed,
To gaze with wonder on the brazen steed:
Not e'en the famous Trojan horse of yore,
Drew greater crouds, or won their praises more.
The monarch now commands the stranger knight
The virtues of his courser to recite,
And teach the secret method how to guide:
The knight advancing to the rein apply'd
His skilful hand, the steed with active bound
Began to spring, and rear, and paw the ground:
When thus the knight:—" Whene'er you would ascend
" This wond'rous steed, these secret hints attend;
" First name whatever course you wish to steer,
" Then turn a pin conceal'd within his ear;
" And when you near approach the destin'd land,
" Bid him descend, and with a skilful hand
" Screw round this other pin—his rapid flight
" At once he'll stay—and on the ground alight,

" And there immoveable he'll still remain;
" The strength of all the world would strive in vain
" To draw him thence, or lift him from the plain:
" But should you wish him from his place to go,
" Turn this, he'll vanish; none shall ever know
" The manner of his flight: again demand
" His presence, in a moment he's at hand.
" Taught by my skill, wherever you shall stray,
" Give but a call, and he'll at once obey."
When thus the knight his secret tale made known,
Happy to call so choice a gift his own,
The mighty monarch thank'd his courteous guest,
Then to the palace went to renovate the feast;
The massy bridle to the tow'r they bear,
The horse then vanish'd—but I know not where;
And so I take my leave of all the train
Who hasten to the festal scene again,
And pass the night in sports and revels gay,
Till the faint blushing dawn proclaim'd returning day.

PART THE SECOND.

Now Sleep on downy pinions hov'ring nigh,
Sheds her soft influence o'er each weary eye;
And one by one, with sportive toil opprest,
Slowly retiring, yield to welcome rest.
I shall not tell their dreams, by Fancy bred,
The sickly phantoms of a throbbing head,
Which lost mid wine, and love, and mirth, and noise,
Broods o'er the pleasures it no more enjoys.
The greater part, o'erwhelm'd in slumbers lie,
Till the bright sun had gain'd the middle sky.
But Canace, who bade her sire adieu,
And soon at eve to grateful rest withdrew,

Awoke at early dawn; she deem'd it wrong,
For young and modest virgins to prolong
Their revels through the night; next day to dread
The faded cheek, tir'd limbs, and aching head.
The ring and mirror form her only joy,
And every care, and every wish employ:
Such bright transporting hopes these presents yield,
She views each wonder in her dreams reveal'd;
Her colour comes and goes, her pulse beats high,
So much she burns their magic power to try.
Soon as the sun illum'd the eastern skies,
Gay as the lark, she hasten'd to arise,
And call'd her sleepy nurse; whose heavy head
Inclin'd to doze another hour in bed—
" Why wish thus early, madam, to be drest?"
She cries, " while yet the slumb'ring world's at rest."
" I can no longer sleep," reply'd the fair,
" And fain would breathe the fragrant morning air."
The nurse now wak'd her train; the damsels all
Arise at once, obedient to her call:
Their beauteous mistress they in haste array,
More fresh and fragrant than the new-born day:
And forth she came, with light though stately pace,
Bright as the sun, who now began his race:
The duteous train her devious steps attend,
And through the dewy park their way they bend.
The rolling mist that o'er the meadow spread,
Veil'd the broad sun in deeply blushing red:
Yet the fresh morning air, the blooming scene,
The dew-drops sparkling o'er each tender green,
The chorus of wild birds that round them sing,
And gayly chaunt the praises of the spring,
Excite a secret joy in every heart;
Yet most in Canace's, whom magic art

Had taught at once their language to explain,
And know the meaning of each warbled strain.
But when we spin the tedious story's thread,
Till Curiosity itself be dead,
We lose our pains; so briefly I shall tell,
What in the sequel of their walk befel.
As Canace, engag'd in careless play,
Now cull'd fresh flowers, and now pursu'd her way,
She saw, upon a lone and blasted tree,
Whose "top was bald with dry antiquity,"
A falcon perch'd; her shrill and mournful cry
Made the deep woods and distant groves reply,
And oft' with furious beak her breast she tore,
And with her wings assail'd, till spouting gore
Ran from the wither'd branch on which she stood,
And underneath, the ground was dy'd with blood:
So moving her complaint; the hardest heart
Might learn, in grief like hers, to bear a part:
E'en the fell savage might her woes deplore,
And eyes might weep, which never wept before.
No falconer e'er view'd a bird so fair,
Her form, and plumage, far beyond compare;
She seem'd a falcon of the gentlest sort,
From foreign hands procur'd to train for sport:
And now she grew so faint from loss of blood,
She scarce could hold the bough on which she stood.
Fair Canace, who on her finger wore
The magic ring, and heard the hawk deplore
Her mournful fate, and view'd her hapless plight,
Had almost swoon'd with terror at the sight;
And drawing near the tree with fearful haste,
On the sad bird a look of pity cast,
And held her lap, with anxious care below,
Lest she should tumble headlong from the bough:

Thus Canace awhile expecting stood,
And gaz'd upon the hawk besmear'd with blood.
At length the beauteous maid the silence broke,
And thus in pity's tenderest accents spoke.
" If your sad tale may reach a stranger's ear,
" Repose the burden of your sorrows here:
" Ah! sure that breaking heart has known to prove
" The death of friendship, or the loss of love;
" For these alone deny the mind relief,
" And call despair to end the scene of grief;
" No other cause your bosom could inspire
" Against yourself to wreak your cruel ire;
" For the dear love of heav'n, your rage restrain,
" Accept my help, nor let me plead in vain.
" 'Mong birds, or beasts, I never view'd before
" A sight so dreadful; madly wound no more
" That mangled body;—from the tree descend,
" And meet in me a kind and pow'rful friend.
" As I'm the daughter of a king, I swear,
" If you'll the story of your woes declare,
" Those sorrows to assuage, by every aid,
" And heal the wounds your frantic rage has made!"
She ceas'd—the falcon made her no reply,
But beat her sides, and gave a piercing cry,
And fainting, fell to earth; all sense was fled,
And the surrounding damsels thought her dead.
But Canace the fainting bird sustain'd
Within her arms, 'till hovering life regain'd
It's wonted seat; at length, in accents weak,
And language, such as hawks are us'd to speak,
The falcon thus her mournful tale began.
" Compassion's gentle tide, in bird or man,
" Alone can issue from a gen'rous heart,
" My Canace!—to feel another's smart,

" To sooth despair, to aid distress like mine,
" Demands a bosom, soft and pure as thine.
" When nature form'd you beauteous, she design'd
" So fair a mansion for as fair a mind.
" Tho' all my hopes of peace on earth are o'er,
" And Fancy paints her fairy scenes no more
" Of bright returning joy; if my sad tale
" May yield instruction, and can aught avail
" In warning others those deceits to shun
" By which my unsuspecting youth was won,
" To tempt my fate to love, and be undone,
" I shall, while time permits, at large disclose
" The mournful origin of all my woes.
" Upon a lonely summit's craggy breast
" My careful parents built their spacious nest;
" And there (in hapless hour) with joy they view'd,
" Burst from the pregnant shell their infant brood;
" So tenderly they nurs'd, so fondly bred,
" Our youthful days in every pleasure fled:
" Ah! then unus'd amid the world to roam,
" I deem'd each scene as happy as my home!
" On the same rock a falcon chanc'd to dwell,
" Who seem'd in every virtue to excel;
" Beauteous and gentle, but too oft we find
" A flatt'ring form conceals a sordid mind:
" So he, beneath the mask of modest youth,
" Of prompt good-nature, and unerring truth,
" O'erveil'd the deepest guilt; the *human* heart
" Was never vers'd in more consummate art.
" Thus the fell serpent lurks in flow'rs conceal'd,
" Till by his deadly bite too late reveal'd.
" The hypocrite so well his passion feign'd,
" And practis'd every rite by love ordain'd;

" By such obedience, such devotion strove
" To gain my approbation of his love;
" None, but the sire of falshood could have known
" To penetrate disguise, so like his own:
" Thus o'er the tomb do sculptur'd marbles shine,
" While all is dark, corrupt, and foul within.
" When many a year his tender suit hé'd feign'd,
" And of disdain and cruelty complain'd,
" Too simple to suspect the tear and sigh,
" I thought in earnest that his death was nigh;
" And sway'd by pity, listen'd to his tale,
" And let at length his flattering vows prevail;
" Yet first demanded, he'd preserve unstain'd
" My fame, and honour, and while life remain'd
" Swear that he'd never from his faith depart,
" But render love for love, and heart for heart.
" Alas! how slightly does a promise bind
" Through long revolving time the firmest mind.
" When he perceiv'd his am'rous suit had gain'd
" A fond return, no falcon ever feign'd
" More fervent passion; vers'd in deep deceit,
" He breath'd a thousand raptures at my feet;
" Such tender love, and endless truth he swore,
" None e'er dissembled with such art before.
" Not Trojan Paris; nor the prince of Greece,
" Who wander'd far to gain the golden fleece;
" Nor any since old Lamech, who began
" To match two women to a single man.
" So noble his address, such easy grace
" In ev'ry look and action you might trace:
" His ready wit, his captivating smile,
" Might well the wisest of our sex beguile:
" So much did all his arts my bosom move,
" I only study'd to return his love:

" His truth I deem'd so great, my foolish heart
" Bore in his griefs a more than equal part;
" Did he but sigh, or feel the slightest pain,
" My aching bosom throbb'd in every vein;
" His will was mine; each moment to employ
" In pleasing him, became my only joy:
" The voice of heav'n alone could then have mov'd
" My mind to censure what his choice approv'd.
" Thus smiling love his dearest blessings shed,
" And two short years in mutual transport fled;
" While judging from his fond behaviour past,
" I vainly thought the flatt'ring scene would last:
" But fickle fortune destin'd me to prove,
" As well the torments, as delights of love.
" My lover feign'd that he must leave his home,
" Constrain'd by fate, in foreign realms to roam:
" You need not ask what terrors seiz'd my heart,
" But guess those feelings words can ne'er impart:
" Alas! the sport of cruel destiny,
" I felt the pangs of death, though yet forbid to die.
" At length, one fatal day he took his leave;
" While I, who heard him speak, and saw him grieve
" At his departure, thought his tears as true
" As those which almost chok'd my last adieu!
" But since his honour summon'd him away,
" And Reason told me, that he must obey
" Her potent call; that sorrow was in vain,
" And he wou'd soon review his home again;
" I strove my swelling anguish to conceal,
" And feign'd a courage which I did not feel,
" And fondly press'd his hand, repeating o'er
" Those vows of truth I oft had sworn before.
" What he reply'd I shall not now rehearse;
" In speech none better, or in action worse.

" So forth he flew, and hasten'd on his way,
" Till weariness, or *pleasure*, bade him stay
" His rapid course; for sure he bore in mind,
" The proverb, ' every creature loves its kind.'
" Thus men have written, men too prone to range,
" And vary merely for the love of change.
" As silly birds, with care in cages bred,
" Lodg'd on soft down, with choicest viands fed,
" Which seem your proffer'd kindness to disdain,
" While sugar, bread, and milk, allure in vain;
" If they by chance espy an open door,
" O'erturn their cup upon the sanded floor,
" Leave their warm cage, and hasten to the wood,
" To feed on worms, and such like homely food;
" And pleas'd with change of fare, delighted roam,
" Forgetful of their breeding and their home;
" E'en so this falcon, though of gentle kind,
" In manner graceful, and in sense refin'd;
" Debas'd by vice, forsakes my nest, to share
" His love among the commoners of air;
" And now a hateful kite his fancy charms,
" And for her loath'd embrace he slights these arms;
" His plighted faith—his love from me is flown,
" And I am left to weep, and die alone."
With that, again she rais'd her mournful cries,
Again she swooning fell, and clos'd her streaming eyes.
As Canace in her soft bosom laid,
The mournful damsels gath'ring round, survey'd
Her wretched plight, and with endearments strove
To sooth the grief they knew not to remove.
But Canace with gentlest care sustain'd
The unhappy bird, until she now regain'd

The palace gate; prepar'd to plaister o'er
Her ghastly wounds, and staunch the oozing gore,
Where'er her tortur'd flesh with furious beak she tore.
Now the fair princess made it all her care
From herbs and roots a med'cine to prepare,
To heal her patient's wounds; from morn till night
This pleasing labour form'd her sole delight.
Within her chamber she contriv'd a mew,
And lin'd with velvet of unchanging blue,
Denoting female truth; without was seen,
Display'd with art, upon a ground of green,
Of titmice, hawks, and owls, a num'rous train,
Who vows of truth and constancy disdain:
With pies surrounded, to proclaim aloud
Their acts of folly to the list'ning crowd.
And thus I leave fair Canace, to heal
The wounded falcon, nor shall more reveal
About the magic king, till I explain
How the said hawk obtain'd her love again,
Assisted in the task by Cambal bold;
As in the sequel of my tale is told.
But now I turn, adventures to recite,
Ne'er heard before, and many a bloody fight.
Yet first, I sing Cambuscan's high renown,
And many a city by his arms o'erthrown.
Then the exploits of valiant Algarsife,
Who won fair Theodora to his wife;
For whose dear love he many a peril brav'd,
Oft by the brazen steed from slaughter sav'd.
Next shall I speak of Cambal, who, to gain
Fair Canace's release, upon the plain
O'ercame two brethren, who in arms had strove
To seize the princess, and to force her love.

LINES

Addressed to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Patron of the Literary Fund.

BY CHARLES MARSH, ESQ.

RECITED AT THE MEETING OF THE SOCIETY AT GREENWICH, JUNE 21, 1804.

GAY child of ease! on whose protected head
The genial beams of favouring Fate are shed;
O'er whose soft path, begirt with many a flower,
No pale star frowns, nor sullen storm-clouds lower;
Go, child of ease, and visit the sad cell,
Where Want and Care with starving Genius dwell!
He does not speak, nor with imploring sigh
Ask the cold gift of passing Charity.
From his fixt eye no gushing tear-drops start;
For all is still and dead around his heart.
He does not weep; for black Despair has dried
The sacred fount that feeds the generous tide.
Say, hast thou wept when to thy musing eye
The prostrate heaps of crumbling glories lie;
Wandering with pensive step the hideous waste
Of plains, that once gay, murmuring cities grac'd;
Where Art once bade the sculptur'd column rise,
And the tall turret fade into the skies;
And hast thou mourn'd, when sunk and fall'n around
The broken arch ignobly strew'd the ground;

Yet shall thy heart no gentle sorrow find
For the sad *ruins* of the human mind?
The aspiring soul, by Want's cold hand destroy'd,
And all her bright creations drear and void?
Nurs'd by the Muse, who rock'd him to repose,
And sweetly sang to rest his cradled woes,
As with a mother's pride she lov'd to trace
The opening blossom of the promis'd grace;
And o'er his couch with wrapt attention hung,
These sweet presagings trembled from her tongue:
" From every dross of vulgar joy refined,
" The Muse to rich delights hath rear'd thy mind!
" Unlock'd for thee behold the sacred mines
" Where dipt in heaven the gem of Fancy shines;
" Go let thy wandering eyes the scenes explore
" Where Nature spreads for man her boundless store;
" Range o'er the circle, where with cheerful hue
" The green earth bursts rejoicing on thy view;
" Fresh blooming fields where the soft Zephyr flings
" A balmy incense from his dewy wings;
" The hoary head-land's dim retired height,
" The distant promontory's fading light;
" The last pale beam, when Nature sinks to rest,
" That slowly lingers on the ocean's breast.
" While to thy vision Fancy's art supplies
" A world of tints ' unseen of vulgar eyes.'
" Charm'd by thy shell, mute crowds shall gather round,
" And smile and tremble at the alternate sound,
" As thro' each maze thy winding numbers rove,
" Now sing the bliss, and now the pangs of love,
" Or, as thy big inspirings wildly roll,
" A martial tempest to the fevered soul."

So sang the parent Muse. The youth retains
The treasur'd memory of her cheering strains.
Long o'er his head, in ever-changeful dyes,
Dreams of soft hope, and pleasing cares arise.
Deluded boy! whose generous aims aspire
To catch the glories of the deathless lyre,
Hid 'midst the blooms, where Fancy weaves her wreath,
The lurking adder twines his folds beneath.
Survey the world, yet to thy vision new,
And tear the veil, that shrouds it to thy view.
See where meek Flattery pays to swelling Pride
The unearn'd meed to starving Worth denied;
Go, call Suspicion to thy throbbing breast,
And wear her mail within thy folded vest.
Go join the cringing gaping crowds that wait
In lingering levees at Preferment's gate.
The short blooms fade, that to thy cheated sense
Their roseate tints and healing sweets dispense;
The rays that warm'd their stems shall shine no more
And all is drear where Edens blush'd before.
The pleasant dreams that lull'd thy youthful hours
In halls of gladness, and in summer bowers,
In clouds of sorrow speed dispers'd away,
And ambush'd Penury marks thee for her prey.
So, newly launch'd, while loud the rebeck sounds,
On the white stream the gallant vessel bounds.
The streamers fly. The white-topp'd foam below
Enamour'd plays around her stately prow.
The unconscious helms-man courts the favouring gale
That whispers flattery to the silken sail.
But cloak'd in night o'erwhelming tempests lie,
Tho' gay the brightness of yon cloudless sky;
The storm-winds hurl her on the sharp rock's verge,
And o'er her bright wreck roars the unsparing surge.

Son of the Muse! must thou unheeded weep
Till murmuring winds shall lull thee to thy sleep?
Shall thy sweet lyre unstrung and broken lie,
Nor wake again its sleeping melody?
Or, if some sounds its faint strings gently swell,
Thy chill neglect, thy unheard sorrows tell,
Or, swept to louder numbers, harsh and rude,
Ring with the plaint of man's ingratitude?
But ah! what sounds were those; gentle as rills
That run at even-tide along the hills!
As their sweet murmurings fill'd the pausing air,
Far, on her dusky pinions flew Despair,
From the lone couch where suffering Genius lay;
And Hope diffus'd abroad her healing ray.
'Twas Pity's voice. In stealing airs it came,
And whisper'd as it flow'd a BRUNSWICK'S name *.
" Oh child of song," it said, " though every grace
" Smiles on the gem of England's royal race;
" Though Valour sits high towering on his crest,
" The sweetest mercies throb within his breast.
" He mark'd the grief, whose bursting currents break
" In silent channels down thy famish'd cheek;
" He saw the languors of thy drooping eye;
" He heard thy groan, nor pass'd forgetful by,
" Go, child of song, renew thy lofty course,
" And strike thy wild harp with a master's force;
" Wing to the realms of day a Theban flight,
" And spurn the bondage of inglorious night.
" And let thy sweet vows bless the gentle deed;
" Warm from a heart whose wounds have ceas'd to bleed."

* Alluding to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's munificent patronage of the Literary Fund, announced at the last Anniversary.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY,

AND THE

GODWINIAN SYSTEM.

From an unpublished Poem.

By Socrates pourtray'd with matchless grace,
Philosophy display'd an angel's face.
Now with the frolic mimicry of apes,
The goddess takes a thousand forms and shapes;
Rides on a butterfly, pervades a shell,
Or floats on oxygen, or prowls the dell
Where weeds and grubs long hid from mortal ken,
Unclass'd and nameless, woo Description's pen.
Thus round Oblivion's stream * the phantoms stray,
Panting for bodies, and the light of day.
But when from Nature's wide domains she bends
Her wandering eyes askance, on moral ends,
Veil'd in a murky cloud no more are seen
The form divine and grace of Plato's queen;
Godwin, arch-priest, her mystic lore expounds,
And gaping pupils catch the wond'rous sounds.

* Virgil Æneid, lib. vi.

Far beyond Nature's bounds he boldly springs,
And man's *perfectibility* he sings;
Fashions a new Utopia's blest domain
Uncurst with laws, exempt from Custom's rein,
Where Reason reckless spurns at Love and Hate,
And Justice holds with Apathy her state.
Connubial ties, parental cares and fears,
And every charity that life endears,
Love, Friendship, Gratitude, the pleasing glow
Of Pity melting at a brother's woe,
The philosophic Hierophant proclaims
Phantoms of weakness, visionary names;
Of *general happiness* arrays a plan,
Where man imparts no social bliss to man.
State of delight! where mortals listless rove
Untouch'd by Misery, Kindness, Friendship, Love:
One general object, one alone, commands
All hearts, all thoughts, all voices, wishes, hands,
The *public good!* Idea, grand, refin'd,
Which blots all private feeling from the mind,
Fills pigmy man with intellectual fire,
And bids him, giant-like, to heav'n aspire.
High favour'd race, whom no religion awes,
Where Justice reigns without the prop of laws;
Where free from passion and affection, all
Move without springs of action, at the call
Of philosophic weal; where Ceres pours
From soils untill'd, unsown, her golden stores;
Where without lab'ring hands, or fav'ring skies,
Equality the wants of all supplies.
Ah! grieve not, Anarchists, if heav'n assign
A transient hour to visions so divine,
If Nature reassume her ravish'd right,
And Godwin's goddess vanish into night.

With Truth and Logic arm'd, lo, Green * prepares
To trace her wiles, unfold her secret snares,
Strips off the gorgeous covering which conceals
Her bloated form, her shapeless limbs reveals;
The gazing eye, with horror fix'd, beholds
A fiend with angel's face, and dragon's folds.

* * * *

* See Examination of the leading Principles of the new System of Morals, by Mr. Green. From this work Dr. Parr has quoted several passages in his notes to his Spital Sermon, and his testimony in favour of the author is thus expressed: "Mr. Green, whose penetration, whose taste, whose large views in philosophy, and whose great talents for composition entitle him to my respects."

CONSOLATION.

BY W. CAREY, ESQ.

WHEN Heaven dissolves the sacred tie
That binds two faithful Souls in one,
Where can the sad Survivor fly,
The arrows of Despair to shun?

Oh, can the musing hours of *Grief*
A pause from keen remembrance know?
Or rooted Sorrow find relief
From empty forms of outward woe?

Can Fortune's smile his peace recall?
Or can the sprightly song and dance,
Where Pleasure's festive Train, in all
The mazy rounds of Joy advance?

Ah, no!—this world no cure bestows;
In vain is ev'ry human art;
From pure RELIGION, only, flows
A Balm to heal the wounded heart.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF A POOR IDIOT.

Who! hapless, helpless being, who
Shall strew a flower upon thy grave?
Or who, from "mute Oblivion's power,"
Thy disregarded name shall save?

Honour, and Wealth, and Learning's store,
The votive urn remembers long;
And even "the annals of the poor,"
Live in their Bard's immortal song.

But a blank stone best stories thee,
Whom Sense, nor Wealth, nor Fame could find:
Poorer than aught beside we see;
A human form without a mind.

A casket gemless!—yet for thee
Pity suspends the tender wail;
For Reason shall a moral see,
While Memory paints the simple tale.

Yes, it shall paint thy humble form,
Clad decent in its humble weed,
Happy in harmless wandering's charm,
And pleas'd thy father's flock to feed.—

With vacant, reckless smile she bore,
Patient, the scorner's cruel jest;
With unfix'd gaze could pass it o'er,
And turn it pointless from her breast.

Her tongue, unable to display
The unform'd chaos of her mind!
No sense its rude sounds could convey,
But to parental instinct kind.

Yet, close to every human form
Clings Imitation's mimic power,
And she was fond, and proud to own
The school-time's regulated hour;

And o'er the mutilated page
Mutter'd the seeming lesson's tone;
And ere the scholar's task was said,
Brought ever and anon her own.

And many a truant boy would seek,
And drag reluctant to his place;
And even the master's solemn rule,
Would mock with grave and apt grimace.

Each heart humane could freely love
A nature so estrang'd from wrong;
And even infants would protect
Her from the passing traveller's tongue!

But her prime joy was still to be
Where holy congregations bow;
Rapt in wild transports when they sung,
And when they pray'd, would bend her low.—

O Nature, wheresoe'er thou art,
Some latent worship still is there;
Blush ye! whose form without a heart,
The Idiot's plea can never share!

Poor guileless thing! just eighteen years,
Parental cares had rear'd alone;
Then (lest thou e'er shouldst want those cares)
Heaven took thee spotless to his own.

Full many a watching eye of love
Thy sickness and thy death did cheer;
And Reason, while she joys, approves
The instinct of a parent's tear.

Poor guileless thing! forgot by men,
The heaving turf directs to thee;
" 'Tis all thou art" to mortal ken,
But Faith beyond the grave can see.

For what a burst of mind shall glow,
When, disencumber'd from this clod,
Thou, who on earth couldst nothing know,
Shalt rise to comprehend thy God!

Oh! could thy spirit teach us now,
Full many a truth the gay might learn;
The value of a blameless life,
Full many a scorner might discern.

Yes! they might learn who waste their time,
What it must be to *know no sin;*
They who pollute the soul's sweet prime,
What, to be spotless pure within.

Go! then, and seek her humble grave,
All ye who sport in Folly's ray,
And as the gale the grass shall wave,
List to a voice that seems to say;

" 'Tis not the measure of your powers,
" To which the eternal meed is given:
" 'Tis wasted or improved hours,
" Which forfeit or secure your Heaven!"

INSCRIPTION

UNDER AN HOUR GLASS.

IN A GROTTO NEAR THE WATER.

THIS babbling stream not uninstructive flows,
Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main:
Each flower it feeds that on its margin grows,
And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor void of moral, though unheeded, glides
Time's current, stealing on with silent haste;
For lo! each falling sand his folly chides
Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

ODE.

Written at Eaglehurst, * *October* 10, 1796.

PROUD, o'er yon distant surge, behold
Britannia's fleet majestic ride!
Where, as her flags in many a fold
Float high in ether's ambient tide,
Warm Courage beams from every eye,
Stern Indignation's pulse beats high,
And, kindling at the warlike sight,
Vengeance, with firm but temperate voice,
Responsive to a nation's choice,
Demands the promis'd fight!

How mild the sun's meridian rays!
How blue the heavens! how soft the breese
That o'er the waving forest plays,
And gently curls the rippling seas!
But soon November's wintry hour,
Arm'd with the tempest's tyrant power,
Shall rouse the clouds' embattled host,
Sweep from the woods their leafy pride,
And dash the waves infuriate tide
Against the howling coast!

* Eaglehurst commands a view of Spithead.

So in each ship's stupendous womb,
Now gently floating on the deep,
Peaceful, as in the silent tomb,
The Demons of Destruction sleep;
But waked by War's terrific roar,
Prompt o'er each desolated shore
Their hell-directed flight to urge;
And, leading Slaughter's horrid train,
With hecatombs of warriors slain,
To load th' empurpled surge!

What tho' at haughty Gallia's chiefs
The spear of Vengeance Britain aims,
Shall she not mourn a people's griefs,
Their dying sons, their weeping dames?
Nor shall she even with tearless eye
Yon gallant navy e'er descry
Returning o'er the western flood;
For ah! the laurel's greenest bough,
That ever crown'd Victoria's brow,
Is surely tinged with blood!

Tho' blaze the splendid fires around,
Tho' arcs of triumph proudly rise,
Tho' Fame her loudest pæan sound,
And notes of conquest rend the skies,
Alas! in some sequester'd cell
Her slaughter'd lover's funeral knell
In every shout the virgin hears!
And as the strain of victory flows,
More swell the widow'd matron's woes,
And faster fall her tears!

Tho' from this cliff while Fancy views
Yon squadrons darken half the main,
She dress in Glory's brightest hues;
The pride of Albion's naval reign,
Yet, as Reflection's mirror shows
Th' attendant scene of death and woes,
Th' exulting hopes of conquest cease,
She turns from War's delusive form,
To deprecate th' impending storm,
And breathe her vows for Peace.

ODE

ON A RAINY FIRST OF MAY.

Ah! wherefore on thy natal day
Com'st thou so pensive, lovely May!
Like a sad mourner, bath'd in tears:
Thou, who wast wont with garlands sweet,
And festive dance the sun to meet,
And wake with rural minstrelsy
The drowsy morning's ears?

Is it to deck the warlike tomb
Of some brave youth, in battle slain,
With emblems of his early doom,
That thou dost call the ruffian storm,
Spring's flowery landscape to deform,
And strew the white-thorn's silvery bloom
Untimely on the plain.

Or rather streams thy gentle eye,
To view the ghastly wounds of War;
Who, in the Belgian fields afar,
Still sees his dreary banners fly,
And stain'd with slaughter of the brave,
Still drowns the widow's eye in tears,
And bows the father's hoary hairs
With sorrow to the grave?

Yet, though on Conquest's crested head
The beams of glory shine,
To every tear by nature shed
The Muse her prayer shall join,
That wasting War's relentless hand
May, ere it desolate the land,
Its visitation cease;
And thou resume, O lovely May!
Thy festive dance, thy matin lay,
And twine a wreath of flowerets gay,
To bind the brows of Peace.

RHADEGUNDA.

EPIGRAM

To a Person very fond of singing.

Oh! prithee cease thy ear-annoying strain,
And rid, at least, thy friends of persecution:
Such notes were stolen from hell 'tis very plain;
Repent—and make the devil restitution.

J. BRENNAN, ESQ.

THE WIFE.

If e'er I quit the single life,
Be this the model of my Wife!
A Beauty without art complete,
Who, from her toilet simply neat,
The golden tissue can despise,
And wears no *brilliants*—but *her eyes!*
Soft blended in those eyes should meet
Deserving Love, and sparkling Wit!
And, in her dimpled smiles be seen
A modest, with a cheerful mien!
As pauses find in music place,
Her speech let proper silence grace!
Her conversation ever free
From censure, as from levity!
An undissembled innocence,
Not apt to give, nor take offence!
Not fond of compliments! nor rude!
Not a *coquette*, nor yet a *prude!*
Averse to wanton serenades!
Nor pleased with midnight masquerades!
The virtues that her sex adorn
By Honor guarded, not by Scorn;
Nor superstitious, nor profane,
But in religion greatly plain!
To such a *Virgin*, such a *Wife*,
I'd give my *love*—I'd give my life!

J. W.

EPITAPH.

THE wretched victim of a quick decay,
Relieved from life; on humble bed of clay,
The last and only refuge for my woes;
A lost love-ruin'd female, I repose.
From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,
And fell, half-forced, in the deceiver's arms,
To that—whose awful veil hides every fault,
Sheltering my sufferings in this welcome vault;
When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, and in drink,
My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think,
Nor could rejected conscience claim the power
T' impose the respite of one serious hour.—
I durst not think of what I was before,
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more!
Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,
Old, ere of age; worn out when scarce mature;
Daily debased to stifle my disgust
Of forced enjoyment in affected lust;
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt and want,
My home a brothel, and the streets my haunt;
Full seven long years of infamy I pin'd,
And fondled, loathed, and preyed upon mankind,
Till the full course of sin and vice gone through,
My shatter'd fabrick failed at *Twenty-two!*
Then Death, with every horror in his train,
Here closed the scene of riot, guilt, and pain.

Ye fair associates of my opening bloom,
Oh come and weep, and profit at my tomb!
Let my short youth, my blighted beauty, prove
The fatal poison of unlawful love!
Oh think how quick my foul career I ran,
The dupe of Passion, Vanity, and Man!
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine,
Be yours the lesson—sad experience mine!

J. W.

ADDRESS TO ENTERPRIZE.

BY A TRAVELLER.

On lofty mountains roaming
O'er bleak perennial snow,
Where cataracts are foaming,
And raging north winds blow;
Where hungry wolves are prowling,
And famish'd eagles cry,
Where tempests loud are howling,
And lowring vapours fly;

There, at the peep of morning,
Bedeck'd with dewy tears,
Wild weeds her brows adorning,
Bold Enterprize appears;
While keen-ey'd Expectation
Still points to objects new;
See panting Emulation
Her fleeting steps pursue.

List! list! celestial Virgin,
And oh the vow record;
From every care emerging
I pledge this solemn word—
By deserts, fields, or fountains,
While life, while health remains,
O'er Lapland's icy mountains,
Or Afric's burning plains;

Or midst the darksome wonders
Which earth's vast caves conceal,
Where subterranean thunders
Primeval fires reveal;
Where, bright in matchless lustre,
The lithal flowers unfold,
And midst the beauteous cluster
Beams efflorescent gold;

In every varied station,
Whate'er my fate may be,
My hope, my exultation,
Is still to follow thee.
When age, with sickness blended,
Shall check the gay career,
And death, tho' oft suspended,
Shall seem to hover near,

Then oft, in visions fleeting,
May thy fair form be nigh,
And still thy votary greeting,
Receive his parting sigh;
And tell a joyful story
Of some new world of bliss,
Eclipsing all the glory
Thou promis'd him in this.

RHADEGUNDA.

EDWIN AND LUCY.

A BALLAD.

" O! who is she, with haggard eye,
That scales the airy steep,
Oft as the silver star of eve
Gleams on the distant deep?

" That with unweary'd step ascends
The promontory's height,
Oft as the melancholy main
Reflects the lunar light;

" And there, to winds that murmur low,
That sings so sadly sweet,
And still her toiling eye-balls strains
The gliding sail to meet?"

O! wonder not, that, stranger there,
You hear the song of woe;
And mark the lovely Maniac stand,
And watch the waves below.

Hark! to the story of her woe,
As, from yon rude rock's height,
She pours the dying notes of grief
On the dull ear of night.

" Can winds, with envy fraught and hate,
The sails of Love detain?
Or can the waves refuse to speed
A lover o'er the main?

" Ye stars, that gem the brow of night,
Or glimmer o'er the steep;
Or hide your orbs in clouds, or bathe
Your tresses in the deep;

" Shine forth, in all your splendour bright,
To guide him on his way,
Nor, with malignant influence fraught,
A lover's steps delay.

" And thou, pale moon, that travell'st far,
Thy friendly light bestow,
For thou wert witness to his love,
His tears, and parting vow.

" For him, ye sea-nymphs, cease to pour
Your wildly-warbled strains,
Nor lure him to your green retreats,
To bind him in your chains.

" What shades incline my love to stay?
Or hide him from my view?
Art thou the sport of wayward fate?
Or is thy heart untrue?

" Hast thou forgot thy plighted vows?
And Lucy lost her charms?
And not a thought of other days
Thy raptur'd bosom warms?

" Though with the smiling cherub, Peace,
My waning beauty flew,
Wilt thou not love thy Lucy still
As thou wert wont to do?

" Alas! 'tis all for thee, that grief
Has dimm'd her eyes with tears;
That on her channell'd cheek no more
The rose of health appears!

" For thee, that to the mercy-seat
Her supplications rise;
The day is seen through clouds of woe,
The night is spent in sighs!

" For thee, that with the sun she climbs
The promontory's height,
And lingers there till ocean's wave
Reflects the lunar light!"

Long shall she stray these haunts among,
To watch the gliding sail;
That bark shall ne'er return, for which
She keeps her vigils pale.

The youth for whom she breathes the sigh,
And climbs the steep in vain,
Now sleeps the long—long sleep of death,
Beneath the roaring main!

Poor child of grief! didst thou not weep?
Did not thy bosom bleed?
Till Reason fled thy fever'd brain,
And left thee poor indeed!

But Hope a happiness imparts
That Truth could ne'er have given,
And mingles with the cup of woe
A soothing draught from Heaven.

Yet not by thee fair Nature's face
Was always seen through tears,
Nor always pale thy chamell'd cheek,
Where health no more appears.

'Twas when for thee on Avon's side
Love lighted up the day,
And lent new power to Beauty's charms,
And bade thy heart be gay.

Who of the youth by Avon's wave
With Edwin could compare?
And 'mong the maids that haunt its banks,
As Lucy, who so fair?

Love's sweet contagion soon was caught,
And quickly too reveal'd,
And in the holy eye of Heaven
By mutual vows was seal'd.

Oft in the blossom-woven bower
They breath'd alternate vows,
And shar'd that interchange of heart
That Virtue only knows:

Or led the walk along the mead,
Beneath the dewy light,
What time the star of twilight shone,
Or the fair queen of night.

But, Edwin, these are virgin charms
That thou must ne'er possess,
Unless from Fortune thou canst win
The smile, and bland caress.

Go! Edwin, go! and urge the chace,
Since nought but gold can move
The eye of Avarice to smile
Propitious on thy love.

Go! ply th' illimitable search,
From Indus to the Pole;
Go! and the flatterer, Hope, shall shed
Her day-dreams on thy soul;

And Love shall lend his pleasing aid
To cheat the lingering hours,
And Fancy give the Maid to range
With thee Idalian bowers.

He went:—the tempest swift descends,
The billows threat the skies,—
The wreck is strew'd along the strand,—
The hapless lover dies!

Divided pair! your tender tale
Shall to the Muse be dear,
And oft her pity shall bestow
The tributary tear.

And oft to the responsive lyre
Your story shall relate,
And mourn that love so true, should meet
On earth no better fate.

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE, SHEFFIELD,

On the Occasion of a Play, performed by Desire of Colonel, the Right Hon. the Earl of Effingham, and the Sheffield Volunteer Infantry.

WRITTEN BY MR. E. RHODES.

Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.

Speaks as entering:—
" Hang up our banners on the outer walls,
" The cry is still " *They come.*"

SHAKESPEAR.

And let them come; who talks, who thinks of fear,
When every British lad's a Volunteer?
When good old England sees her patriot host
Form the firm line that guards their native coast,
And the proud structure which her laws have rear'd,
By all defended, and to all endear'd:
Nor less elate, she views the hardy Tar,
Nursed in the strife of elemental war,
Tho' tempests blacken and the surges roar,
His watch-tower keep on Gallia's hostile shore;
Safe in whose ports the pent-up mischief rides,
Awed by that power which triumphs o'er the tides:
Whilst baffled hatred, scowling o'er the main,
Rolls the fierce eye and champs the teeth in vain.

Our fathers found this island poor and rude,
With social joys they cheer'd the solitude:
They gave it Laws, Religion, Power, and State;
They gave it all that makes a nation great;
They spread its empire o'er the subject sea;
They made it STRONG and RICH—they made it FREE!
And shall, in after times, our children say,
We gave the dear inheritance away?
What! we the dear inheritance forego?
No! by the spirits of our fathers, no!
Celestial Peace! all lovely as thou art,
Dear as the blood that warms the human heart!
Patron of Science! source of every good!
The rich man's BLESSING, and the poor man's FOOD!
O, might thy gentler influence prevail,
Trade ope her mines, and Commerce spread her sail!
Yet, what avail, sweet Peace! thy loveliest charms,
When injured England cries aloud "To ARMS!"
To arms, with eager haste, her sons advance,
And, *single handed*, dare the power of France.
England alone! degenerate Europe hear!
By every tie, that Honour holds most dear;
By thy long suffering, by thine alter'd state!
Thy great made little, and thy little great:
And O, by fair Italia's ravaged plains!
By her sack'd cities, and her plunder'd fanes!
By Egypt's wrongs! and by that dreadful night,
When old Nile listen'd to Aboukir's fight!
By the hot blood that smoked on Jaffa's plains!
By the fell drug that drank the sick man's veins!
By Abercromby's death! by all the brave,
Who sought and found, with him, a soldier's grave!
Europe awake! why slumbers still thy might?
Glory shall prompt, and Conquest crown the fight.

Batavia yet may cast her chains away,
And hail the dawning of a brighter day:
The voice of gladness cheer her childrens' hearts,
And Commerce throng her now forsaken marts.
E'en the poor Swiss, oppress'd and harass'd long,
May tune to Liberty his mountain song;
May find restored his heritage on earth,
And once more love the place that gave him birth.
But tho' no TELL in Europe's cause embark,
And speed thine arrow, Freedom! to its mark:
Tho' bleeding nations feel the' oppressor's chain,
And mourn their mightiest struggles made in vain;
Yet thy green isles, O Britain! still shall be
The HOME, the PROUDEST HOME, of LIBERTY.

THE PEASANT's SLEEP.

SWEET is the peasant's sleep!
Sweet, if by toil he earn his bread:
He knows not half the care and dread
Which agitate the rich man's mind,
And make him watch and weep;
But, casting sorrow to the wind,
Sweet is the peasant's sleep!

Refreshing are his dreams!
No tantalizing scenes of wealth
Mock him, possess'd of ease and health,
He fears not murderers, storms, nor fire,
The rich man's nightly themes;
But Innocence and Peace inspire
His light and pleasant dreams.

And when the cheerful morn
The watchful cock proclaims aloud,
Light fly his slumbers, as a cloud,
Reflected by the noonday sun,
On wings of light is borne;
No head-ach veils, in mantle dun,
The peasant's happy morn.

Goddess of sweet repose!
When toil invites my limbs to rest,
With thy warm pinions shield my breast;
Breathe through my lips thy kindest dreams,
My willing eyelids close,
And as the peasant's slumber seems,
Be such my sound repose.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing a Foxhunter painted with a Book in his Hand.

BY J. BRENNAN, ESQ.

Let Poets and Painters their fancy pursue,
So they keep probability always in view;
But what censure does that silly fellow require
Who has painted a *book* in the hands of a *squire*?

FROM TASSO's AMINTA.

ACT I.—CHORUS OF SHEPHERDS.

HAPPY, happy age of gold!
—Not because in copious stream,
Rich the milky rivers roll'd;
—Not because with luscious gleam,
Honey from the woods distill'd;
While along the unfurrowed plain,
Spontaneous wav'd the golden grain;
And no black envenom'd snake,
Hissing from the tangled brake,
The reaper's heart with horror thrill'd;
—Not because no dark'ning cloud
Sail'd along the blue serene;
But smiling Spring on earth bestow'd
A vesture of eternal green;
—Nor yet because no vent'rous bark convey'd
The fierce assault of war, or trickful arts of trade:

But because that empty name—
Error's idol—gaudy cheat—
Rais'd by the vulgar breath to Fame—
The gilded goddess of deceit;

Honour, the tyrant of our joys,
O Pleasure! in thy mantling bowl,
Whose taste exhilarates the soul,
Infus'd no bitter dregs of pain;
But, free from care, the amorous train,
Enraptur'd, clasp'd the beauteous prize.
Then, from rigorous trammels free,
From bliss to bliss the shepherds rov'd,
And sung the sweets of Liberty:
Loving still—and still belov'd—
No cold restraint congeal'd the soul with awe,
Instinct their only guide, and Will their only law.

Then, tripping o'er the fragrant flow'rs,
By the murmuring rivulet's side,
While frolic wing'd the passing hours,
And through the mazy dance they hy'd,
The lovelings bore no fatal bow—
No blazing torch they wav'd around—
But seated on th' enamell'd ground,
Nymphs and swains in pairs array'd,
Gently breath'd the ardent vow;
—Murmurs bland, caresses kind,
Melting looks provoke the bliss,
While lips of coral, thrice refin'd,
Imbibe the soft tenacious kiss:
No envious stole the virgin's beauties shade,
—One glassy fountain laves the youth and sportive maid.

But never, never to return!
Too soon is fled this blissful age!
—With amorous thirst, when lovers burn,
And fancy kindles into rage,

Seal'd is the fountain of delight.
—Aw'd by HONOUR's stern controul,
The lips no longer breathe the soul;
No longer from the eye of fire,
Beams the glance of fond desire,
Blazing with resistless light.
The locks that floated on the breeze,
No longer wanton unconfin'd;
Restrain'd, the nameless winning ways,
The index of the melting mind;
Relentless HONOUR! by thy stern command,
Furtive and scant the joys once dealt with lib'ral hand.

Author of our bitterest pains—
Tyrant of Nature—bane of Love—
Wherefore, 'mid the rural plains,
Thy sway should simple shepherds prove?
Haste! away! with turbid dream
Distract the slumbers of the great,
And pall the joys of kingly state:
—But let Nature's darling child,
The tenant of the Sylvan wild,
Sail smoothly down Time's rapid stream:
Our moments speed their hasty flight,
And brief is life's uncertain day;
Then let us snatch the dear delight,
And taste Love's raptures while we may.
The setting sun remounts the Eastern wave—
But, ah! no sun illumes the darkness of the grave.

W. SHEPHERD.

GATEACRE.

THE REVIEWERS.

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat.

Sage Hegesistratus hath said,
That poor blind Homer begg'd his bread,
And few, till death had stopt his tongue,
Or knew, or car'd how well he sung;
But when his bones were laid in earth,
Five cities wrangled for his birth:
So went the ancient world, and so
The world to the world's end will go.
No man his neighbour's worth can spy,
Whilst he himself stands gaping by;
For it wou'd vex a saint to see
How happy the vain thing wou'd be:
But let him die, and then we raise
His monument, and sing his praise;
Then Bacon carves the immortal bust,
When its original is dust.

But for these arts the sons of rhime
Wou'd lead the Muse a weary time,
Tippling their Helicon all day,
If no one dash'd their cup away,
Till grown pot-valiant and stout,
They'd kick this foot-ball world about,
And seize the magisterial chair,
Tho' beadle Criticism there
In dignity of dulness sits,
And keeps a whipping-post for wits.

We know there is a certain brute,
Whose braying keeps the Lion mute,
And therefore critics strain their throats
To utter those discordant notes,
Which, when the lordly creature hears,
He flags his tail and hangs his ears;
But sure that jest would hardly pass,
If the brave beast cou'd see the Ass.

As Teucer's arrows swept the field,
Launch'd from beneath the sev'n-fold shield:
So, from their hiding-holes, *Reviewers*
Volley their magazine of skewers;
And Genius finds, where'er they fall,
The point, tho' blunt, was dipt in gall.

VINDEX.

ON SEEING THE SUN

Shine in at my Window for the first Time this Year.

CALM the western sun declines,
Red his evening glory shines,
Long by wintry clouds conceal'd,
Now he glows, he burns reveal'd!
Now he darts a stronger ray,
And smiles upon the lengthen'd day!
It comes, it comes, the welcome beam!
See the ruddy radiance stream;
See the long-lost splendour fall
Playful on the dusky wall!

Hail, lovely stranger, to my cell!
Here with studious Silence dwell;
Disperse the cold, ungenial dews,
And wake to song the torpid Muse!
Touch'd by thee with living fire,
Joyous sounds the feather'd choir;
By thee the glitt'ring insect throng
Fill the air with murm'ring song;
From clime to clime the tribes of spring
Follow thee with gaudy wing;
The birds, the flowers, thy light obey,
All that gem the car of May;
Unblest by thee, with drooping head
They sink within their earthy bed.
Let others fly the golden noon,
To stray beneath the pallid moon,
And in languid strains relate
Hapless loves, and hostile fate,
While the cold and glimm'ring ray
Sadly glides, the ghost of day,
And the boding owlets scream,
Flitting thro' the doubtful gleam;
Be mine to hail the source of light,
When the west attracts his sight;
Let him my chearful song employ,
God of music, life, and joy!
And when sportive Youth expires,
Feeling cools, and Fancy tires,
Often may his evening glow
Gild again my locks of snow;
Oft at noon, with tott'ring feet,
May I court his vital heat;
Amid his radiance bask at will,
And smiling bid him welcome still.

L. A.

BISHOP BONNER'S GHOST.

BY THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

THE ARGUMENT.

In the Gardens of the Palace at Fulham is a dark recess: at the end of this stands a chair which once belonged to Bishop Bonner. A certain Bishop of London, more than 200 years after the death of the afore-said Bonner, just as the clock of the Gothic chapel had struck six, undertook to cut with his own hand a narrow walk through this thicket, which is since called the MONK'S WALK. He had no sooner began to clear the way, than, lo! suddenly up started from the chair the ghost of Bishop Bonner, who in a tone of just and bitter indignation uttered the following verses.

REFORMER, hold! ah, spare my shade,
Respect the hallow'd dead;
Vain prayer! I see the op'ning glade,
See utter darkness fled.

Just so your innovating hand
Let in the moral light;
So, chas'd from this bewilder'd land,
Fled intellectual night.

Where now that holy gloom which hid
Fair Truth from vulgar ken?
Where now that Wisdom which forbid
To think that monks were men?

The tangled mazes of the schools,
Which spread so thick before,
Which knaves entwin'd to puzzle fools,
Shall catch mankind no more.

These charming intricacies, where?
  These venerable lies,
These legends once the Church's care,
  These sweet perplexities?

Oh, fatal age, when sons combin'd
  Of credit to exhaust us;
Ah, fatal age, which gave mankind
  A Luther and a Faustus!

Had only Jack and Martin liv'd,
  Our power had slowly fled;
Our influence longer had surviv'd,
  Had laymen never read.

For knowledge flew like magic spell,
  By typographic art;
Oh, shame! a Peasant now can tell,
  If Priests the truth impart.

Ye councils, pilgrimages, creeds,
  Synods, decrees, and rules,
The warrants of unholy deeds,
  Indulgencies, and bulls!

Where are ye now? and where, alas!
  The pardons we dispense,
And penances, the sponge of sins,
  And Peter's holy pence?

Where now the beads which used to swell
  Lean Virtue's spare amount?
Here only Faith and Goodness fill
  A Heretic's account.

But soft, what gracious form appears?
Is this a convent's life?
Atrocious sight! by all my fears,
A Prelate with a Wife!

Ah, sainted Mary, not for this
Our pious labours join'd,
The witcheries of domestic bliss
Had shook e'en Gardiner's mind.

Hence all the sinful human ties
Which mar the cloister's plan,
Hence all the weak fond charities
Which make man feel for man.

But tortur'd Memory vainly speaks
The projects we design'd,
While this apostate Bishop seeks
The freedom of mankind.

Oh! born in ev'ry thing to shake
The systems plann'd by me,
So heterodox that he would make
Both soul and body free.

Nor clime nor colour stays his hand,
With Charity deprav'd,
He would, from Thames to Gambia's strand,
Have all be free and sav'd.

And who shall change his wayward heart,
His wilful spirit turn?
For those his labours can't convert,
His weakness will not burn.

A GOOD OLD PAPIST.

ANNO DOM. 1900.

THE SWITCH, OR MAID OF KENDAL.

A TALE FOR THE LADIES;

Respectfully addressed to the Spinstresses of the United Empire.

BY WM. CAREY, ESQ.

THE Muse's vernal shades beneath,
From busy themes, awhile, I breathe,
No more the fate of war rehearse,
Dear, lovely Woman claims my verse.
Ye Fair, who beauty justly prize,
And in the mirror turn your eyes,
With growing pleasure ev'ry hour,
Exulting in your sov'reign pow'r,
To triumph in the vermeil glow
That youth and happy days bestow;
To practise o'er *to-morrow's* wiles
Of radiant looks and pensive smiles;
To teach the ringlets where to play,
That o'er the lovely forehead stray,
The braid coronal proudly deck,
Or lightly shade the snowy neck;
The virgin bosom—But, beware
My Muse! nor let Description dare,

With bold unhallow'd gaze, to rove
Beneath the mystic veil of love.
Ye *Maids*, my serious tale attend,
And own the Poet for your friend:
What, though you pride in show and dressing,
A husband's a substantial blessing.
Near Kendal, in a neat abode,
Sequester'd from the dusty road,
There liv'd—I don't exactly know
How many years it was ago—
A widow, who, at fifty, found
Old age upon her gaining ground;
So quickly she began to break,
Her sight grew dim, her feeling weak;
A plaguy deafness stopp'd her ears;
Yet, still, she struggl'd with her fears:
But, *when a palsy seiz'd her tongue*,
A weight upon her spirits hung,
For she was sure *that fatal sign*
Foretold a woman's last decline!
Fearing to leave alone her daughter,
To wed she earnestly besought her.—
The lovely Dora, young and gay,
In blooming beauty's sportive May,
While ev'ry morn bestow'd a lover,
Could, at a glance, their faults discover.
Instructed, in *Lavater's* school,
To love and hate by settled rule,
She, *by their features*, could detect
Each hypocrite of ev'ry sect;
By form of eye-brows could foretel
Who'd act the husband ill or well;
In broad sleek countenance could find
The symbol of an empty mind;

In deep blue eye, and pointed chin,
Could reckon ev'ry spendthrift sin;
And prove the owner void of grace,
By dint of his *immoral face.*
Red hair, a cruel soul display'd;
The flaxen hue, a knave betray'd;
A thrifty Suitor woo'd her *pelf*;
The handsome, only lov'd—*himself*;
The vice of *play* in this she fear'd;
Too light and fickle that appear'd;
This short in person; that too tall;
An *income* or a *nose* too small;
In these, or crimes like these, detected,
Her lovers were with scorn rejected.—
The Matron, an experienced dame,
Would seriously her daughter blame;
And quaver out some ancient saying,
" *The danger of a maid's delaying.*"—
Then warmly would the matter push,
" *What signifies a bird in bush?*—
" One *caught*,—good women understand—
" *Is worth a hundred out of hand!*"—
" Dear Dora go"—one day, she said—
" Unto the hedge, in yonder mead,
The STRAIGHTEST SWITCH from thence to chuse—
But all your best discretion use;
At yonder elm your search commence,
Success will best approve your sense;
Reject not without hesitation,
And chuse with due deliberation;
For, mark me, *where you once refuse,*
You must not turn again to chuse."
The Maid reply'd—" By yonder stile
I'll go—and stay so short a while,

You may fill out my tea to cool;
Thank Heav'n! I'm not so great a fool,
Nor yet, I think, so very blind,
But what you want I'll quickly find."
  Then, breathing sweets, with spirits gay,
Light o'er the turf she tripp'd away;
Soon pass'd the stile, the elm beside,
A TALL, STRAIGHT SWITCH, at once, she spied:
She stretch'd her hand—but, hesitating,
And inwardly deliberating,
Though much averse to loiter long,
" To chuse *so quickly* might be wrong:—
Mamma was good—her stay might fret her—
But, *farther on*, she saw a *better*."
To that she flew, but found, when near,
It did *not quite so straight* appear:
One, *farther still*, she saw, and then
She found herself deceiv'd again.
'Twas odd, but with more crooked bent
They grew, the farther on she went:
At ev'ry step, now, more perplex'd,
She oft look'd back, asham'd and vex'd,
Through apprehensions of the worst,
Regretting that she left the first;
And, chusing none, when all were pass'd,
Return'd without a Switch at last.
  Ye Maids! alas, her tea was cold!
And sick Mamma ev'n still could scold;
But having fully gain'd her view,
This moral from the fact she drew:
  " There is a tide—I hate delays—
" In Man's affairs—as *Milton* * says—

* *Milton* for *Shakespeare*; a proof that the old Lady's memory had, in some degree, participated in the failure of her other powers.

" He might have said, in *Woman's* too—
" And, if he had—'twere full as true—
" That should be taken at the flood,
" Or neither ever come to good.
" Dear Dora—as you could not find
" In yon, a SWITCH to please your mind,
" So, I'm afraid, your curious eye
" May pass the crowd of lovers by.
" Remember youth not long will tarry,
" And you may, one day, wish to marry;
" You then may for a Husband sigh
" When Men, in turn, will pass you by."—
She ceas'd.—The Maid with frowns replied,
The wise old Dame soon after dy'd.—
The years roll'd on; *Dorinda gay,*
In pleasure laugh'd the years away;
'Till graver grown, and somewhat mellow,
She vow'd to please some charming fellow;
At *forty,* rather in a haste,
Resolv'd no more *her youth* to waste;
The tender frolic seiz'd her head,
And she was fix'd, *at once,* to wed;
But strange, alas, no Lover offer'd,
Where crowds so oft their vows had proffer'd.
The years roll'd on,—*Dorinda sad,*
With *hope delay'd,* grew almost mad:
Dame Scandal whisper'd that she swore
To trust *Lavater's* rules no more:
Paints, patches, powders, cosmetics,
She hourly try'd, her charms to fix;
Call'd ev'ry fashion to her aid,
And ev'ry rage of mode display'd;
But Art with Nature strove in vain,
Through all disguise the fact was plain;

This dreadful truth her mirror told,
" *You once were young, you now are old.*"—
Time stole her bloom, and, in despair,
She saw him thin her changing hair;
Grown fretful, pale, and discontented,
She bitterly the past repented,
And, having cool'd her squeamish pride,
To FOOTMAN JOHN *became a Bride!*
Oh think, ye Fair, when youth is past
What poor old Maids endure at last;
Neglect not then, in beauty's prime,
To chuse a proper Switch in time.

TO AN ORANGE TREE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE CHEVALIER DE PARNY.

ORANGE tree! whose foliage dark
Serv'd our transports to conceal;
Let me on thy tender bark
This grand truth, to them reveal,

Who, in soft luxurious leisure,
May beside thy stem be laid,
That if man could die of pleasure,
I had died beneath thy shade.

STANZAS TO MARY.

O MARY! whilst the beams of joy
Within thy fickle bosom shine,
Thou little heed'st, thou little know'st,
The bitter pangs that torture mine.
Whilst Fancy paints the world serene,
And Hope with wanton song beguiles;
I sigh amidst the crowded scene,
And think on thy deluding smiles.

When Rapture to her hall invites,
Or bids thee through her mazes fly,
The night-star guides my wand'ring feet,
The chill gale bears my wasting sigh.
Each mournful night my footstep calls
To ruin'd scenes and tott'ring aisles;
Where, far from Rapture's revel halls,
I think on thy deluding smiles.

O Mary! when the bands of sleep
With sweet compulsion seal thine eyes,
Think'st thou the dream that crowns thy rest,
E'er to my couch of sorrow flies?
The only bliss my soul can know,
The only vision that beguiles,
Is just to steal awhile from woe,
And dream of thy deluding smiles.

When to the voice of Pride I turn,
  And clothe my sorrow in disdain;
When darkness shrouds my sinking form,
  And silence lures me to complain:
Alike in dreary scenes forlorn,
  Or 'midst the world's betraying wiles,
Fond Mem'ry checks the rising scorn,
  And dwells on thy deluding smiles.

P. M. JANUS.

FREE TRANSLATION

OF SOME

LATIN LINES BY FORTIN.

Ah! wou'd the Fates, who tore thee from my arms,
In all the plentitude of youthful charms,
Grant my fond pray'r, beyond the verge of day
My disencumber'd soul shou'd wing its way.
If in those realms of bliss we may review
Those kindred spirits who on earth were true;
If once again to breathe our mutual vows,
And love for endless ages heaven allows,
To rise triumphant from the darkling tomb,
Approving seraphs shou'd my course illume;
Thro' pathless tracks untrodden and unknown,
I'd seek my bride, and claim her as my own.

B.

THE MANIAC.

As I stray'd o'er a common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd;
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surrounded,
At her side speckled daisies and crow-flowers abounded;
To its inmost recess her poor heart had been wounded,
Her sighs were unceasing, 'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded;
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek;
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck;
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd "Oh! my mother!
"See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
"They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip another;
"'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More!"

"Tho' his locks are as white as the foam of the ocean,
"Those soldiers shall find that my father is brave;
"My father!" she cry'd with the wildest emotion,
"Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave;

" They have toll'd his death-bell, they've laid the
turf o'er him;
" His white locks were bloody, no aid can restore him;
" He is gone! He is gone! and the Good will deplore
him,
" When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew near
her,
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay;
" Hush! hush!" she continued, " the trumpet sounds
clearer;
" The horsemen approach; Erin's daughters, away!"
Ah! Britons, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er her pale father a wretch had been mourning!
Go hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

" Away! bring the ointment! Oh! God! see those
gashes!
" Alas! my poor brother, come dry the big tear;
" Anon we'll have vengeance for those dreadful lashes,
" Already the screech-owls and ravens appear;
" By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
" With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make my
pillow,
" Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd
billow,
" Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor Maniac in tones more heart-
rending
Than Sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo! on the waste, and their march to'ards her
bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanc'd to appear.

"Oh! the fiends!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started,
Then thro' the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted;
With an overcharg'd bosom, I slowly departed,
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY MISS STRETFIELD.

Distill'd amidst the gloom of night,
Dark hangs the dew-drop on the thorn,
Till, notic'd by approaching light,
It glitters in the smile of morn.

Morn soon retires: her feeble power
The Sun out-beams with genial day,
And gently, in benignant hour,
Exhales the liquid pearl away.

Thus, on Affliction's sable bed,
Deep sorrows rise, of saddest hue;
Condensing round the mourner's head,
They bathe the cheek with chilly dew.

Though Pity shews her dawn from heaven,
When kind she points assistance near,
To Friendship's sun alone 'tis given
To soothe and dry the mourner's tear.

A RIDDLE.

BLITHE Aphrodite, ever young,
Was shapen from the foam of sea:
Of purer crystal I am sprung,
And smoother billows fashion'd me.

Cupid and I both bend our bows,
By Beauty's temples both incline;
He o'er his eyes a bandage throws;
A twofold lustre gleams from mine.

Like him, the fringed brow I seek,
And aid each lurking charm to spy;
Like him, I pillow on the cheek,
And nestle near the languid eye.

A quiver on his shoulder shines,
In rattling case my powers I hide:
In couples, he the young confines;
In pairs, a graver throng I guide.

Of him let head-long Passion learn:
Philosophy learns much through me.
Can you not yet my name discern—
I've help'd you, I suspect, to see?

PASTORAL BALLAD.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

O! SHARE my cottage, dearest Maid,
Beneath a mountain, wild and high,
It nestles in a silent glade,
And a clear river wanders by;
Each tender care, each honest art
Shall chase all future want from thee,
If thy sweet lips consent impart
To climb these craggy hills with me.

Far from the City's vain parade
No scornful brow shall there be seen;
No dull impertinence invade,
Nor Envy base, nor sullen Spleen;
The shadowy rocks, that circle round,
From storms shall guard our sylvan cell,
And there shall every Joy be found
That loves in peaceful vales to dwell.

When late the tardy Sun shall peer
And faintly gild yon little Spire;
When nights are long, and frosts severe,
And our clean hearth is bright with fire,
Sweet tales to read, sweet songs to sing!—
O! they shall drown the wind and rain,
E'en till the soften'd Year shall bring
Merry Spring-time back again!

Then hawthorns, flowering in the Glen,
  Shall guard the warbling feather'd Throng;
Nor boast the busy haunts of Men
  So fair a scene, so sweet a song.
Thy arms the new-yean'd Lamb will shield,
  And to the sunny shelter bear,
While o'er the rough and breathing field
  My hands impel the gleaming Share.

Ne'er doubt our wheaten ears will rise,
  And full their yellow harvest glow,
Then taste with me the sprightly joys
  That Love, and Industry bestow;
Their jocund power shall banish Strife;
  Her clouds no passing day will see,
Since all the leisure hours of life
  Shall still be spent in pleasing *thee*.

THE EXCHANGE OF HEARTS.

We pledg'd our hearts, my love and I,
  I in my arms the maiden clasping;
I could not guess the reason why,
  But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.

Her father's leave she bade me gain;
  I went, but shook like any reed!
I strove to act the man—in vain!
  We had exchang'd our hearts indeed.

S. T. C.

EPITAPH

On Mrs. De Medina, Wife of Solomon De Medina, Esq. of Stoke Newington.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

Let shrouded Grandeur o'er her sleeping dust
Swell the proud pile, and rear the breathing bust;
But when at length the trophy'd splendors fade,
And marbles mingle with that dust they shade,
Virtue still towers, eternal and sublime,
Above the rage of Fate, the wrecks of Time!
Thro' ages shines with undiminish'd beam,
And pours thro' Death's dark vault a chearing gleam.
The sainted shade, whose dust lies here inurn'd,
With all her genuine fires impassion'd burn'd!
Heav'n too its choicest noblest gift bestow'd,
And in her soul the flame of Genius glow'd!
How bright the meed, when Virtue, Genius join
Around the tomb the double wreathe to twine;
How firm the adamantine structure stands,
Rear'd to the just by their immortal hands!
Blest spirit! that now roam'st yon azure fields,
What mingled pangs and joy remembrance yields;
As all thy merits, all thy suff'rings rise,
In long review before our wond'ring eyes!
These, great as e'er thy lovely kind possess'd,
Those, dire as ever rack'd the human breast!
Thro' all triumphant beam'd th' unshaken mind,
In life unspotted, and in death resign'd!

With native Goodness, Taste, and Science fraught,
Thine was the lib'ral heart, th' expanded thought,
And, while thy eloquence our bosoms warm'd,
Thy wit delighted, and thy sense inform'd.
At home, by ev'ry social charm endear'd,
Abroad, by an admiring world rever'd.
Long shall the conjugal, the filial tear,
Embalm thy ashes, and bedew thy bier;
Long shall thy sex thy bright example fire,
Thy fervid zeal their kindling breast inspire,
Like thee with active piety to soar,
And wisdom at its dazzling fount explore;
Life's transient day to pass, like thee, approv'd,
On earth applauded, and by Heav'n belov'd!

LINES

Addressed by Bettinelli to his Niece, then about to take the Veil.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

I, DEAREST Niece, first of our family,
Fled from the treach'rous waves and storms of life,
Nor ever could fair skies and flattering gales
Tempt me again to trust the dang'rous sea.
Still does the tempest beat the little bark
That bore me here, nor mid so deep a night
See I one star, whose friendly ray may save
The Mariner. Make you then for the port,
Toil for this holy haven! Innocence
And Virtue will assist;—beloved! here
Is comfort, and the end of every ill.
And I have hope that we shall one day here
Beside the altar hang our broken sails,
And smile together at the distant storm.

ON THE DEATH

OF

ALEXANDER THOMSON, Esq.

Author of "The Paradise of Taste," &c.

THE moon emerging from the sparkling waves,
Flings her wan lustre o'er yon dewy graves;
Where shivering phantoms, as the pale beam falls,
Shrink to the gloom that shades yon hoary walls *.
There the green turf, by widowed Beauty blest,
Waves its chill'd verdure o'er her Poet's breast—
There viewless forms on whispering wings shall come,
When starry midnight lights her vaulted dome,
And pour the mournful music of the sky,
Where pale in death the unconscious relics lie.
Ah! in that hour when Friendship's watchful eye †
Saw o'er his cheek the transient hectics fly,
Still love believed—the fitful struggle past,—
The palsied bosom might revive at last;

* The Grey Friars Church.

† On the 7th of November, 1803, in the evening, while this amiable and ingenious Poet was conversing with his friend, Dr. Robert Anderson, in the midst of his family, he was seized with a paralytic affection, which, in a moment, deprived him of sense and motion, and, in a few hours, of life, in the 43d year of his age. A disconsolate widow and six infant daughters survive to remember his virtues, to deplore his loss.

That life's pure stream might warm each frozen vein,
And chase the heavy stupor of the brain;
The pale damp brow, the cold convulsed frame,
The eye, where trembled life's expiring flame,
Bade the fond wish that fluttered round her heart,
In the last sigh of dying Hope depart.
Unwearied Friendship watch'd the labouring breath
That shook the lip of agonized death,
Caught the last groan that heaved his aching breast,
Closed the dimm'd eye in everlasting rest,
And sooth'd the widow'd mourner's piercing cry,
While throbbed her heart in tearless agony.
To her sad breast her babes unconscious clung,
While transient grief each guileless bosom wrung;
Tho' deep the sob, and keen the bitter sigh,
Light pass the woes of playful Infancy;
But can revolving Time, can Fancy's beam
Restore the bliss of Youth's romantic dream;
Or bid the soul, by secret anguish worn,
Own the warm transports of her early morn?
Even the gay flowers, by youthful genius wove,
A votive chaplet for the shrine of Love,
Glow for a while in heaven's celestial bloom,
Then fade and sicken in sepulchral gloom!
Oh, did thy soul in *Deanston's** classic bower
Presage the anguish of this lonely hour?
Say, lovely Mourner, when the varying gale,
Blew from the mountain cliffs that shade the vale;
Or when the pine-tree bowed its stately form,
Flung its strong branch, and struggled with the storm.

* Near Down, in Monteith, the residence of the Poet in 1796 and 1797.

Oh! didst thou dream, that soon the storms would
rave,
And thy sad heart beat o'er the gloomy grave!
When Genius' woke for thee the living lyre,
And hovering Fancy gave her holiest fire;
While glowing scenes rush'd on thy Poet's eye,
Bright in the changing colours of the sky,
Thou sawest the fairy groves of Hope arise,
Peopled with forms from opening paradise,
And while she sung of blissful years to come,
Spread her light wings, and veiled the yawning tomb!

ADELINE.

EDINBURGH, DEC. 24, 1803.

HUNTING SONG.

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

Extracted from an "Essay," composed by that gentleman, "On the Rise and Progress of Rhime," in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy for the year 1803.—This Song, as the *Essay* professes, is a translation of an Indian Song, composed in the language of the *Naudowessees*, one of the Huronic tribes in North-America.

ERE the rising sunbeams break,
I the lofty mountain seek;
Watch the new light's earliest ray,
Chasing the dark clouds away.

Spirit, hear! when comes the night,
Silver moon, O lend thy light!
To my tent oh speed my way,
Laden with the Hunter's prey!

PRAISE OF WOMAN.

EARTH's direst plagues alight on them,
Who yet arraign our Parent stem,
In Adam, who the love condemn
of Woman!

What if that rogue y'clep'd the Devil,
Prone much in wickedness to revel,
Did man's primeval grandeur level
through Woman:

Too well he knew, the wily Fiend,
Who must his artful tale attend,
So deeply work'd his fateful end
by Woman.

And yet but for that fruit of doom,
In vain were Eve's transcendent bloom;
For fruitless still had been the womb
of Woman.

Now who, from that decisive hour,
Though Fortune chill, and Misery sour,
Could long withstand the plastic pow'r
of Woman?

How poor is life, of love bereav'd!
If what we wish be but believ'd,
O, let us still be undeceiv'd
to Woman!—

Still, for the soul-seducing eyes!
Still, for the heart's spontaneous sighs!
The magic of the mind, that lies
in Woman.

Avaunt complaint, if charms like these
Through Youth's delightful circle please,
Though Sickness prey, or Age should seize
the Woman!

Scarcely our vernal transports past,
Pleasure's fair dawn is overcast;
Those transports, why expect to last
in Woman?

Earth's direst plagues alight on them
Who yet arraign our Parent stem,
In Adam who the love condemn
of Woman!

Victims of misanthropic woe,
Be their's in no kind hour to know
All the dear charities that flow
from Woman.

Around their knees no children cling,
Renew'd in Age life's blooming Spring;
Nor to their arms, on Love's soft wing,
haste Woman.

Long on the bed of anguish laid,
Nature's worn pulse at last decay'd,
There, may they mourn the needed aid
of Woman:

Ah, then—that bitter scene to chear,
Be no bright consolation near,
There, never drop the soothing tear
of Woman!

Such be through life his bosom's smart,
And so, unwept, from life depart
The wretch who cannot find a heart
for Woman.

AMICUS.

A COMPARISON.

Saw you the Sun obscur'd at noon,
Burst through the mist, and fiercer blaze?
Saw you at eve the clouded Moon
Shine out, and shed soul-soothing rays?

Oh! thus shall Truth's eternal beam
Consume foul Falsehood's venom'd shroud!
Thus, thus shall lovely Virtue gleam
Thro' Calumny's malignant cloud!

A. E.

EPITAPH

*On the Most Noble Douglas Hamilton Douglas *, Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, &c. &c. &c.*

BY JOHN DUNLOP, ESQ. †

HERE lies reposed, beneath this sculptured stone,
All that remains of Princely Hamilton!
All that remains of Beauty, Strength, and Health,
Graced by high lineage, and the gifts of wealth.

Exulting Nature, when the Child was born,
Lavished her stores, the favourite to adorn,
And as the beauteous boy to Manhood sprung,
Knit every joint, and every sinew strung:
Gave grace to motion, to exertion ease,
A mien unrivalled, and a power to please.

She crowned him with Perception's brightest beam,
She bathed his heart in Friendship's sacred stream,
O'er his fine form her radiant mantle threw,
And with his strength her choicest talents grew.
Oh! gifts neglected, talents misapplied,
Favours contemned, and fortune unenjoyed—

* His Grace was born on the 24th of July, 1756, and died on the 1st of August, 1799.

† Author of the Ode to the Right Hon. H. Dundas, Grouse Shooting in the Highlands, after retiring from office in 1801. Poetical Register for 1801. Page 254. This Epitaph has been erroneously ascribed to other hands.

At this sad shrine the serious man may find
A striking moral to engage his mind,
And the rash Youth, who runs his wild career,
May tremble at the lesson taught him here,
While baffled Nature kneels desponding by,
And hails the shade of *Douglas*, with a sigh.—

THE FOND WIFE,

TO HER

HUSBAND AT SEA.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

WHILE heaving billows rock that aching head,
And frequent squalls thy troubled slumbers rend:
Is not thy spirit in fond visions led
To the lone cottage, and the distant friend?

Safe from the tempest, and the whelming tide,
That shelter'd cottage stands securely low;
There Ease, and Liberty, and Peace reside,
And tranquil pleasures round spontaneous grow.

Ah! dost thou ne'er regret past happy days,
Nor give one sigh to this receding shore?
Ah! dost thou never say, in PINDAR'S lays,
"Those silver sands of Time shall glide no more?"

Here, safe from storms, thy tender friend is cast,
Her quiet state, from cares, from tumults free—
Save, when as now—deep howls the angry blast,
Her anxious bosom beats with fears for thee.

Then Fancy paints the frowning sky all dark,
The tempest howling thro' each tatter'd sail,
Th' exhausted mariner, the shatter'd bark,
Driven by the fury of the merc'less gale.

Methinks I hear the shrieks of deep despair,
And 'midst loud thunders crackling timbers fall,
And view thee, stedfast still, the danger dare,
Assist the weak—chear and encourage all.

But hence, dire images of wat'ry graves,
Haunt not my visions, nor my soul affright;
Paint me, sweet Fancy, clear transparent waves,
And India sun-shine ever glowing bright.

Oh! far be danger from my wand'ring friend,
With prosp'rous gales be still his canvas fraught;
His health, his safety, I to Heav'n commend,
"In all the tender luxury of thought."

INSCRIPTION

FOR A STATUE OF CUPID.

FROM VOLTAIRE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy master see!
He was, or is, or is to be.

REV. W. COLLIER.

ODE

On the Marriage of the Right Hon. Francis Hastings Rawdon, Earl of Moira, Commander in Chief of his Majesty's Forces in Scotland, with the Right Hon. Flora Campbell, Countess of Loudoun.

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD, &c.

FROM Holstein to Almada's heights *
The tuneful Maids are mute and still,
Nor Pindus now the Muse invites,
Nor Fiesole's † romantic hill;
Damp fears the general bosom chill,
Whilst Indignation burns to hear
The hireling rhymer deftly trill
His sonnets to a tyrant's ear.

There let him tune, with heart forlorn,
And faltering hand, the slavish lyre;
Not thus beneath the brows of Mourne
The Patriot wakes the Poet's fire.

* In Portugal. † Florence.

Though meanest of the Muses choir,
The meanest such a theme might warm;
Worth, Honour, Friendship, all conspire,
And Gratitude's ethereal charm.

Hail to the hymeneal star
That breaks thro' Danger's darkest shade,
Tho' Mars in fury mounts his car,
Beneath Bellona's flag display'd,
Dire signal of the bloody trade;
The dauntless Warrior leads along,
In Glory's van, the plighted maid,
And shews her to th' admiring throng.

O! not for nought the generous tide
Of Bourbon, Hastings, and Navarre (A),
And the TWIN ROSES summer pride,
Which fortune menac'd oft to mar,
Were mixt by heaven's peculiar care
In thee, and heaven a PLEDGE bestows
(Foretold by many an omen fair)
Of triumph to the BLENDED ROSE.

Hail Caledon, which oft beheld
Thy spearmen by his kindred led (B),
Invasion fled the trembling field,
When thund'ring down with measur'd tread,
With Bruce and Freedom at their head,
From Scotia's hills they swept the plain,
And native streams, with slaughter fed,
Ran purple to the subject main.

Like meteors from a low hung cloud,
What spirits light on ARTHUR'S SEAT!
With WALLACE in his airy shrowd,
The CAMPBELLS and MONTGOMERIES meet,

And DOUGLAS scorning Gallia's threat;
Then, circling round Edina's towers,
Adown the long-drawn vales they fleet
To rouse the Caledonian powers.

With softer notes another choir
To spousal warblings tune their lays,
When Beauty fans the Warrior's fire,
And Valour wakes the song of praise,
Twining the myrtle with his bays;
And viewless Minstrels sing the LINE,
Whose growing splendors Hope surveys,
'Till Phœbus' self forgets to shine.

No, while a son of Charlemagne (c)
Survives, by heaven's protecting hand,
The cruel Corsican in vain
Halloos his mercenary band
To slaught'rous deeds, and lines the strand
With crazy hulls that dread the deep;
Britannia's sons the fight demand
On level shore or beacon'd steep.

No trivial cause inspires the flame,
No trivial pledge the realm secures,
Combin'd with Freedom's antient claim,
Religion's aid our strength assures.
Whether upon the rolling floors
Of England's barques, they mount the tide,
Or discipline her files enures
By land, to check the Invader's pride.

When mimic royalty, forlorn
Of Heaven and Fortune, disappears
Like yonder cloudy crown of Mourne
Dispers't, by Sol, in pearly tears—

Long as he leads the dance of years,
May manly worth and female grace,
Whatever silver'd Age reveres,
Or Youth admires, exalt your race.

(A B C) Lineally descended from the Emperor Charlemagne long before the Imperial title was disgraced. The EARL of MOIRA is consequently allied to the House of Bourbon, and more immediately by his descent from the antient Kings of Navarre.

It is well known, that the families of Hastings and Bruce were nearly related, and both derived from the royal stem of Scotland. It is almost unnecessary to add, that his Lordship numbers in his pedigree the Houses of York and Lancaster, the white and red rose. See the English and Scots Peerage, &c. &c.

EPITAPH

ON THE AUTHOR OF THE SEASONS.

OTHERS to marble may their glory owe,
And boast those honours sculpture can bestow;
Short-liv'd renown!—that every moment must
Sink with its emblem, and consume to dust.
But Thomson needs no artist to engrave,
From dumb oblivion no device to save;
Such vulgar aids let names inferior ask,
Nature for him assumes herself the task;
The Seasons are his monuments of fame,
With them to flourish, as from them it came.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh thou, renown'd in classic lore,
Whom sages love and bards adore,
Accept my votive lays;
And grant me, soft in sylvan bow'rs,
To grace thy sainted shrine with flowers,
With garlands, and with bays.

For there in tranquil shades withdrawn,
Unskill'd to cringe, unus'd to fawn,
Thy smile enchants the soul;
Where Truth, ethereal seraph, reigns,
And Peace, from courts expell'd, maintains
A soft serene controul.

Where, form'd to raise, exalt the mind,
By Virtue's chast'ning laws refin'd,
The Muse instinctive glows;
The Muse, where Petrarch 'plain'd and stray'd,
That grac'd with softest charms the shade,
And, list'ning, wept his woes.

'Tis thus, ordain'd o'er earth to rise,
The soul her destin'd seat, the skies,
In prospect fair surveys;
While Peace extends her fost'ring arms,
And Hope, with fairy hand, the charms
Of future bliss pourtrays.

For me, each wayward passion laid,
Should Fate in bow'r or leafy shade
My tranquil days assign;
Unmov'd by Splendour's fading toys,
Oh! let me prove thine inmost joys,
And make thy raptures mine.

If haply doom'd to weep forlorn,
Distress shall blast my vernal morn,
In fancy pictur'd fair;
Oh! while the mental thunders roll,
Oh lift thy suppliant's 'wilder'd soul
To spurn each baneful care!

And deign, as ling'ring life expires,
To soothe, revive, her fleeting fires,
And calm her bursting sighs;
Her hopes, appall'd in death, restore,
And when this heart shall throb no more,
Survive in softer skies.

T.

VERSES

ADDRESSED TO SIR WILLIAM JONES,

IN THE YEAR 1775.

Friend of my heart, companion of my youth,
As fam'd for learning as rever'd for truth;
In whom united we alike admire
The Sage's wisdom, and the Poet's fire;

A gen'rous temper, and a noble mind,
Ardour undamp'd, and genius unconfin'd;
Well-skill'd to tread the scientific maze,
And trace dark Nature thro' her winding ways;
Skilful alike to raise the lofty song,
Or playful sport the flow'ry reeds among;
The smiling Muse has taught thee all her art
To catch the fancy, and to seize the heart.
To form thy wreath, from ev'ry clime she brings
Each choicest product whence it native springs.
See her obsequious bring, at thy command,
Sweet Khoten's * musk, and gems of Samarcand,
Each fragrant shrub from fam'd Bocara's grove,
Sacred alike to Poetry and Love.
This known to all; but words can ill impart
The cheering features of thy friendly heart.
† Oh may our friendship, form'd in this dark cell,
Where "deathful spirits and magicians dwell ‡,"
To time superior, firmly rooted, brave
The gloomy sea and dragon-teeming wave;
"Purg'd in that wave, and rendered still more bright,
"For ever blaze amid surrounding light!"

R. W. LYTTON.

* See Sir William's Eastern poems.

† In these last lines there is an application of several parts of lines in Sir William's poem of the Seven Fountains, where in a beautiful allegory he describes death as a river teeming with dragons and other monsters, and the way to it as a gloomy sea.

‡ Is word for word almost a whole line of his. I have applied it somewhat differently from its application in that beautiful poem; but hope that the reflecting reader will not think it quite misplaced, in describing a world like ours, where deathful or destructive spirits and deceivers abound.

LINES

FROM THE SYLVÆ OF STATIUS. LIB. V.

How have I wrong'd thee, Sleep, thou gentlest power
Of Heaven? that I alone at night's dread hour
Still from thy soft embraces am repress,
Nor drink oblivion on thy balmy breast?
Now every flock, and every field is thine,
And seeming slumbers bend the mountain pine;
Hush'd is the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar,
And the smooth wave lies pillow'd on the shore.
But seven sad moons have seen this faded cheek,
And eyes too plainly that their vigils speak;
Aurora hears my plaint at her return,
And sheds her pitying dew-drops as I mourn.
How shall I last? not he, to such a length
E'er watch'd at once with all his body's strength,
The sacred Argus, whose unnumber'd eyes
Would scarce to this eternal care suffice.
And now some happy, some enraptur'd boy,
In the full pride of his permitted joy,
Holding his dear girl to his panting breast,
Calls thee not, Sleep, nor courts thy worthless rest.
Come thence to me;—yet shed not here thy whole
Ambrosial influence o'er the wretched soul,
To this let happier, easier hearts presume,
Touch *me*, more lightly, with thy passing plume.

LONDINENSIS.

A SCHOOL ECLOGUE.

EDWARD.

Hist, Henry! hist! what means that air so gay?
Thy looks, thy dress, bespeak some holiday;
Thy hat is brush'd; thy hands, with wond'rous pains,
Are cleans'd from garden mould and inky stains;
Thy glossy shoes confess the lacquey's care;
And recent from the comb shines thy sleek hair.
* What god, what saint, this prodigy has wrought?
Declare the cause; and ease my lab'ring thought.

HENRY.

John, faithful John, is with the horses come,
Mamma prevails, and I am sent for home.

EDWARD.

† Thrice happy who such welcome tidings greet!
Thrice happy who reviews his native seat!
For him the matron spreads her candy'd hoard,
And early strawberries crown the smiling board;
For him crush'd gooseberries with rich cream combine,
And bending boughs their fragrant fruit resign:
Custards and syllabubs his taste invite;
Sports fill the day, and feasts prolong the night.

* Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da Tityre nobis.
† Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota.

* Think not I envy, I admire thy fate;
† Yet, ah! what different tasks thy comrades wait!
Some in the grammar's thorny maze to toil,
Some with rude strokes the snowy paper soil,
Some o'er barbaric climes in maps to roam,
Far from their mother-tongue, and dear-loved home.
Harsh names, of uncouth sound, their memories load,
And oft their shoulders feel th' unpleasant goad.

WILLIAM.

Doubt not our turn will come some future time.
Now, Harry, hear us twain contend in rhyme,
For yet thy horses have not eat their hay,
And unconsum'd as yet th' allotted hour of play.

HENRY.

‡ Then spout alternate, I consent to hear,
Let no false rhyme offend my critic ear;
But say, what prizes shall the victor hold?
I guess your pockets are not lin'd with gold!

WILLIAM.

A ship these hands have built, in ev'ry part
Carv'd, rigg'd, and painted, with the nicest art;
The ridgy sides are black with pitchy store,
From stem to stern 'tis twice ten inches o'er.
The lofty mast, a strait, smooth hazel fram'd,
The tackling silk, the Charming Sally nam'd;
And—but take heed lest thou divulge the tale,
The lappet of my shirt supply'd the sail;
An azure ribband for a pendant flies:
Now, if thy verse excel, be this the prize.

* Non equidem invideo, miror magis.
† At nos hinc alii sitientes ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxem.
‡ Alternis dicetis.

EDWARD.

For me at home the careful housewives make,
With plums and almonds rich, an ample cake.
Smooth is the top, a plain of shining ice,
The West its sweetness gives, the East its spice:
From soft Ionian isles, well known to fame,
Ulysses' once, the luscious currant came.
The green transparent citron Spain bestows,
And from her golden groves the orange glows.
So vast the heaving mass, it scarce has room
Within the oven's dark capacious womb;
'Twill be consign'd to the next carrier's care,
I cannot yield it all—be half thy share.

WILLIAM.

Well does the gift thy liquorish palate suit,
* I know who robb'd the orchard of its fruit.
When all were wrapt in sleep, one early morn,
While yet the dew-drop trembled on the thorn,
I mark'd when o'er the quickset hedge you leapt,
† And, sly, beneath the gooseberry bushes crept;
Then shook the trees, a show'r of apples fell,
And, where the hoard you kept, I know full well;
The mellow gooseberries did themselves produce,
For thro' thy pocket oozed the viscous juice.

EDWARD.

I scorn a tell-tale, or I cou'd declare
How, leave unask'd, you sought the neighbouring fair;
Then home by moon-light spurred your jaded steed,
And scarce returned before the hour of bed.
Think how thy trembling heart had felt affright,
Had not our master supped abroad that night.

* Non ego, te vidi, Damonis——
† ————Tu post carecta latebas.

WILLIAM.

On the smooth, white-washed ceiling near thy bed,
Mixed with thy own, is Anna's cypher read;
From wreaths of dusky smoke the letters flow;
Whose hand the waving candle held, I know.
Fines and jobations shall thy soul appal,
Whene'er our mistress spies the sully'd wall.

EDWARD.

Uncon'd her lesson once, in idle mood,
Trembling before the master, Anna stood;
I marked what prompter near her took his place,
And, whispering, sav'd the virgin from disgrace;
Much is the youth bely'd, and much the maid,
Or more than words the whisper soft convey'd.

WILLIAM.

Think not I blush to own so bright a flame,
Even boys for her assume the lover's name;
* As far as alleys beyond taws we prize,
Or venison pasty ranks above school pies;
As much as peaches beyond apples please,
Or Parmesan excels a Suffolk cheese;
Or P . . . . donkeys lag behind a steed,
So far do Anna's charms all other charms exceed.

EDWARD.

Tell, if thou canst, where is that creature bred,
Whose wide-stretch'd mouth is larger than its head;
† Guess, and my great Apollo thou shalt be,
And cake and ship shall both remain with thee.

* Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ.
† Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

WILLIAM.

Explain thou first, what portent late was seen,
With strides impetuous, posting o'er the green,
Three heads, like Cerberus, the monster bore,
And one was sidelong fix'd, and two before;
Eight legs, depending from his ample sides,
Each well-built flank unequally divides;
For five on this, on that side three are found,
Four swiftly move, and four not touch the ground.
Long time the moving prodigy I view'd,
By gazing men, and barking dogs pursu'd.

HENRY.

Cease! cease your carols both! for lo the bell
With jarring notes, has rung out Pleasure's knell.
Your startled comrades, e'er the game be done,
Quit their unfinish'd sports, and trembling run.
Haste to your forms before the master call!
With thoughtful step he paces o'er the hall.
Does with stern looks each playful loiterer greet,
Counts with his eye, and marks each vacant seat;
Intense, the buzzing murmur grows around,
Loud, thro' the dome, the usher's strokes resound.
Sneak off, and to your places slily steal,
Before the prowess of his arm you feel.

THE SOCIAL FIRE.

A MATRIMONIAL SONG.

FROM pastoral scenes, and rural love,
The pipe, the reed, the cooing dove,
The sunny hill, the woodbine shade,
The winding brook, and opening glade,
With softer verse my Muse inspire,
To celebrate my Social Fire!

Let Poets feign in hidden grove,
Diana, or the Queen of Love,
With Cupids sporting in the air
Attendant on the royal fair:
A sweeter theme awakes my lyre
To celebrate my Social Fire!

See the dear girl, o'er all the fair
My choice, and my peculiar care;
I bless the day she join'd her hand
With mine in happy Wedlock's band,
And listening to my fond desire,
Vouchsaf'd to deck my Social Fire.

Dear pledge of love, our mutual joy,
See here a little smiling boy;
Sweet tender bud of manly grace,
Soft, yet expressive is that face;
With honest pride my Muse aspire
To celebrate my Social Fire.

Ye lovely nymphs, and gentle swains,
Who grace our Albion's happy plains,
Direct your choice where ye approve,
And dare be honest in your love;
If Truth and Faith your vows inspire,
Ye'll always love your Social Fire.

A. F.

LINES

On occasion of an interrupted Voyage from Ross to Chepstow, September 1796.

BY DR. BEDDOES.

Farewell! thou dear to Fancy's eye!
Farewell thy scenes, Arcadian Wye!
Back to the world, with footsteps slow,
From thy sequester'd glades I go!
And turn, by Eve's protracted light,
To catch one last impressive sight,
That faithful Mem'ry firm may hold
Thy blended forms of soft and bold;
And, by thy images possest,
A sense serener soothe my breast.

WYE! by thy brink—at Order's birth,
While fire-born vapours heav'd the earth—
In act on Albion's soil to trace
A theatre of sylvan grace,
Presiding NATURE chose her stand;
There high she waved her plastic wand.
Swift spreads the level, sinks the dell,
And rude emerging masses swell.
Fair thought on thought to being sprung,
Fond o'er her toil the Sov'reign hung;
Last smote the rock, and bade THEE roll,
The SPIRIT of the perfect whole!
Then fled yon steep thy gushing tide,
And wheel'd far off his concave side:
O'er glooms unpierc'd pil'd crags ascend,
Dark o'er the deeps tall forests bend,
Slow steals the wave in silence by,
O'erawed as though a God were nigh *.
Unscar'd by war, unstain'd by blood,
Through ages, VAGA! roll thy flood;
Nor e'er broad oak, that shrouds thy side,
Fell deed of midnight spoiler hide.
Cool in thy groves, a frequent guest,
May Innocence, uninjur'd, rest;
Untarnish'd, Beauty, round thy bed,
Her rural bland enchantments spread;
There on the Muse's wandering child,
Burst unimagin'd visions wild.
There he who shuns a brother's eye,
Sad Outcast! and himself would fly;
Own some sweet moments of repose—
There breathe, deluded of his woes.

* *Note.* The middle paragraph alludes to that *theory of the earth* which teaches that the present land was once the bottom of the sea, and that it was raised by subterraneous fires.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

WATERS of Tejo, gentle stream, that flow
Thro' these fair meads, refreshing as ye go
Herbage and flowers, and flocks, and with delight
Soothing the nymphs and shepherds on your shore,
I know not, gentle river, when my sight
Shall linger on your pleasant waters more.
And now I turn me from you, sad at heart,
Hopeless that fate my future lot will bless;
That evil fate which bids me now depart,
Converts remembered joy to wretchedness.
The thought of you dear waters oft will rise;
And Memory oft will see you in her dreams,
When I on other airs shall breathe my sighs,
And drop far off my tears in other streams.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

Is there who says that Love is like the wind
Fickle, ungrateful, full of fraud and lies?
That wretched man hath sure deserved to find
From Love all vengeance, and all cruelties!
Gentle, benignant, merciful is Love;
Believe not him who says Love is not so!
Let the vile slanderer live by men below
Despised, and hated by the gods above.
If ever Love work'd misery, in me
May man the sum of all his evils see,
Me whom he seems delighted to oppress;
The utmost rigour of his power I prove,
Yet would not change the miseries of Love
For all the world beside calls happiness.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

WHEN I behold you lady! when my eyes
Dwell on the deep enjoyment of your sight,
I give my spirit to that one delight,
And earth appears to me a Paradise.
And when I hear you speak, and see you smile,
Full, satisfied, absorbed, my centered mind
Deems all the world's vain hopes and joys the while
As empty as the unsubstantial wind:
Lady, I feel your charms, yet dare not raise
To that high theme, the unequal song of praise,
A power for that to language was not given;
Nor marvel I, when I those beauties view,
Lady, that he whose power created you,
Could form the stars, and yonder glorious heaven.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

DELIGHTFUL fields, and thickets gay and green,
Ye woods that shadow o'er the mountain's scene,
Ye rocks grotesque, ye fountains cold and clear,
Who, as ye murmur down the sparkling steep,
Your concord with the waving woodlands keep,
And send sweet music to the traveller's ear.
O lovely scenes! unsatisfied my sight
Dwells on your beauties now, your ancient shade,
Clear fountains, gleaming through the opening glade,
Rocks, thickets, fields, and all your green delight!
Me, other than I was, ye now behold,
I gaze around, and tears suffuse my eyes;
Ye tell me, lovely scenes, of days of old,
And thoughts of former happiness arise.

SONNET.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE OF CAMOENS.

MEEK spirit, who so early didst depart,
Thou art at rest in heaven! I linger here
And feed the lonely anguish of my heart,
Thinking of all that made existence dear.
All lost! if in the happy world above,
Remembrance of this mortal life endure,
Thou wilt not there forget the perfect love
Which still thou seest in me, O spirit pure!
And if the irremediable grief,
The woe which never hopes on earth relief,
May merit aught of thee, prefer thy prayer
To God, who took thee early to his rest,
That it may please him soon amid the blest
To summon me, dear maid, to meet thee there.

SONNET,

Written September 1799, *in the thatched Shed, by the Brook, at Plas Newydd, in Llangollen Vale, the Villa of the Right Hon. Lady* ELEANOR BUTLER, *and Miss* PONSONBY.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

STRANGER, when o'er that slant, warm field, no cloud
Steals; at his foot, the verge of a wild brook,
In tangled dell, where sun-beams never look,
Press the screen'd seat;—and mark yon waters crowd
Close to the cliff, down their slope channel rude;
Leaping o'er rugged stones, which aye provoke
Foam and hoarse murmur; while the pendent oak
Frowns o'er the little, clamorous, lonely flood.
Impetuous DEVA's honours yield to thine,
Dear BROOK! for, O! thy scanty billows lave
Friendship and Fancy's consecrated shrine!
And thou mayst tell that Stream of mightier wave,
Here oft THEY muse the noon-tide hours away,
Who gild thy Vale with INTELLECTUAL ray.

SONNET.

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM HAYLEY, ESQ.

MARCH, 1804.

TO PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

In return for his interesting Correspondence with Foreign Academies.

THANKS to the Friend of universal Art,
Who shews me how a just and gen'rous mind,
By boundless sympathy, and zeal refin'd,
May thro' the veins of emulation dart
Supplies of vital fire, fresh hopes impart,
And in such ties the social nations bind,
That Commerce, with a smile divinely kind,
May bid new wonders into being start.
Thou lib'ral Patriot! lasting praise be thine,
Who, for the glory of thy native land,
Hast led her to achieve thy bright design,
To teach the heart of Genius to expand,
And cherish talents, wheresoe'er they shine—
Science and Honour guide and bless thy hand!

SONNET TO FORTUNE,

FROM METASTASIO.

WHAT, hop'st thou, Goddess, when thy ceaseless care
Spreads rocks and thorns to check my onward way,
That I shou'd tremble at thy fickle sway?
Or toil in vain to catch thy flying hair?
With threats like these awake the dastard fears
Of him who bows beneath thy base controul;
Know, I cou'd see, with calm intrepid soul,
The world in ruins, and the falling spheres!
Nor am I new to dangers and alarms;
Long didst thou prove me in the doubtful fight;
From trying conflicts, and opposing harms,
I rose more valiant and confirm'd in might.
From falling hammers thus the temper'd arms
Strike with a keener edge, and beam more dazzling light.

L. A.

SONNET

TO THE ZEPHYR.

SOFT-BREATHING Zephyr, in some lonely dell,
Where slowly winds the limpid stream its way,
Hid by the oak's broad shade from prying day,
Dost those delight alone, remote, to dwell?
Or rather, where the mountain's lofty van
Frowns on the vale below, say dost thou fly,
And with thy silky wings each floret fan
That blooms unseen by any mortal eye?
From dell remote, where strays the mazy stream,
Or where on airy cliff the lone buds spring,
Haste! to my languid frame thy breezes bring,
Unnerv'd I faint beneath the Sun's fierce beam:
While in my bosom a still fiercer fire
Consuming preys, with life alone to expire!

R. A. D.

1796.

SONNET *.

ADDRESSED TO ANNA SEWARD.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GROVE, ESQ.

OF LICHFIELD.

'Tis not that splendid in the rolls of Fame,
Thy Muse, O Seward, shines, my sober lays
To offer thee their tributary praise
Presume; if ought their feeble powers may claim
Of fond pretence higher to raise thy name;
But that thy cares prolong a Parent's days,
Shedding o'er Ages' wintry night the rays
Of filial love, to feed Life's glimmering flame.
Far as thy verse these humble strains of mine
Excels, so far the meed, which Heaven's command
Assigns thy worth, exceeds the brightest line
Of Glory's page.—Trac'd by a Seraph's hand,
Thy name, in characters of light, shall shine,
And in the Book of Life recorded stand.

* The above Sonnet was written in July 1796, and appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine soon after.

SONNET.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the Vernal Sun! with spangled wing
Thou sportest lightly on the scented gale:
Thee, no conflicting passions rude assail,
But wandering wild, in many an airy ring,
Around the blooming children of the Spring—
The blushing rose, or lily, purest pale,
That as mild Zephyr steals along the vale,
On his light plumes their blended fragrance fling—
Careless, unpain'd, of life thy little hour
Flits gaily! ah! that I like thee might know,
Such sweet exemption from heart-rending woe;
Like thee, unhurt by Love's or Fortune's power,
In airy circles round each blossom fly,
Then, chill'd by Winter, unrepining die!

R. A. D.

1796.

SONNET TO THE DEAD.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

O THOU, whose form, amid the deepest gloom,
That shrowds the fearful solitude of night,
Beams, in wan visions, on my pensive sight,
Awak'd from the cold slumbers of the tomb;
Fair Spirit, say, if, with their wonted power,
Thy pure affections glow beyond the grave,
Dost thou a melancholy joy receive,
When Memory gives to thee my lonely hour?
Dost thou look down, with pity, on thy Love,
My Guardian still, as when, my Partner dear,
Thy charming counsels sooth'd my willing ear,
And rais'd my soul the busy world above?
Ah no!—fast buried in eternal * sleep,
The Dead behold not when the Living weep.

* The word *eternal* is used here figuratively to express till the end of *time*, ONLY, as our best writers use it in "an *eternal adieu*."

SONNET.

FROM THE LATIN OF BELLAY.

Thou deem'st I love thee not! Cleanthe, spare
The thought unjust. Witness the passion'd soul,
That hangs on thee, the wild eye wont to roll,
Seeking thine image on the vacant air,
The wearying hour of absence, and the breast
That throbs to rapture. In the busy throng,
The irksome solitude of crowds among,
To thee my widow'd soul will turn for rest,
With thee in silence commune. Bear not thou
The doubt injurious, nor on thy mild brow
Let cold Suspicion dwell. I never knew
With Falsehood's studied phrase my suit to move;
I cannot feign the specious tale untrue,
Nor love to live, unless I live to love.

SONNET,

FROM PETRARCH.

ALONE and pensive, near some desert shore,
Far from the haunts of man, I love to stray:
And, cautiously, my distant path explore,
Where never human footstep mark'd the way.—
Thus from the public gaze I strive to fly,
And to the winds alone my griefs impart;
While in my hollow cheek, and haggard eye,
Appears the fire that burns my inmost heart.
But, ah! in vain, to distant scenes I go;
No solitude my troubled thoughts allays:
Methinks e'en things inanimate must know
The flame that on my soul in secret preys;
While Love, unconquer'd, with resistless sway,
Still hovers round my path, still meets me on my way!

J. B. T.

SONNET,

ON A LOCK OF HAIR.

I ASK no talisman to shield from harm
My form, for lo! encircled close, I bear
A far more noble, far more potent charm,
Than e'er was wrought by wise enchanter's care.
While on my breast reclines this treasur'd hair,
Not one of all the dark and busy swarm
Of imps unholy, fraught with wild alarm,
Shall, foolishly-presuming, ever dare,
With wily arts, to seek an entrance there,
But vanish all, like phantoms of the night;
For, not near aught of one so pure, so fair,
Can rest the troublous phantoms of affright:
There, must soft Pity breathe her tender spell,
There, spotless Love and Virtue only dwell.

R. A. D.

1797.

ADDRESS

ON THE

PRELIMINARIES OF PEACE, 1801.

BY THE REV. W. FITZTHOMAS.

Macrum arbitrium opimo bello potius.

Her baneful torch when civil fury hurl'd
Wide o'er the wondering and the weeping world,
While frantic Foes in blood their footsteps dy'd,
And earth and heaven with impious rage defy'd;
Reluctant Britain, but unus'd to fear,
Stretch'd her broad shield and grasp'd the fatal spear;
Her conquering banners on the Atlantic spread,
Through Asia's plains triumphant armies led.
" Her threats in vain the indignant * Saib braves,
" Nor walls protect him, nor surrounding slaves,
" 'Reft of his crown, his wealth the Victor's prize,
" 'Mid heaps of vulgar slain the Sultan lies,
" His captive progeny their woes relate,
" And silent vassals weep their Master's fate †."

* Tippoo is a word, in English ears, of so undignified and unpoetical sound, that the less appropriate one of Saib, has been adopted as sufficiently so, in this country, to describe the person it is here intended to represent.

† The lines in these two pieces inclosed between inverted commas were not intended for recitation.

Her thunders aw'd the north's conspiring powers,
Her mercy spar'd their fanes, and nodding towers;
Last, by her arms deliver'd, Afric saw
The Foe, that gave to sluggish Egypt law,
By fire and waves oppress'd like Pharaoh's host,
While his proud navy strew'd the blazing coast;
The tawny tribes in ransom'd cities smile,
And vanquish'd Conquerors quit the trembling Nile;
There, Britain's fame her brightest plumes expands,
Her dearest blood bedews the desert sands;
There on her Abercrombie's hallow'd bier,
Drooping she sits, and pours the fondest tear;
But while her heart the mournful tribute gives,
Is proud that Smith, exults that Nelson lives,
Lo! to his triumphs Hutchinson succeeds,
Immortal triumphs! though the Hero bleeds;
Though Howe's fresh laurels could not stay his doom,
That wave, and ne'er shall wither, on his tomb,
Keith's, Vincent's, Duncan's suns unclouded shine,
And still, Cornwallis, beam the rays of thine,
Still grace the Statesman wise, the soldier brave,
Thy skill to conquer, and thy love to save.
Warriors, who weep your brave companions dead,
And living glories round your country shed,
Your toils her wealth, her power, her realms increase,
And your victorious arms shall guard her peace.
Peace! be thy bands rever'd, ador'd thy name,
Dearer than richest spoils, or loudest fame;
Peace bids the marble breathe, the canvas teem,
While fearless Commerce pours her golden stream;
Peace the proud march of scenic pomp arrays,
She swells the note, she crowns the Poet's lays;
Turn'd from the bitter source of real woe,
Now may the tear for feigned sorrow flow,

Heart-easing mirth no smother'd sighs alloy,
Nor, laughing Comedy, thy harmless joy;
Peace, to the hungry peasant deal thy bread,
Peace, smooth the pillow for the Monarch's head;
Forbid the orphan's and the widow's tears,
The trembling virgin's, and the matron's fears.
Parent of Plenty, Justice, Learning, Arts,
Calm the vext world, and tame ambitious hearts,
Nor sheathe the jealous sword in mockery vain,
But crown'd by valour, and by mercy reign!

FAREWELL EPILOGUE,

Spoken at the Theatre Royal, Cheltenham,

NOVEMBER 7, 1801.

BY THE SAME.

Pace! Pace! Pace!

Of English words, (the tender heart can tell,)
Not one so hard to utter as —Farewell;
Spite of the midnight watch, or morning bell,
What jovial soul can bear to hear Farewell?
Ill-omen'd spell! that casts a baleful cloud
O'er the gay scenes where youth and beauty crowd;
In the last dance it's lingering pause is found,
In the last song, it's faint and fatal sound.
Say, for ye know, ye lovers fond and true,
What pain it is to part, and bid adieu,
That cruel word would poison every bliss,
If never soften'd by the parting kiss.

You blessed pair who kindly vow to sever
Ten times a day, for ever, and for ever,
Should Jove but hear, and bid them separate dwell,
Would mutter love, and hesitate Farewell.
" Thus while in garrets vile dull volumes swell,
" The starving Poet bids the Muse farewell."
Farewell! sad sound to Courtiers in disgrace,
Farewell to power, to pension, and to place!
The Veteran sighs it at the last review,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of war, to you;
Britons, with wealth reward him, and renown,
Bind up his wounds, ye fair, his labours crown;
Of war, and all its pomps, and horrors fell,
O, may we take a long and last farewell,
To heaven-born Peace our plighted vows renew,
And never, never *rashly*, bid adieu!
Is the poor Player then, who from the stage
Reflects the feelings of the passing age,
Deck'd with the robe, the sceptre and the sword,
Now a proud Warrior, now a supple Lord,
Is he alone exempt from what he shews,
And acts the passion that he never knows?
Believe it not; our secret I'll reveal,
They feign the best, most tenderly who feel *;
But I, the humblest of my tribe, must live,
A sad exception to the rule I give:
To night I find how little is my art,
Indeed I feel, yet cannot play, this part,
But mar the tale my faultering tongue should tell,
Actor no more, I scarce can say—Farewell.

* our secret I'll reveal,
They feign the best most tenderly who feel;
" Here lies the golden secret, learn to feel,"
ACTOR, a Poem by ROBERT LLOYD.

WAR SONG.

WARRIORS! see th' Invader near!
Warriors! now the standard rear—
Grasp the sabre—point the spear.
Warriors! rise.

By the Hero's hallow'd fame;
By the Coward's deathless shame;
By Ireland's injur'd honour'd name;
By Borhoime's shade, whose dying hand,
On the bloody Clontarf strand,
Swept the wild Dane from the land,
Warriors! rise.

Onward! to the battle go,
Bid the Atheist Plund'rer know,
Our breasts with Irish valour glow!
If, trusting to his faith, ye yield,
The die is cast, your doom is seal'd—
Remember Jaffa's murd'rous field!
Warriors! rise.

By all the Hero's heart holds dear—
The Spouse's smile, the Infant's tear,
The voice of God and Nature near.
'Tis in no Tyrant's tott'ring cause,
'Tis for his King, his Home, his Laws,
The Freeman's sword the Freeman draws.
Warriors! rise.

When did the Frenchman learn to spare
The kneeling Parent's hoary hair,
Or soften to the Infant's pray'r?
Tho' Fate or Fortune waft him o'er,
Teach him, if once he treads our shore,
He treads it—to return no more.
Warriors! rise.

See! yonder see his banners wave!
Fathers! Brothers! Sons! be brave—
Give him no ground, but for his grave.
What, tho' his countless hosts pour on—
What tho' on earth we stand alone,
To shield the Temple and the Throne—
Warriors! rise.

By the Captive's galling chain,
By the polluted, plunder'd fane—
The ruin'd cot—the smoaking plain—
On! Warriors!—to the Battle go,
Squadrons, sweeping on the Foe,
Strike the exterminating blow.
Warriors! rise.

Rushing thro' the heaps of slain,
Re-dye with many a gory stain
The laurels of the Egyptian plain.
Now! the hour of trial's nigh—
Swell the battle-chorus high,
"Death! glorious Death or Liberty!"
Warriors! rise.

Brace the helm, the standard rear,
Grasp the sabre, point the spear—
United!—what have ye to fear?
Warriors! be brave.

FRATER.

DUBLIN.

TO CYNTHIA.

WITH A PRESENT OF CROW QUILLS.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

THOSE wings, with art Dedalean taught to bear
Safely a new inhabitant of air;
Those silver plumes, whose imitated pride
For Leda's love the king of heav'n belied;
The gayly-burnish'd pinions of each dove
Yok'd to the chariot of the queen of love,
In honour yield to these, that form the line
Where glows that strong, that piercing wit of thine;
Or wake the joyful strings, when touch'd by thee,
To all the pow'r of melting melody:
With these the wanton archer of the sky
Arms all his golden shafts, and gives them wings to fly.

VERSES,

ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM*.

BY MASTER T. ROMNEY ROBINSON.

HARK! 'midst the gloom of Lagan's winding shores,
Yon mournful knell loud thrills the startled ear—
While freed from life, a much lov'd Spirit soars,
And claims on earth the tribute of a tear.

* The self-taught Poet, to whose memory this tribute is paid, died at Magherabeg, near Dromore, in Ireland, the 27th of December, 1804, having nearly completed the 24th year of his age, for he was born the 19th of March, 1781. While he was a poor weaver boy, having received the rudiments of his education at one of the Bishop of Dromore's Sunday Schools, he had, by reading such books as he could borrow, made so considerable a progress, that in the Autumn of 1800 he presented his Lordship with a copy of verses, requesting the loan of books. The Bishop being struck with the marks of genius displayed in this poem rescued him from the loom, and placed him at the Diocesan School of Dromore, where his application was so diligent that in little more than two years he had read the principal Latin and Greek Classics. Being thus qualified to superintend the education of youth, which had been the object of his wishes, he was received early in the year 1804 as an Assistant Teacher in the Academy of the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, where he was distinguished for his diligence and skill in preparing the boys under his care to be examined before the last Summer vacation. But by this time such strong symptoms of a consumption had appeared in his tall, thin, and slender frame, that he could not any more return to his charge, and his declining health confined him to the house of his poor mother, near the turnpike-gate between Hillsborough and Dromore, where he continued to experience the kindness of his former patron;

See, dark December tears his robes of snow,
Cold icy dew his hoary locks deforms,
And with th' expiring Year, departing slow,
Sighs midst the whirlwind of his rushing storms!

In Fancy's wreath no gem resplendent shines—
Her frantic hand the flow'ry garland rends—
Funereal cypress round her brow she twines,
And o'er her fav'rite's tomb in sorrow bends!

In his pure mind the flow'rs of Genius sprung,
His artless breast with every virtue shone;
His rural lyre the sylvan Dryads strung,
And Truth inspir'd him from her heav'nly throne.

But now no more that vocal lyre shall charm—
Cold is the hand that bade its chords resound,
And cold that heart so late with friendship warm,
Deep in the bosom of the wintry ground!

New fledg'd with radiant plumes of heav'nly fire,
His soul ascending views it's native skies!——
Cease, cease, my Muse! from paths unknown retire,
And from the prospect turn thy dazzled eyes.

BELFAST, DECEMBER 31, 1804.

patron, and was most generously attended by Sir George Atkinson, an eminent Physician, in Hillsborough; but his case was beyond the reach of medical aid, and terminated fatally on the day above-mentioned. Cunningham, though very unlike in his bodily frame to Dr. Goldsmith, who was short, and not slender, so strongly resembled him in the face, that when he stood near the profile of the Doctor his portrait seemed to have been drawn for him. Many of his poetical compositions have been printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical publications, subscribed by his proper signature; but he sometimes assumed the fictitious names of *Alonzo* and *Colin*.

ADDRESS TO A NAIAD.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

Coy Nymph of this salubrious fount,
Who many an age unpriz'd,
Didst waste thine urn adown the mount,
Unnotic'd and despis'd,

'Till youthful, but discerning eyes,
Remark'd thy modest worth,
Bade the neat edifice arise,
And led thee falt'ring forth.

How like a timid village maid,
New-rais'd from mean abode,
Thy silent waters meek obey'd,
And wonder'd, as they flow'd!

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,
The rushy bank beneath;
Now roses deck thy Gothic dome,
And aromatics breathe;

While lawny slopes and woodlands green,
And mountains softly blue,
Entwine thee with as fair a scene,
As ever pencil drew.

Here at thy shrine shall languor sink,
And oft for succour turn,
And life and health and vigour drink
From thy restoring urn.

The lowly shall the boon receive,
The Poor relief command;
For you the gen'rous sanative
Prepar'd by Nature's hand.

And those more blest in wealth and state,
Blind FORTUNE's special care,
Whom common pains assimilate,
And bend with want and care;

While Heav'n-directed NATURE pours
A balm for every woe,
Of her may learn to deal their stores,
And bid their fountains flow.

INSCRIPTION

On the Grave of the Poet COWPER, *in St. Edmund's Chapel, East Dereham, in Norfolk.*

BY MR. HAYLEY.

IN MEMORY
Of WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
Born in Hertfordshire, 1731;
Buried in this Chapel, 1800.

YE, who with warmth the public triumph feel
Of talents, dignified by sacred zeal,
Here, to devotion's bard devoutly just,
Pay your fond tribute due to COWPER's dust!
ENGLAND, exulting in his spotless fame,
Ranks with her dearest sons his fav'rite name:
Sense, Fancy, Wit, suffice not all to raise
So clear a title to Affection's praise;
His highest honours to the heart belong;
His virtues form'd the magic of his song.

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

A PRIZE POEM AT OXFORD, 1771 *.

Εις οιωνος αριστος αμυνεσθαι περι πατρης.

Hom.

Ye souls illustrious, who, in days of yore,
With peerless might the British target bore,
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car,
Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed War,
And dar'd your rudely-painted limbs oppose
To Chalybean steel, and Roman foes!
And ye of later age, tho' not less fame
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont by hardiest sport
To claim the fairest guerdon of the Court;
Say, holy shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your nobler sons in quicker flood,
Than late † when George bade gird on ev'ry thigh
The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty?
Say, when the high-born Druid's magic strain
Rous'd on old Mona's top a female train,
To madness and with more than mortal rage,
Bade them like Furies in the fight engage;

* By the present Bishop of Clonfert, when Fellow of New College.

† These lines were written soon after an installation at Windsor.

Frantic when each unbound her brist'ling hair,
And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild despair;
Or when on Cressy's field the sable might
Of Edward dar'd four Monarchs to the fight;
Say, holy shades, did patriotic heat,
In your big hearts with quicker transports beat,
Than in your sons, when forth like storms they pour'd,
In Freedom's cause the fury of the sword?
Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
With Hawke who conquer'd, or with Wolfe who bled?
Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though Fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade;
For him no prayers are pour'd, no pæans sung,
No bleffings chaunted from a nation's tongue;
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of orphans, and the widow's tear,
Cry to high Heav'n for vengeance on his head;
Alive, deserted; and accurst when dead.
Indignant of his deeds, the Muse, who sings
Undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
Shall shew the monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.
Not so the patriot Chief, who dar'd withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to defend;
Her voice in council, and in war her sword,
Lov'd as her father, and her God ador'd;
Who firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save.

On worth like this the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph and defeat,
Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
And honours Paoli's more than Frederick's name.
Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-stain'd veil,
And shew the boldest son of public zeal.
Lo, Sidney leaning o'er the block! his mien,
His voice, his hands, unshaken, clear, serene.
Yet no harangue, proudly declaim'd aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No specious vaunt Death's terrors to defy,
Still Death deferring as afraid to die:
But sternly silent down he bows to prove
How firm his virtuous, though mistaken love.
Unconquer'd Patriot! form'd by ancient lore
The love of ancient Freedom to restore,
Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And seal'd by death the lesson that he taught.
Dear is the tie that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the gen'rous youth,
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to soothe;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life:
Nor wants firm Friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:
But not the endearing strings that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love,
Nor all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in Friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
Are half so dear, so potent to controul
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
As is that holy voice that cancels all
Those ties, that bids him for his country fall;

At this high summons, with undaunted zeal,
He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.
Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
Guide through the walks of Death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of War:
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of Peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muse resort,
Create in colours, or with sounds transport;
More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the spoils of Minden home.
To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;
To lead forth Merit from her humble shade;
Extend to rising Arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous Law,
That holds the free born mind in willing awe;
To swell the sail of Trade; the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love:
These are the deeds that public Virtue owns,
And, just to public Virtue, Glory crowns.

EPITAPH

IN DOWNTON CHURCH-YARD,

On a young Lady, who died in a Consumption in 1796.

HERE, in the cold embrace of death,
What once was elegance and beauty lies:
Mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
And quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.

A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
Ere yet her form had lost its vernal bloom:
Her virtues, Mis'ry oft reliev'd may tell—
The rest, let silent Charity entomb;

Nor suffer busy unrelenting Zeal,
E'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue:
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
And Malice rev'rence what it never knew.

But should the justice of the good and wise
Condemn her faults with judgment too severe;
Let mild-eyed Pity from the heart arise,
And blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

STANZAS ON CHATTERTON,

Occasioned by reading the Verses, entitled "Resignation," written by him a few Days before his unfortunate end. The Name of ROWLEY, *in which* CHATTERTON *wrote the most beautiful of his Poems, being more melodious than his own, has been adopted in the following Lines:*

A DYING Swan of Pindus sings
In wildly mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering Lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale.

So soft the melting numbers flow
From ROWLEY's trembling lips;
So sad his woe-wan features shew,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard, to grim despair resign'd,
With his expiring art
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And rest on ROWLEY's head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Ah! who can listen to thy songs,
Nor burn to share thy fire?
Ah! who, fond youth! can read thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the Lyre?

The Lyre, that sunk thee to the grave,
All bursting into bloom;
That Lyre the power to genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes! till his memory fail with years,
Shall TIME thy strains recite;
Oft shall thy story swell his tears,
Thy song amuse his flight.

ALCÆUS.

SHEFFIELD.

AN EPITAPH,

Which professes not to lie.

STRANGER! if e'er thy pierced soul did bend
O'er the cold reliques of some valued friend,
If e'er by thee were shed the grateful tear
Of filial fondness on a parent's bier,
Hence—for beneath this turf doth sadly rest
One by life's charities and hopes unblest,
Self-exil'd he from all that mortals prize,
Lo! on the couch of agony he lies;
Mid alien-arms resigns his painful breath,
Unlov'd while living, and unmourn'd in death!

L.

FROM THE LATIN OF PONTANUS.

DAMSEL! fairer than the rose
That buds when vernal zephyr blows,
And swells in crimson to the view,
When moistened by the morning dew;
Come, mark with me thy emblem flower,
When glows the sultry noon-tide hour.
Come, see how feeble, faint, and dead,
It gently bows its drooping head,
And falls, and withers on the plain.
Damsel! thus brief is Beauty's reign;—
Pass some few years, and Age shall trace
His wrinkles in thy fading face:
His touch shall dim thy glossy hair,
Thy ivory teeth, thy forehead fair.
No cestus, bright with gems and gold,
Thy swelling breasts shall then enfold;
No crowds of suitors then shall wait
With garlands trim to deck thy gate;
But dull and dreary o'er thy bow'r
Shall pass the lonely midnight hour.
Come, then, enjoy the vernal day,
And crop with me the flowers of May;
With silent wing Time speeds his flight,
And wafts us swift to endless night!
Come, then, my fair, and whilst we prove
The dear delights of mutual love,
Let glowing Venus beam from far
Our morning and our evening star.

W. SHEPHERD.

A

FAREWELL HYMNE TO THE COUNTRY,

ATTEMPTED IN THE MANNER OF

SPENCER'S EPITHALAMION.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER,

TRANSLATOR OF THE GREEK TRAGIC POETS.

SWEET poplar shade, whose trembling leaves emong
The cheerefull birds delight to chaunt their laies;
Where oft the linnet powres the dulcet song,
And oft the thrilling thrush descanting plaies;
Their tunes attempring to the silver Yare,
Which gently murmurs here
A babbling brook; but swelling in his pride
Sees two fam'd towns upon his bankes appear,
And the tall ships on his faire bosom ride;
Indignant then rolls his prowde waves away,
And fomes o'er half the sea:
Sweet stream, with shade refresht, orehung with bowres
Entrailed with the honied woodbine faire;
Where breathes the gentlest, softest, simplest aire
Stealing fresh odors from the rising flowres,
Joy of my calmer howres,

Oh sooth me with thy whisp'rings whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
With pleasance oft two silver swannes I view
Pranking their silver plumes with conscious pride,
A comely couplement of goodly hew,
Come softly swimming down the crystal tide;
The crystal tide, resplendent as it may,
Looks not so faire as they,
Whether their snowie necks they love to lave,
Or pluck with jetty bill in wanton play
The yellow flowres that flote upon the wave;
Or 'sdeigne to tinge their plumage, lest they might
Soyle their pure beauties bright;
But with slow pomp on the clear surface move.
Ye sweet birds, whiter than the new-faln snow
That silvers ore Thessalian Pindus' brow;
Fairer than those that draw the queen of love:
Purer than Leda's Jove;
Tune your melodious voices whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Oft when the modest morn in purple drest,
Wak'd by the lively larke's love-learned laye,
Unbars the golden light-gate of the east,
And as a bridemaid leads the blushing daye;
The sunne's bright harbinger before her goes
Scatt'ring violet, scatt'ring rose;
The jolly sunne, uprist with lusty pride,
Shakes his faire amber locks, and round him throws
His glitterand beams to wellcome up his bride;
Then bids his livery'd clouds before him flie,
And daunces up the skie.
Sweet is the breath of heav'n with day-spring born;
Sweet are the flowres, that ore the damaskt meads
To the new sunne unfold their velvet heads;

Sweet is the dewe, the spangled child of morn,
That does the leaves adorn;
Sweet is the matin hymne the glad birds sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
With early step yon' verdant slope I tread,
Crown'd with the florisht bowre of cremosin health,
Whence auntient Norwich rears her towred head,
Norwich, faire nurse of industry and wealth:
Down in the dale my lowly hamlet lies,
Where Truth without disguise,
Where dovelike Peace, and virgin Virtue where:
Hence Bacon's villa greets my pleasur'd eyes,
Bacon, to Phœbus and the Muses deare,
Seeking, uncombred with the toyles of state,
This grove-embosom'd seate.
The tufted hill, the valley flowre-bedight,
The silver shinings of my winding Yare,
The corn green-springing, and the fallows seare,
The lambkins sporting round, rural delight,
From hence enchaunt the sight,
And wake the shrilling pipe, and tempt to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Oft when the eve demure with dewy eye,
Clad in a lengthned stole of raven-gray,
Assumes the sober empire of the skye,
The streakt west glimmering to the parting day;
When golden Hesperus forth-streaming bright,
The leader of the night,
Marshals his radiant troops, and gives command
In heav'n's hie arch their lovely lamps to light,
Shouting he walks the Gideon of the band:
When first the youthfull moon begins to show
New-bent her blessed bow;
Or when, uprising from her eastern bowre,

Full orb'd she strives her glowing face to shroud,
Gorgeously mantled in a lucid cloud;
Or all her beaming brightness deignes to powre
The silver'd landskip ore;
And shepherd swains their evening carrols sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Ore the new-shaven level green I rove,
Where the fresh haycock breathes along the mead;
Or wander thro' th' uncertain-shaded grove,
Or the trim margent of the river tread;
Where the soft whisperings of the poplars tall,
To the streames liquid fall
Attempred sweet, the musefull mind delight;
Where the lone partridge to her mate does call,
Responsive in his homeward-hasting flight:
Where the low quail with modulation bland
Runnes piping o'er the land:
Where, as I stray along the dew-sprent ground,
The farre-off clock just trembles to my ear;
Where the mad citties lowder mirth I hear,
When swinging in full peal, a festive sound,
The deep bells roar around:
In mute attention hush'd I cease to sing,
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.
Now night's pale fires a peacefull influence shed,
The flockes forget to bleat, the herds to low,
Loosely along the grassie green dispred:
The slumbring trees seem their tall tops to bow,
Rocking the carelesse birds that on them nest
To gentle, gentle rest;
Silent each one, save the lone nightingale,
Of all the tunefull sisters sweetest, best;
She, soft musician, thro' th' enoharmed dale
Powres dainty-dittied warblings, to delight

The stillness of the night.
'Tis sacred thus to tread the dewy glade;
In the calm solitude of that still howre
To nature's God the gratefull soul to powre
Or in the silvery shine, or doubtfull shade
By quiv'ring branches made:
Rapt with the awfull thought I cease to sing,
Nor hills, nor dales, nor woods, nor fountaines ring.
When flaming in the zenith of his powre,
Darting directly down his firey ray,
The hot sunne, leaving his meridian bowre,
Enfevers with his beams the cloudlesse day;
The gadding herd from such a fervent sky
To the cool thicket fly,
Tormented with the bryzes teazefull sting;
Th' enduring sheep in th' hot sands panting lye;
The grasshoppers, blythe insects, daunce and sing;
The mower swart his sweeping scythe forsakes,
The damsels quit their rakes,
And seated where the freshing shade is found
With joyous jolliment the daye beguile;
Sweet is the quaver'd laugh, the simper'd smile,
When, as the tale or gamesome song goes round,
The vocal vales resound;
To me resound, whiles I assay to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Ye Lordings great, that in prowde cities wonne,
Which gently cooling breezes never bless,
In gorgeous palaces with heat foredonne,
Come here, and envy at my littleness.
All on an hanging hill a simple home,
For its small tenant roome,
Safe-nested in the bosom of a grove,
Where Pride, and Strife, and Envy never come,

Nor any cares, save the sweet cares of Love:
A little garden gives a cool retreat
From the day's powrefull heat;
Where flows my gentle Yare, whose bankes along
Th' inwoven branches, like a girlond made,
With wanton wreathings deck the dainty shade;
Whiles the smooth watry glass, reflecting strong,
With bending bankes and shades respondent vies,
Pointing to downward skies:
Here in this soft enclosure whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Here bounteous nature, like a virgin faire
Whose ladie fingers deck the velvet green
With cunning colorings of broidery rare
Sweetly' enterchang'd the varied shades atween,
The grassy groundsoil, as a lovely bride,
Hath richly beautifide,
Strowing the primrose pale, the violet blew,
The silver'd snow-drop, and the daisie pied,
The crocus glistering in its golden hew,
The cowslip drops of amber weeping still,
The flaunting daffodill,
The virgin lilie, and the modest rose,
The pretty pink, the red and white yfere;
Flowres of all hewes that paint the various yeare;
And the mild zephyr, that among them blows,
Around sweet odors throws,
Scenting the soft enclosure where I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
The chemist bee with busie murmurings
Extracts the soul of sweetness from each flowre,
Such as the Syracosian Thyrsis sings,
All in the shadow of the shepherd's bowre:

The stock-doves, darlings of the Mantuan swaine,
In melting murmurs plaine;
Sweet birds, of such a swaine to be the care,
The sootest he that ever chaunted straine,
Or with the gladfull pipe enthral'd the eare;
Him, as he sung, the graces dauncing round
With their own girlonds crown'd;
The nymphs that haunt the river and the grove,
Whether his skillfull reed he sweetly charms,
Or strikes the sounding shell and sings of arms,
Apollo him, and him the Muses love
Their own blest quire above:
Ah! wou'd they deigne their visits whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Here the poetic birds no fear molests;
Did I, sweet tenants of my garden say,
With ruthlesse hand ere marre your pretty nests,
Or steal th' unfeather'd innocence away?
For you my trees the springs gay livery wear;
For you the rip'ning year
Purples the plum, in the deep cherrie glows,
And tempers the rich honie of the pear;
For you the laughing vine with nectar flows;
For you the permain, comely to behold,
Glows with irradiate gold,
The burnisht bough vermilioning; for you
The mellow'd fruit beyond its time has hung;
Well have you paid me, for you well have sung:
On Nature's music shall we not bestowe
Gifts we to Nature owe,
Fond of our fellow Poets whiles they sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
An academic leisure here I find
With Wisdom's lore to discipline my youth;

By Virtue's wholesome rules to form my mind;
To seeke and love the wise man's treasure, Truth.
Oft too thy hallow'd sonnes enthroned hie,
Oh peerlesse Poesie!
Sounding great thoughts my raptur'd mind delight.
He first, the glorious child of libertie,
Mæonian Milton beaming heav'nly bright;
He who full fetously the tale ytold,
The Kentish Tityrus old;
And he above the pride of greatnesse great,
Sweet Cowley, with the calmest spirit blest,
That ever breath'd a calm in human brest,
Who "the poor Muses richest manor seat,"
The garden's mild retreat,
Wrapt in the armes of Quiet lov'd to sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
And he, forth-beaming thro' the mystic shade
In all the might of moral magic strong,
Who steep'd in teares the pitious lines he made,
The tendrest bard that ere empassion'd song:
Or when of Love's delights he cast to play,
Couth deftly dight the lay;
And with gay girlonds goodly beautifide,
Bound trew-love-wise to grace his bridal day,
With dainty carrols hymn'd his happy bride;
Lov'd Spenser, of trew verse the well spring sweet!
The footing of whose feet
I, painefull follower, assay to trace.
Bring fayrest flowres, the purest lilies bring,
With all the purple pride of all the spring;
And make great store of posies trim to grace
The prince of Poet's race;
And Hymen, Hymen, Io Hymen sing;
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.

Witness ye hills, and dales, and woods, and plains,
Th' unmoved quiet of my silver daies,
Free here from all the cares, and all the pains,
Whose storms do threat the citties dangerous waies:
There falsing Forgery, and foul Defame,
And lust of sclanderous blame;
There cancred tongues, school'd in th' ungratious art
To blast the bloom of a well-deemed name;
There Malice wonneth deep in hollow hart;
Ambition there and Strife, the lies of life,
Sleek Guile, and carled Strife:
Away plaine Honestie of simple eye,
And dovelike Peace that calmes the shepherd's day;
Away each Science, and each Muse away,
And single Truth, and sunne-bright Honour flye,
And lovely Liberty:
Here then, sweet shade, ô shield me whiles I sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Thus on his rustic reed the recklesse swaine,
Smit with the peacefull joys of lowly life,
The world's gay shows forgiving, charm'd the plaine,
Withouten envie, and withouten strife:
All on a knot-grass bank orearched hie
With ivie canopie,
And with wild roses richly well inwove,
He lay, and tun'd his rural minstrelsie;
When, lo! the fav'ring Genius of the grove,
Physis benempt, to his entranced sight
Appeared heav'nly bright;
Loose her fine tresses flow'd, like golden wire,
With budding flowrets perled all atween,
And shaded with a daintie girlond green;
And aye in green she did herself attire:

Beneath her feet in youthfull rich array
A voluntary May
Threw sweets, threw flowres; the birds more joyous sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountaines ring.
Then with a smile, that brighten'd all the shade,
Mild she bespake, and deign'd to press his hand,
Enough, fond youth, to Physis has been paid,
Break then thy rural pipe at her command:
These woodnotes wild, this flowre-perfumed aire,
And thy sweet-streaming Yare,
Must charm no more; no more the hallow'd cell,
Where white-robed Peace, and free-born Fancy faire
With sacred Solitude delight to dwell.
Wake then the sparke of glorious great intent,
In action excellent
That fires the noble-passion'd soul to shine;
In all the depths of useful lore ingage
To grace thy youth, and dignifie thine age:
Ne ween that Physis bids those paths decline,
For all those paths are mine.
Change then the straine; to hill, to valley tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, farewell.
But, ah! beware: for in this goodly chace
A vile enchauntress spreds her vain delights;
With guilefull semblants charming all that pass,
Till she enslaved hath their feeble sprights;
And sooth she is to view a ladie faire
Of beauty past compare;
And aye around her croud a gorgeous throng,
Skill'd in the mincing step, the vestment rare,
And the fine squeaking of an eunuch's song:
But sacred Science, tender Love, trew Fame,
And Honour's heav'n-born flame

They know not; yet the pompous name Vertù
To th' idle pageant give: she cruel prowde
Deals magic charms emong the carelesse crowde,
And does them all to hideous apes transmew.
But fear not thou the minion's magic pride,
For Physis is thy guide:
Come then; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, farewell.
To Cosme's polisht court thy steps I'll lead,
My sister she, tho' eft we strangers seem;
Farre otherwise of us the wise aread,
But follies' feeble eyes of things misdeem.
The straw-roof'd cot, the pastur'd mead I love,
The mavis-haunted grove,
The moss-clad mountaine hoar, a rugged scene;
Along the streamlet's mazie margent rove,
That sweetly steals the broken rocks atween:
She thro' the manner'd cittie powres the flame
Of hie-atchieved fame,
The star-bright guerdon of the great and good;
And breathes her vivid spirit thro' the mind
Whose gen'rous aimes extend to all mankind,
And vindicate the worth of noble blood;
Such as in bowre Lycean holding place
The man of Spargrove grace.
Come then; to hill, to dale this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, farewell.
Als like a girlond her enring around
The sphere-born Muses lyring heav'nly strains;
The graces eke with bosoms all unzon'd,
A trinal band that concord sweet maintains:
And who is she, that placed them atween
Seems a fourth grace I ween?
So looks the rubie pretious rare, enchaced

In the bright crownet of a maiden queen.
Each science too with verdant bay-leaves graced,
With honour brought from attic land again,
Adorns the radiant train.
Come then, let nobler aimes thy soul inspire;
But bring the cherub Innocence along,
And Contemplation sage, on pineon strong
Hie soaring ore yon' lamping orb of fire.—
Thus piped the Doric oate, whiles echoes shrill,
To fountaine, dale, and hill
Resyllabling the notes, this burden tell,
Farewell, sweet shade, sweet poplar shade, farewell

AN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

BY THE SAME.

Be farre, ô farre from me the forged show,
The vaunted vanity of lofty life;
But give me the calm peace of lovely low,
From envy shelter'd, and remov'd from strife!
Let my small barke, unequal to sustaine
The rough sea's toylsome paine,
With tempests deadly dangeroust ytost,
And foul with wrecks, the shelt'ring harbor gaine,
Or ride securely near the rockless coast:
No marchant she, cunning in tradefull sleight
To vend her simple freight;
That simple freight sweet heav'n enfortunize!
My wealthfull peace may no rude stour emmove;
Oh save what, more than misers gold, I prize,
Oh save my innocence, and save my love!

HYMN TO HEALTH.

NOONTIDE now glows in all its power:
Sacred shall be this tranquil hour,
As though some God were near:
Be mine, while lingering heats prevail,
And silent sleeps the vagrant gale,
To fix a temple here.

Yon heav'ns high-arching o'er my head,
This verdant turf by Nature spread,
These wild sweets flowering round,
The rites prescrib'd, oh! Health, proclaim,
Here be thy altar, heavenly dame,
This be thy holy ground.

'Twas thus at noon, as sings the swain *,
Who tun'd the simple Doric strain,
Shepherds retiring lay;
And, while in awe they dropp'd the reed,
And careless left their flocks to feed,
To Pan would reverence pay.

Thus, too, on Mona's secret heights,
The Druid paid his mystic rites,
And vervain duly spread;
And thus, while Silence listen'd round,
Encircling wide the sacred ground,
In meek devotion prayed.

* Theocritus.

I, too, with wearied steps and slow,
For I have reach'd this green hill's brow,
Now rest, at ease reclin'd;
Feasting, while round I turn my eyes,
And view the mingling hills arise,
With solemn thoughts my mind.

Oh! Parent blest of young delight,
Fair Health, now glide before my sight
In more than mortal grace;
With roses blushing on thy cheek,
In radiant smile, and dimple sleek,
And harmony of face.

Let Love still move thy matron breast,
And let thy flowery-cinctur'd vest
In folds majestic flow;—
Splendent as sunbeams be thy hair,
In braids bright waving in the air,
And bright thy neck as snow.

Yet what avails? To thee in vain
I pour the pious warbled strain,
The fruitless incense burn:
I see thee smiling still and sweet,
Yet hastening far from my retreat,
Ah! never to return.

Enslav'd to love, consum'd by thought,
With books, and verse, and follies fraught,
Too long I slighted thee;
Oh! how my youth has pass'd away,
And now I feel my strength decay,
And now thou slightest me.

Ah! flowers, which look, in vain, so gay;
Ah! gales, to me which idly play;
Ah! birds, that vainly sing:
The bloom of Spring, the Summer's flow'r,
And golden Autumn's milder store,
To me no pleasure bring.

Go, then, more kind, to Stella go;
Give her the pure vermilion glow,
And streak her eye with fire;
Still the dire throbbings of her heart,
Bid Languor's listless form depart,
And all her soul respire.

And let her drink th' ambrosial gales,
Which by thy springs, and hills, and vales,
Their balmy influence shed;
There halest herbs luxurious grow,
And flowers with brightest colours glow,
And daintiest odours spread.

Then shall the seas, and earth, and skies,
With double splendors feast her eyes,
Her breast with rapture fill;
Then shall she bid her sounding lyre,
(For Stella has the Poet's fire)
With ardent numbers thrill.

Thus deign, oh Health! to hear my prayer,
And oft-times here will I repair;
For shouldst thou not impart
Thy healing genuine warmth to me,
Still shall my incense rise to thee,
And that shall warm my heart.

VERSES

To some Flowers presented to me by a young Lady.

BY WILLIAM WIGHT *.

Ye flow'rs that so lately, fresh blooming and gay,
With blossoms of gold did my cottage adorn,
I behold you now languish, and droop, and decay,
And my bosom with grief and with anguish is torn.

* " William Wight is nineteen years of age, and was born without legs or knees, and his thighs very defective. He resides at Ferny Hill, near Ednam, in Scotland. His father was a day-labourer, and has been dead for some years. He has taught himself to read, to write a very legible hand, to play upon the flute, to draw with a pencil, although one of his arms he can with difficulty raise to his breast; he also attempts poetry, and, considering the very few advantages which he has enjoyed, his success is wonderful. Notwithstanding the want of exercise, he enjoys tolerable health, and possesses an amiable, cheerful, contented disposition. Nothing can be more interesting to a mind of sensibility, than to behold the mild intelligent countenance of William, beaming with good nature and gratitude for the attention which he receives. He has great sensibility of heart, and a modest delicacy and refinement of manners, which must be natural to him, as he has had no opportunity in his humble cottage of beholding a model of grace or elegance. He received us with all the politeness of a courtier, and thanked us most gratefully for the kind attention we had shown in coming to see him. Poetry, painting, and music, engage him by turns, and he has made considerable progress in acquiring a knowledge of the French language. Through the kind

O bloom still, and flourish, lest Fate from my mind,
Or misfortune should cause the remembrance to flee,
Of the lily-white hand, and the heart warm and kind
Of Anna, who brought you from Ednam to me.

Say, what must I do to preserve your fair hue?
No flowrets were e'er so much lov'd or so dear;
Shall I warm you with sighs? Shall I often bedew
Your petals and soft downy leaves with a tear?

kind liberality of his friends, he has got a choice little collection of modern poetry, which he prizes highly. He sits upon a table in his cottage through the day, with his little world around him, and, when the weather is fair, his mother carries him into a field near the village, where some of his treasures are taken to him, and there he reads and enjoys the open air. His excursive fancy wanders far beyond the bounds that limit his little prospect. When his father died, his mother exclaimed in great distress, "Oh William, who will maintain you now?" to which he answered, "Dear mother, that Divine Being who created me in this helpless state, will not allow me to perish for want." And that Divine Being has provided means for alleviating the distresses of the creature, whom his wisdom thought fit to place in circumstances so unfavourable. A subscription has lately been set on foot for his relief, and amongst the number of his benefactors, the highly respectable names of Dr. Percy, Bishop of Dromore, and Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo, Baronet, hold a distinguished place. About an hundred and fifty pounds have already been raised for his benefit, and a very small sum in addition to this would render his future existence comfortable and easy. His mode of life is simple, of course his wants are few, and his mind is modest and unaspiring. His conversation is remarkable for its astonishing propriety and elegance, and his information upon many subjects is very correct and extensive for his years and opportunities. It must afford much satisfaction to all those who have befriended him, to know that they have had it in their power to make such a considerable addition to the comfort and happiness of a being so grateful and deserving; one who cultivates, with unwearied application, virtuous and useful knowledge, nor ever murmurs that he is shut out from those numerous sources of happiness which he sees others enjoy."

Ah no! 'tis in vain; you are ceasing to bloom,
Your fragrance is fled, and your bright tints decay;
Faithful emblems of me!—thus my old age will come;
Thus my youth, and its raptures, will vanish away.

But Old Age may come, and Youth's raptures may flee;
Fate combine with Misfortune to sadden my heart;
O Anna, my friend! the remembrance of thee
Shall never, till death, from my bosom depart.

AUGUST 15, 1804.

EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM THE GREEK.

A MISER traversing his house,
Espy'd, unusual there, a *Mouse*,
And thus his uninvited guest
Inquisitively he address:
"Tell me, *Sir Mouse*, to what cause is it,
"I owe this unexpected visit?"
The *Mouse* her host obliquely ey'd,
And, smiling, pleasantly reply'd,
"Fear not, *Old Square Toes*, for your hoard;
"I came to lodge—and not to *board!*"

VERSES

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

BY THE LATE BISHOP EKINS.

I.

EXHAUSTED by her painful throes,
Let Nature take her due repose;
Sweet, dearest Anna, be thy sleep,
Whilst I my joyful vigils keep!
O! be thy joy sincere as mine,
For sure my pangs have equall'd thine.

II.

Sleep on, and waking thou shalt see
All that delights thy soul in me,
Friend, husband, and (O name most dear!)
The father of thy new-born care;
While on her charms your eyes you cast,
Thank Heaven for all your dangers past!

III.

Heaven for no trivial cause ordains,
That joy like this succeeds thy pains;
But by this sacred pledge demands
A parent's duty at thy hands!
Guard well thy trust, and justly claim
The glory of a Matron's name!

IV.

Too well, alas! thy tender heart
Was practic'd in the filial part,
Twice o'er a dying parent's bed
Watchful the virtuous tear you shed,
And angel-like their pillows prest,
And wafted to eternal rest.

V.

The duties which you then display'd,
Be by your grateful child repaid;
Form well her mind, nor shall your toil
Be wasted on a barren soil;
And whilst your infant charge you rear,
My love shall lighten every care.

VI.

Since first before the hallow'd shrine
I call'd my dearest Anna mine,
Ne'er did my soul such rapture prove,
Nor glow'd my heart with equal love.
Some charm must in this infant lie
Which binds us by a closer tie.

VII.

My partial eyes with pleasure trace
Thy features in its smiling face,
And if kind Heaven in mercy hears
The fondness of a father's prayers,
In her may I those manners see,
Those virtues I adore in thee!

STANZAS.

LITTLE Gipsey declare,
Said the sweet smiling Fair;
If he dar'd of my frowns to complain?
No, not even in thought
Did he dare to find fault,
He adores the lov'd cause of his pain.

His passion's so pure,
That he could not endure
Fond hopes, if he thought they'd displease;
To his heart so sincere,
Your bliss is more dear
Than his own by a thousand degrees.

At the foot of the hill,
Where the willows distil
Crystal dew-drops, he seeks the night's gloom;
Ere a twelvemonth goes round,
A few friends shall be found,
Shedding Sympathy's tears at his tomb.

Little Gipsey away,
Said the Lady so gay,
Nor pity'd her true Lover's doom—
The twelvemonth's gone round,
He lies in the cold ground,
And the willows wave over his tomb.

ELEGIAC ODE.

When the stroke of the Woodman had ceas'd in the vale,
And the sweet Philomela had finish'd her song;
A sage Child of Sorrow repeated his tale,
And sigh'd to the stream as it murmur'd along.

"I have seen the glad prospect which led me astray,
Change its lustre, and fade like the tints of the morn;
I have seen the meridian splendor of day,
But night has succeeded, and found me forlorn.

"I have seen, as I pass'd, how the rose blushing gay,
To the gale of the morning its bosom display'd;
I return'd,—but its beauties had faded away,
And the pride of the morn ere the ev'ning was dead.

"I have seen (oh how lovely!) the maid of the dale,
Flush'd with health, and with beauty triumphantly tread;
But, alas! neither beauty nor health could avail,
For all that was lovely, with Laura is dead.

"How delusive is Hope!—oh, how transient the stay
Of the sun-beam that gilds our terrestrial scene!
How short is the pleasure of man's brightest day,
And the blasts of Misfortune how piercingly keen!

" How blank is the prospect, how gloomy the day,
Which is clouded with care, and o'ershadow'd with woe;
How dreary, unsocial, and cheerless the way,
Which the Children of Sorrow must wander below!

" Oh! when shall the Pilgrim arrive at his home,
And man to his parent in gladness return;
Oh! when shall our sorrows be lost in the tomb,
And the wretched forget with the wretched to mourn."

Thus nightly he sang, and the swains lov'd to hear,
For his accents were gentle and mild as the dew;
Till they dropp'd o'er his tale of misfortune a tear,
And shrunk from the world, and the picture he drew.

P. H. F.

THE POET'S PETITION.

Ye Fates! these mortal realms who sway,
Still make the Bard your care;
Reserve him still the light of day,
And free respiring air!

For ill the Poet's soul could brook
Confinement's putrid breath,
The labouring lungs, the ghastly look,
And slow-consuming death.

But if he must to prison go,
And be anon shut in;
O! let a month of prison woe
Atone for years of sin!

AMICUS.

SONG.

THINK no more, my gentle Maid!
To withhold the promis'd treasure;
Can thy tongue delay persuade,
While thine eyes persuade to pleasure?
Long, too long, thine arts have strove
'Gainst my love to arm my reason:
Pleading youth in bar of love
Is in Cupid's court a treason.

While from day to day I spy
Some new charm its sweets disclosing,
Thought presents to Fancy's eye
What from day to day I'm losing.
Shall the budded rose expand
On the air its beauties wasting,
Cropt by no desiring hand,
None its early fragrance tasting!

Gentle Maid! resign thy fears;
Or, if fears thou must be feeling,
Dread the silent theft of years,
Youth, and Joy, and Beauty stealing.
Shield thee, shield thee, in my arms,
From the fiend all bliss destroying;
Make me guardian of thy charms;
I'll secure them—by enjoying.

KYMBER *.

TO

SIR ARMINE WODEHOUSE, BART.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

Dii patrii, quorum semper sub Numine Troja est,
Non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Cum tales Animos Juvenum, et tam certa tulistis
Pectora.

YET once more, ye lov'd poplars, and once more
My silver Yare, your hallow'd haunts I tread,
The bough-inwoven bank, the damaskt mead,
And seek the sweet shade of the woodbine bow'r,
If haply here the British muse abide:
For not on Isis' academic side,
Nor where proud Thamis rolls his royal waves
Thro' forest brown, or sunny meadow fair,
Her rapture-breathing voice enchants the ear:
Nor in those fields that honour'd Camus laves;
He, rev'rend Sire, the sacred groves beneath
Oft' deck'd with laureat wreath,
Thro' the still valleys winds his pensive way
Without the sweet note of one warbled song;
Save ever and anon some plaintive lay
Pours its soft airs, the rustic tombs among,

* First printed in the year 1759.

To the low winds that thro' his osiers breath,
And murmur to the rustling reeds beneath.
Does she o'er Cambria's rugged mountains stray,
Snowdon's rude cliffs, or huge Plinlimmon's height?
Or in rough Conway's foaming floods delight,
That down the steep rocks urge their headlong way?
There chaunts the raptur'd bard in solemn strain
Malgo's strong lance, Cadwallin's puissant reign,
High deeds recorded yet in Druid songs;
Or swells his woe-wild notes, of pow'r to spread
Chill horror round the ruthless tyrant's head,
For Urien's fate, for bleeding Modred's wrongs,
And smites the harp in dreadfull harmony.
Or does she love to lie
In the mild shade of Hulla's softer groves,
And twine the vermeil wreath to grace the youth,
Whose rapt breast glows, as o'er the beach he roves,
Touch'd with the sacred flame of star-bright truth;
Whilst to her lore his manly measure flows,
" And wakes old Humber from his deep repose."
Yet deign, if not to dwell, thy presence deign
Here, heav'nly visitant; and with thee bring
The loftiest note that swell'd the sounding string,
When stern Tyrtæus rais'd th' heroic strain;
To arms the warrior poet smote his lyre,
And all Laconia caught the martial fire.
Thee too, harmonious maid, the strings obey;
Strike them, and bid th' inspiring numbers flow,
Bid Britain's sons with Sparta's spirit glow,
And rouse old Albion with thy awfull lay.
Thy lay shall well-born Wodehouse deign to hear,
As now with gen'rous care
From Honour's fount th' enliv'ning streams he brings,
To visit, as they flow, that silver bow'r,

Where the fair plant of public Virtue springs,
And breathes pure fragrance from each glowing flow'r:
Like heav'n's own amarant th' immortal tree
Shoots, blooms, and bears, the growth of Kimberley.
Hast thou no verse then, heav'nly virgin say,
By truth attun'd on Fancy's fairy plain;
No solemn air, no hymn of higher vein,
To hail the blessed morn's auspicious ray,
When, these tall tow'rs rejoicing to behold,
Forth walk'd the orient sun array'd in gold,
First on their glitt'ring tops t' impress his beams;
Thence glancing downward, sparkled on the tide
That bends along yon' hoar grove's moss-clad side,
And scatter'd crimson o'er its azure streams?
The Naids, hasting from their coral caves
Beneath the crystal waves,
(In pearled braids their amber tresses bound)
Thrice wav'd their hands, and hail'd the rising tow'rs:
The wood-nymphs too, with florish'd chaplets crown'd
Forsook their groves, forsook their verdant bow'rs;
And thrice their hands they wav'd, and thrice they said,
"Raise, ye fair structures, raise your tow'ry head!"
Next Kymber came, slow winding o'er the lea,
His head and sedge-crown'd locks all silver'd o'er
With rev'rend eld, as winter breathing frore
Hangs on the bare boughs of the spangled tree:
His urn was silver fretted round with gold,
With runic rhimes imbost and figures old,
Th' illustrious moniments of British fame;
Here stout Tenantius draws his righteous sword
To crush the curs'd rule of a foreign lord,
And spreads unconquer'd Freedom's sacred flame:
There war-worn Kymbeline, by Victor's pow'r
Forth-driven from princely bow'r,

To the thick shelter of these shades retir'd
Feeding high thoughts and flames of vengefull war,
(Like a chac'd lion with fell fury fir'd)
Writhes on the lurking Traitor's close-couch'd spear,
And bids the conscious grove, and bids the plain,
And kindred stream his honour'd name retain.
High on her warlike car Bonduca stands,
The plumed helmet glitt'ring on her brow,
Whilst loose in streams of gold her tresses flow,
The bow and pointed javelin grace her hands;
Deliberate courage lightens in her eye,
And conscious worth, and inborn majesty:
Heroic Empress! as thy virtues spread,
Rome's rav'ning eagle cow'rs his quiv'ring wings,
Hope smiles, fair Liberty her blessings brings,
And heav'n-born Glory rays thy sacred head.
Grac'd with these sculptur'd scenes of antient fame
With stately step he came;
Nor wanted in his way melodious sound
From pipe, or pastoral reed, or dulcet voice
Of nymph or naid him enringing round,
Or quiring birds that in his shade rejoice,
Or gently warbling wind, or water's fall,
Soft trickling from his urn in murmurs musical.
Then on the stately structure's tow'ry height
With conscious pride he fix'd his raptur'd eyes;
And, as past scenes of antient glory rise
Arrang'd on Fancy's field in order bright,
He paus'd; then gracefull bow'd his rev'rend head,
And thus in lofty strains due homage paid.
" Ye strong-bas'd battlements, ye gorgeous walls,
Ye princely structures, that with splendor crown'd
Shine o'er your wide dominion stretching round,
To you with friendly voice your Kymber calls,

And bids you hail! thereto he adds your name
Renown'd in antient fame,
Hail Wodehouse-Tow'r! to tell you with what pride,
What triumph he your glitt'ring state surveys,
That dignifies his lily-silver'd side,
And wakes sweet mem'ry of those glorious days,
When full-plum'd Vict'ry wav'd her golden wing,
And deck'd with trophies proud his honour'd spring.
Yes, Kymber, now thou may'st with joy retrace
The long succession of thy patriot line;
With joy behold th' unclouded lustre shine,
Which Virtue beams around her favour'd race.
Canst thou forget * the Lord of Wodehouse-Tow'r,
Whose strong-built bastions scorn'd the Norman's pow'r?
From Deva's banks (whose mystic waters glide
By holy Whitchurch, thro' those pastur'd plains,
Long since the warlike Talbot's rich domains,
When from † Blackmere he brought his lovely bride,
The fair L'Estrange) thou saw'st the stout Knight lead
To Silfield's happier mead
His Saxon train. There Beauclerk's royal ray
Shin'd on his battailous bold offspring, tried
In many' an hard and chevalrous assay,
When ‡ Neustria's fields with crimson gore he died,

* Sir Bertram, Lord of Wodehouse-Tower, near Whitchurch, on the rise of the Deva, Dei Aqua, now Dee, celebrated in the rhimes of Sir Philip Wodehouse.

† Whitchurch was the inheritance of the Talbott by marriage with the L'Estrange, of Blackmere, Barons.—Camden.

‡ Sir George de Wodehouse attended Henry I. in his expedition into Normandy, A. D. 1104.

Spread vengefull flames revolted Bayeux round,
And dash'd the rampir'd pride of Caën to the ground,
Oft as Britannia's royal ensign wav'd,
And the stern clarion call'd in field to fight,
The warlike Wodehouse march'd with prowest might,
And the rough front of deathfull danger brav'd.
Let Bara tell, and let Bodotria tell,
Fort, lough, and river, mountain, wood, and dell,
All that from southern Eiden's flow'rly lea
Stretches to bleak Strathnavern's northern strand,
Was his sword sheath'd, when * Edward's iron hand
Spread desolation wide from sea to sea?
Or when the sable Warrior's lifted lance
Glar'd in the eyes of France,
Was Wodehouse wanting to the Hero's fame?
Let Crecy tell, and Poictier's purple plain,
And captive Valois' hallow'd † Oriflame.
His dreadless hardiment ‡ let Glequin's chain,
Record, and brave ‡ Dandrehin's froward fate,
And poor Castilia's tyrant-wasted state.
Who has not heard of Somme's affrighted flood,
How mournfully his cumber'd streams he roll'd
O'er shining hauberks, shields, and helms of gold,
His crystal current stain'd with Prince's blood,

* Edward I. whom Sir Bertram de Wodehouse accompanied in his wars in Scotland.

† The Oriflame was a banner of gold and flame coloured silk, consecrated and kept in the Abbey of St. Denys. From the high opinion the French had of its virtue, it was made the royal standard by Lewis VI. and was continued such till Charles VII. brought in use the white coronet.

‡ Two gallant Commanders in the army of Henry Earl of Trestamare, whom the Black Prince, attended by the flower of the English troops (among whom was Sir William de Wodehouse) defeated and took prisoners on the frontiers of Castile, thereby restoring Peter, sirnamed the Cruel.

When daring Delabreth in wanton pride
The warlike Henry's way-worn troop defied?
But all this gallant trim and rich array
Lay soil'd in dust, when Bedford's burnish'd spear
Flam'd in their front, and thunder'd in their rear,
And York's bright blade hew'd out his dreadfull way.
Rouze, royal England, rouze thy matchless might,
And with a dragon's flight
Sweep o'er th' ensanguin'd plains of Agincourt:
And see, thy Wodehouse, whose strong arm subdued
The ruin'd bulwarks of yon' aged fort,
His golden chev'ron * charg'd with drops of blood,
Rest on the woodmen wild that bear his shield,
And hails thee victor of the well-fought field!
Can I forget how blythe my eddies roll'd
And kiss'd their crisp'd banks, when to Tewkesbury's plain
My gallant son † led his heroic train,
Stout Earls, and princely Dukes, and Barons bold?
Yet, ah for pity! these fierce hostings cease,
That ‡ maiden blossom wears the badge of peace,

* For this gallant action Henry V. as a perpetual augmentation of honour, assigned him the crest of an hand, stretched from a cloud, holding a club, and this motto, FRAPPE FORTE: and the savage, or wild man holding a club, which was the antient crest of the family, was now omitted, and two of them placed as supporters to the arms, which had a further augmentation of honour added in the shield, viz. on the Chev'ron Gutté de Sang, as they are borne to this day.

† Sir Edward Wodehouse, who was knighted at Tewkesbury, attended Edward IV. into the north with two hundred men at arms, furnished at his own charge; being accompanied in his own retinue with two Dukes, seven Earls, thirty-one Barons, and fifty-nine Knights. Blomefield, from the Pedigree.

‡ The white rose of Plantagenet.

And will you dye her white leaves red in blood?
But if your martial courage pricks you forth,
See where the prowling pilferers of the north
With inroad foul o'er Tine's forbidden flood
Rush from their bleak hills, lur'd with scent of prey:
Brook they your firm array?
Far humbler thoughts on Eske's embattail'd banks
They learn'd, as Somerset's victorious spear
With foul disorder broke their bleeding ranks,
Whilst vengefull Wodehouse taught their proud hearts fear,
And bade his thunders tell them, as they fled,
The * brother triumphs where the brother bled.
But not on camps and fighting fields alone
My glory rests; when turtle-pennon'd Peace
Hush'd War's harsh roar, and bade its fury cease,
In these lov'd shades her softest lustre shone.
Here heav'n-rapt Piety delights to dwell,
Train'd in † monastic Flitcham's holy cell;
Here plants her palm, whose hallow'd branches spread
O'er tow'red ‡ Richmond's consecrated shrine,
And form'd the holy wreath e'er taught to twine
Round desolate ‡ Caernarvon's hapless head.
E'en that strong ‖ arm, which stretching from a cloud
Crests the atcheivement proud

* Sir William Wodehouse was Vice-Admiral of the English fleet, and knighted for his noble service in the battle of Musselborough, where his elder brother Thomas was killed, A. D. 1547.

† Sir William de Wodehouse founded the monastery at Flitcham, and made a cell to Walsingham, about A. D. 1260.

‡ Robert de Wodehouse, a younger brother, was Archdeacon of Richmond, and Chaplain to Edward II.

‖ See note relating to the crest and atchievement of the family: the motto on the shield is AGINCOURT.

Imprest with Agincourt's emblazon'd name,
Among his laurels wove this sacred bough,
Ennobling Valour with Devotion's flame,
And taught the warbled * Orison to flow,
As 'midst the taper'd choir the solemn priest
Chaunts to the victor saint high heav'n's eternal rest.

Here the firm Guardians of the public weal,
Inspir'd with Freedom's heav'n-descended flame,
Rose nobly faithfull to their country's fame;
In frequent † senates pour'd their ardent zeal,
Dash'd the base bribe from curs'd Corruption's hand,
And sav'd from tyrant pride the sinking land.
Or prompt to answer bleeding Europe's call,
To distant realms ‡ bore Britain's high behest,
Bade the sword sleep, gave gasping nations rest,
And taught the doubtfull balance where to fall.
But in the softer hour of social joy,
When ceas'd the high employ,
These woodland walks, these tufted dales among
The ‖ silver-sounding Muses built their bow'r,

* He was one of the Executors of Henry IV. he was also Executor to Henry V. of whom he obtained licence to found a chauntry Priest, to sing for the souls of that Prince and his Queen, and of his beloved Esquire John Wodehouse and his wife, their ancestors and posterity, either in the Cathedral Church of Norwich, or in the Charnel Chapel thereto belonging. This Chapel is now the school-room, in the vault under which he lies buried.

† This family has served with inviolable integrity in twenty-eight Parliaments; to seventeen of which they have been returned for the county of Norfolk.

‡ Sir Thomas Wodehouse was sent Embassador to France by Henry VII.—Another Sir Thomas was sent into France, Spain, and Italy, to qualify himself for the highest employments, by Prince Henry, son to James I.

‖ If history has not thought it beneath her dignity to record the musical accomplishments of Epaminondas, the Poet may be allowed

Made vocal with the lute-attempred song;
Whilst blooming courtesy's gold-spangled flow'r,
Cull'd by the graces, spread its brightest glow
To deck unswerving Honour's manly brow.
And you, age-honour'd oaks, whose solemn shades
Inviron this fair mansion, proudly stand
The sacred * nourslings of Eliza's hand,
When she with sov'reign glory grac'd your glades,
And pleas'd beheld her † Boleyn's kindred line
Ennobled with your trophied honours shine.
Spring crestless cravens from such stocks as these?
Ask the pale ‡ Groyne, ask Tayo's trembling tide,
Ask Cadiz weeping o'er her ruin'd pride,
And Austria scourg'd o'er all the subject seas.
From this rich root my blooming branches spread,
And rais'd their florish'd head,
Chear'd with the princely || Henry's orient ray;
Till rising on the morn importune night

lowed to observe that this fine art has been much cultivated at Kimberley. Jenkins, the most celebrated Composer and Master of Music of his age, lived chiefly there, and lies buried in the church. "Musas et musicam studiose colens," is part of the elegant monumental inscription on Sir Philip Wodehouse.

* The venerable oaks upon the hill, where the house now stands, were planted in honour of Queen Elizabeth whilst she was at Kimberley, A. D. 1578.

† Thomas Wodehouse, who was killed at Musselborough, married a Shelton, whose mother was a Boleyn.

‡ Sir Philip Wodehouse served Queen Elizabeth both by sea and land, at home, in Portugal, and in Spain: he was knighted for his service at Cadiz by the Earls of Essex and Nottingham, the Queen's Generals.

|| Sir Thomas Wodehouse was in great favour with Prince Henry, son to James I. and of his bed-chamber; upon whose decease he retired to Kimberley. This high-spirited young Gentleman was very unwilling that his father should accept a baronetage from

Spreads her black veil, and blots his golden day
Darkness ensues, dark deeds, and impious nights
Whilst Discord, mounted on his iron car,
" Cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war."
What then cou'd Virtue, " fall'n on evil days,
On evil days thus fall'n, and evil tongues,
With dangers compast," and opprest with wrongs,
Save to the wild woods breathe her plaintive lays,
And charm the shades, and teach the streams to flow
With all the melting melody of woe!
But what avail'd or voice, or tuneful hand,
When hell-bred Faction, rear'd on balefull wings
Stain'd with the blood of Nobles and of Kings,
Spread total desolation o'er the land?
Ah Kymber! where was then thy princely state?
Sunk in the gen'ral fate:
Thy * rich roofs sunk o'er golden pendents spread;
Fastolf's white croslets moulder'd from the wall,

from James. Descended from a long and illustrious line of knights bannerets, he considered knighthood as an high honour from the King, and sacred to military glory; therefore held this new carpet order in contempt: Sir Philip entertained the same sentiments, but being unwilling to disoblige the King, he submitted though with reluctance: thus the seventeenth knight banneret was the first baronet of the family.

* Alluding to these old verses, supposed of Sir Philip Wodehouse.

First fell Elizabeth's brave lodging roome,
Then the fair stately hall to ruin came;
Next falls the vast great chamber arch'd on high,
With golden pendents fretted sumptuously.
Yet of four parts three still remain'd the seat
Unto that heir who was first Baronet,
And to his son, till the long Parlianient,
Nobles and Gentry sunk to discontent;
In which sad humour he lets all the rest
Of this fair fabrick sink into its dust;

And * Hamo's lions dropt their gold-crown'd head;
The sacred chapel sunk, the festive hall;
E'en thy tall tow'rs majestic in decay,
Like thy lost Monarch, low in ruins lay.
Thus Britain sunk, and thus sunk † Wodehouse-tow'r:
So sinks the sun, as o'er the turbid skies
Sudden the storm-engend'ring clouds arise,
And vex with uproar wild night's fearfull hour;
That past, his bright beams resalute the day,
And heighten'd splendors crown his orient ray:
So Britain rose, so rose my tow'red state.
But not the swelling column massy proof,
The moulded pediment, the fretted roof,
Not this fair fabric proudly elevate,
Tho' fix'd by Prowse's just palladian hand
Its princely honours stand;
Not this clear lake, whose waving crystal spreads
Round yon' hoar isle with awefull shades imbrown'd;

Down falls the chapel, last the goodly towre,
Tho' of materials so firm and stowre,
Time scarce uncements them. Like dismal fate
Does England suffer both in church and state.

* Sir Bertram de Wodehouse, in the reign of Edward I. married Muriel, daughter and heir of Felton.

Hamo, Lord Felton, in a ruby field,
Two lions passant ermine, crowned gold.—
Fastolf gives or and azure quarterlye,
Upon a bend of gules white croslets three.

† This house was built in the reign of Henry IV. by Sir John de Wodehouse, who by his marriage with Margaret, daughter and sole heir of Sir Thomas Fastolf, of Kimberly, enlarged his elbow room, as Sir Philip Wodehouse expresses it. The building was large and square, with a tower, a court in the middle, and moated round: it continued the seat of the family till the year 1659, when it was suffered to fall. Its ruins yet remain.

Not these pure streams that vein th' enverméll'd
meads:
Not those age-honour'd oaks wide waving round;
Exterior glories these of humbler fame,
Beam not that splendent ray which dignifies my
name.
The Spark of Honour kindling glorious thought,
The soul by warm Benevolence refin'd,
Th' æthereal glow that melts th' empassion'd mind,
And Virtue's work to fair perfection brought,
Be these my glories. And thou, pow'r benign!
Whose living splendors round the Patriot shine,
Immortal Genius of this far-fam'd land,
This sceptred isle thron'd 'midst the circling sea,
Seat of the Brave, and fortress of the Free,
Oft' hast thou deign'd to take thy hallow'd stand
These shades among; at Virtue's radiant shrine
Oft' caught the flame divine,
When dark Corruption dimm'd thy sov'reign light;
Thence beam'd thy solemn soul-ennobling ray
To gild these groves with all thy lustre bright,
Where nobly thoughtfull Mordaunt loves to stray,
And manly Prowse, with ev'ry science crown'd,
In Freedom's rustic seat the polisht Graces thron'd.
And thou, to whom thy Kymber tunes this strain,
If strain like this may reach thy nicer ear,
O deign in mine thy country's voice to hear,
Which never to a Wodehouse call'd in vain!
By the proud Honours of thy martial crest,
The trophied tombs where thy fam'd fathers rest,
By Lacy's, Clervaux, Hunsden's, Armine's name,
By Manhood's, Glory's, Freedom's, Virtue's praise,
Wake the high thought, the lofty spirit raise,
And blazon thy hereditary fame.

That Fame shall live, whilst Pride's unrighteous pow'r
The pageant of an hour,
Fades from the guilty scene, and sinks in night:
That Fame shall live, and spread its constant rays,
Warm like the blessed sun with genial light;
Whilst Vice and Folly spend their balefull blaze,
As meteors, glaring o'er a troubled sky,
Shoot their pernicious fires, amaze, and die."
He ceas'd his gratulation: the high strain
Pierc'd the thick gloom where Britain's genius lay
Cover'd with charmed cloud from view of day *:
He heard, and bursting thro' the falsed train
In all the majesty of empire rose,
And issued stern to quell his vaunting foes.
The Naids saw, and swell'd their surging floods;
Old Kymber saw, and smil'd; the burnisht glades
Rejoic'd; the groves wav'd their exulting shades;
And lofty Feorhou bow'd with all his woods.
The lordly lion ramping by his side,
He march'd in martial pride,
And pour'd his flaming spirit o'er the land.
The kindling hamlets, rouz'd with war's alarms,
Snatch the bright faulchion from the hireling hand,
And bravely train their free-born youth to arms;
Whilst Liberty her glitt'ring ensign waves,
And bids each gen'rous son disdain an host of slaves.
Then royally on th' ocean wave enthron'd,
With all his terrors arm'd, he rode sublime,
And roll'd his thunders o'er each hostile clime:
Seine's silken vassals trembled at the sound;
The cloud-wrapt promontory † shook, and all
Its rock-bas'd rampires nodded to their fall.

* A line of Spenser's F. Q. † Louisburgh.

Reign ever thus, unconquer'd Britain, reign;
Whilst thy free sons in firm battalions stand,
And guard with lion ramp their native land,
Thus fix thy throne, thus rule the subject main!
So shall bright Victory o'er thy laurel'd head
Her eagle pennons spread;
Whilst soft-ey'd Peace, quitting at thy command
Her radiant orb in you' empyreal plain,
Waves o'er the willing world her myrtle wand:
So shall the Muse her doric oat disdain,
And touch'd with sphere-born rapture's hallow'd fire,
Swell her triumphal notes, and sweep the golden lyre.

THE TROUBADOUR.

Bernard de Ventadour to Agnes de Montluçon.

From the old Provençal.

Of Love the pangs I only know,
Yet glory in my sighs,
Nor would I any pang forego
For all that mortals prize.

Love, if so charming are thy pains,
How must thy joys be sweet!
Then let me love while life remains,
Though no return I meet.

J. LAWRENCE.

WEIMAR.

THE EVE OF HYMEN.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

'Tis night, and my Delia now hastens to rest;
Rapt into sweet visions, I wander alone;
Love soothes the fond wishes that glow in my breast,
With transports to Wealth, and to Grandeur unknown.
Soft, soft be thy slumbers, dear, innocent Fair!
Descend smiling Peace on my bosom's delight,
Hope sheds her pure beams on each long-nourish'd care,
As day brightly dawns on the shadows of night.

Reclin'd on her pillow, now mute is that voice
Whose sounds my affection insensibly stole;
And clos'd are those eyes, in whose beams I rejoice;
And veil'd are those lips, which enrapture my soul:
Conceal'd are those cheeks, where luxuriantly glow
The tenderest graces of beauty and youth;
And hidden from me is that bosom of snow,
The mansion of Purity, Virtue, and Truth.

She 's absent:—yet, lovely and graceful to view,
Kind Fancy restores the fair pride of my heart:
Spring calls forth the verdure of Nature anew,
Her smiles to the seasons new glory impart.
No longer soft Sorrow my verse shall inspire;
Despondence has clouded my spirits too long;
In extacy sweeping the soul-breathing lyre,
Love, Hymen, and Delia awaken my song.

THE WEDDING DAY.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

Arise, oh thou Sun! with fresh glory arise;
And thou, oh bright Morning! empurple the East,
For ne'er did thy splendor so gladden my eyes;
No morning e'er dawn'd with such hope in my breast.
This day shall be yearly remember'd with pride;
The feast shall be held, and the song shall go round;
This day I shall call my lov'd Delia my bride:
With Delia each wish of my heart shall be crown'd.

And thou, lovely virgin! whose semblance divine
Still beams on my view, like an angel of light,
To thee, in fond visions, my soul I resign;
Ah, wake not my soul from the dream of delight.
Can Grandeur possess, or can Conquest bestow
A joy so sublime, so ennobling as this?
Though not the vain pomp of dominion I know,
Yet Monarchs, with envy, might smile on my bliss.

It is not thy skin, which, in fairness, outvies
The dew-spangled lily, the pride of the spring,
Nor is it the rose on thy cheek which I prize;
Thy mien so majestic, whose graces I sing:
These fan the soft flame of a fleeting desire;
But purer the passion, by Reason refin'd,
Let some thy fresh blossom of beauty admire,
I bow to the virtues which glow in thy mind.

Oh Day, so propitious, roll swiftly away!
And welcome mild Ev'ning to lead in the Night.
Oh Night, so long wish'd for, I chide thy delay!
Speed, speed thy kind shades to extinguish the light;
To veil her sweet blushes, to calm ev'ry fear,
Round the couch of my Love let thy curtains be spread;
Her eyes a soft transport may gem with a tear;
That tear of delight shall to Hymen be shed!

SONG FROM THE GERMAN.

Love, from those bright eyes imparting
Soft desire and amorous care,
Through my breast his arrows darting,
Lives and reigns a tyrant there.
On thy cheek with blushes glowing,
When I print the eager kiss,
Heart and soul with joy o'erflowing,
Scarce can bear the thrilling bliss!
Dearest maiden! whilst I hold thee
'Gainst my panting fluttering heart—
Whilst my trembling arms infold thee,
Maddening bliss thy charms impart!
But too soon my ravish'd senses
Sink beneath oppressive joy:
Life and death thy smile dispenses!
Bliss and pain alike destroy!

B. BERESFORD.

BERLIN.

THE FOURTH ODE OF HORACE,

BOOK III. IMITATED.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

Sovereign of the song! descend,
And bring the flute of jocund vein,
Its magic influence now to lend,
And breathe a longer, sweeter strain;
Or hadst thou rather pour th' enraptur'd song,
And swell the loftier lyre, and sweep the strings along?

Hear ye? or does some pleasing frenzy fire
My soul, and visionary scenes inspire?
I hear, I see, I feel her move
Adown yon consecrated grove,
Yon grove, where Zephyrs gentler wave around,
And murm'ring streamlets yield a softer sound.

Fatigued with sleep and youthful play,
Once as on Isis' banks I lay,
Swift from yon Olympian height
Two heav'n-born doves down shot their airy flight,
And from the Muses neighbouring bow'rs
Kindly pluck'd the new-blown flow'rs.

Bestrew'd with these, secure, I lay,
Nor fear'd the Reptile's slimy way,
And all the Swains admir'd around
That dwell on yonder lofty mound,
Or in that modest vale below
Drink the silver streams that flow;
All, all admir'd to see my body bound
With myrtle-wreaths, my temples laurel-crown'd.

If this the Muse in infancy could give,
Long as my soul shall know to live,
Should Cambrian hills my step invite,
Or the bleak northern fields delight,
Should gayer or should busier scenes be mine,
O take me, Goddess! still my soul is thine.

Nor can the battle's furious Lord,
Nor can the Conquerour's crimson sword,
Nor the falling fated tree,
Nor witless Pilot in the midnight sea,
Annoy the breast that feels thy fires,
Dear to thy haunted streams and fairy-footed quires.

Goddess! with thee, I'll tempt the madd'ning main,
Goddess! with thee, I'll tread the burning plain,
With thee, unhurt, I'll seek that savage shore
Where the wild Indians howl for human gore:
For when with War's severer toil opprest,
Now wishing and now seeking gentler rest,
His well-tried troops, disbanded now around,
Heard not the Clarion's animating sound,

But sought their native shore—'twas thou that led
And plac'd great * GEORGE beneath thy laurel shade,
'Twas thou that breath'd the milder thought refin'd,
That calm'd the swelling soul, and tun'd the Warriour mind.

Thus well we know in times of yore,
That he, whose pow'r the ruffled waves adore,
That he, th' almighty Father JOVE,
Whose nod the high-born Sons of Heav'n can move,
Alone who governs with impartial sway
The drear domains of night, and realms of day,
He was the God, that smote with thund'ring hand
The giant Sons of Earth, an iron impious band.

Yet could the Titan brothers bold,
Of hundred arms, and horrid air,
Tear from each base the mountains old,
And strike the soul of JOVE with fear;
Lab'ring to lift the uptorn Pelion high,
And heave that mighty mass of mountains to the sky.

But what could then TYPHŒUS do?
Or what the curst and rebel crew?
For let them boast their monstrous size,
Terrific ev'n t' immortal eyes;
Their brandish'd trunks O let them wield,
Their vastest pow'r how weak, when PALLAS lifts her shield!

* GEORGE the Second.

Here VULCAN, clad in arms of fire,
And here the venerable JUNO stood,
And he that ever bears the bow,
Who bathes his loose dishevell'd flow
Of hair, in CASTALY'S pure flood,
He whose sweet strains the Lycian fields admire,
Whose natal groves have caught the echoes of his lyre.

How by its own weight falls the brutal force
That knows no counsel, keeps no govern'd course!
Attemper'd strength alone the Gods approve,
But curse the giant-soul that furious mischiefs move.

This well the Monster GYAS knew;
This did the mad ORION prove,
That dar'd chaste DIAN with his savage love,
Him the virgin arrow slew.

Still mourns, still mourns the sorrowing earth,
Her sons all buried in her own sad womb;
Still does she weep the hideous birth,
Whom the black thunder with its direful blow
Headlong to meet th' eternal doom,
Sent to the lurid shades below.

Still shall the piercing flame devour
The stubborn ÆTNA'S mountain-soul;
Still shall the hungry birds of vengeful pow'r
O'er the hot TITYUS' lustful liver scowl;
Still the rash lover curse his galling pains,
PIRITHOUS, ever bound in adamantine chains.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS, JANUARY 1803.

YES, I have seen the dappl'd morn
  Blush o'er the eastern hill;
The Lark, on dewy wing up-borne
  The cloud with music fill:
I've seen the Spring, in smiles array'd,
Repair the ruins Winter made,
  And breathe around her balmy gales;
And bid her flowers of various dye
Send a pure incense to the sky,
  And gem the verdant vales!

But where *Quair*'s crystal streamlets flow,
  No more mine eye shall trace,—
With raptures Poets only know,—
  The charms on Nature's face!
For pale Disease and racking Pain,
With ills and woes, a numerous train,
  Relentless on my vitals prey!
And, gathering vigour every hour,
Life yields to their superior power,
  And soon must faint away!

O Man! how soon thy vigour's lost!
How swift thy years are flown!—
Child of to-day! thou canst not boast
To-morrow as thine own!—
Why struggle then for pomp or power?
Why scale Ambition's tottering tower?
Why grasp at Wealth with eager hand?
Can these Disease's victim save?
Can these defraud the greedy grave,
When Death makes the demand?

By Hope and Inexperience led,
In Youth's unclouded morn,
Life's flowery path we fearless tread,
And every danger scorn!
The sprightly heart, the beaming eye,
Seem care and sorrow to defy,
And promise pleasures ever new;
We listen to the woodland song,
We crop, as light we dance along,
Each flower that meets the view!

But soon, stern Disappointment lays
Hope's fair creation waste!
The morning sun's enlivening rays
Are soon with clouds o'ercast!
The winds in all their fury roar;
The skies a wintry deluge pour,
Loud thunders rend the troubl'd air!
Man, 'wilder'd, help in vain demands,
And, 'mid th' impending ruin, stands
An image of Despair!

Affliction! thou this solemn truth
  Hast made my heart to know,
The scenes which to the eye of Youth
  In Hope's bright colours glow,
Are fleeting, as the shades that glide
Along the mountain's sunny side,
  When clouds sail on the breeze's wing;
And false and unsubstantial too,
As the fantastic forms we view,
  And midnight visions bring!

If e'er my tender heart was wrung
  In sad Misfortune's hour,
The Muse that rul'd my simple song
  With more than magic power,
Still taught me to forget my woe,
Forbade the starting tear to flow;
  And while she lent her ready aid,
To gratitude by sufferings train'd,
I prais'd my God who gave a Friend,
  A Friend that ne'er betray'd!

But now on Life's extremest bound,
  The Muse can charm no more!
No more my numbers shall resound
  On *Quair*'s enamell'd shore!
No more the balmy rustling gale,
The echo of the lonely dale,
  The flower, by Nature painted gay,
The music of the woodland reign,
The streamlet babbling o'er the plain,
  Shall prompt th' unbidden lay!

But who in smiles descends to cheer
  My soul in Death's dread hour?
All hail, Religion! every fear
  Yields to thy soothing power!
Thou mann'st the trembling heart to tread,
The path that leads me to the dead!
  And pour'st celestial light around!
Thou wing'st the soul, thou point'st the eye,
To worlds of endless bliss, that lie
  Beyond life's narrow bound!

When this warm heart forgets to beat,
  And life's last pang is o'er,
May pleasures unreprov'd await
  The friends I lov'd before:
But, ah! what hand shall balm impart
To soothe my *Nancy*'s woe-worn heart,
  Who all my sorrows joy'd to share?—
Heav'n! thou canst ne'er the Good forsake,
Guard then my *Nancy!*—*Nancy* make
  Thine own peculiar care!

If e'er Misfortune's hapless child,
  By kindred feelings led,
Pensive pervade the rural wild
  To view my lowly bed,
Let not Despair his soul invade;
Each storm I bore in life's dark shade,
  And *Independence* gain'd at last:
But then my fate proclaims aloud,
That man's a fool who dares be proud,
  As life would ever last,

When every thing shall cease to charm
  Which life can here supply;
When even my *Nancy*'s lovely form
  Swims on my closing eye;
When in the peaceful grave I'm laid
Unhonour'd 'mong th' unhonour'd dead;
  I ask no monumental stone.
Enough that I the bliss enjoy'd
Of having virtuous liv'd and died,
  Unknowing and unknown!

J. N.

TRAQUAIR MANSE.

THE DOWN-HILL OF LIFE.

In the down-hill of life, when I find I'm declining,
  May my fate no less fortunate be,
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
  And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad poney, to pace o'er the lawn,
  While I carrol away idle sorrow;
And, as blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn,
  Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
With a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
And a barn for the use of the flail;
With a cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow,—
I envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours may wait him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secur'd by a neighbouring hill;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly,
By the side of a murmuring rill:
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
I'll share with my friends what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring
I've worn for threescore years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again:
But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is thread-bare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

RETIREMENT.

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE REV. DR. HURD.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

WHEN on the stage Bays bids th' eclipse advance,
Earth, sun, and moon confounding in the dance;
If Critics wisely act, who damn the fool
Outraging nature, and transgressing rule;
How in the world's mad dance shall we forbear
The serious censure, or contemptuous sneer?
Where ev'ry age, and ev'ry rank is found
Treading a like absurd, unnatural round;
A round that rules not only forms of state,
But governs all th' affairs of all the great.
Look o'er the military list, you'll find
The supple coward, whose ignoble mind
With slavish suff'rance joins the fav'rite's side,
Watching his smiles, and bending to his pride,
Rise o'er the brave man's head, and snatch the place
His scorn'd, but modest, worth was form'd to grace.
Nay, when we groan distemper'd with our pain,
And the fierce fever boils in every vein,
Proud to the very confines of the grave,
By the long wig we judge the skill to save.

* Or what avails in Warburton to find
The pow'r of genius, soul of science join'd?
The sacred mitre dignifies his brows,
Who lowest to th' unletter'd Courtier bows,
Too just to flatter, and too brave to lye,
From such a world the Sons of Virtue fly:
Yet, bless'd with innocence, how few can find
What to supply the mighty void of mind!
Becalm'd, and wanting oars, they ask the gale
Of others' breath to swell the flagging sail;
Or, without pilot their light bark to guide,
Float at the mercy of each varying tide.
O teach us, for you know, to be alone,
And all th' advantage of retirement own!
Let us that greatest blessing learn of you,
To view ourselves, nor tremble at the view.
And let me bless you; for your friendly care
Remov'd me from the world, and plac'd me here;
And taught me, in the boiling heat of youth,
To hear the voice of reason and of truth;
Willing your friend that happiness shou'd find,
Which gilds your shades, and calms your spotless mind.
From the reflections these calm scenes allow,
Much of myself, and of the world I know;
I know that Liberty, man's greatest boast,
Is in the chace of wild ambition lost;

* Tho' Poets are not Prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow,
By tracing heav'n his footsteps may be found:
Behold, how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and wond'rous in his ways.

DRYDEN.

Enslav'd to all the vanities of state,
The passions, and the follies of the great.
Nor are the great more free; their constant train
Drive the fair Goddess to the humble plain;
Their actions closely watch'd, their words mark'd down,
And e'en their very thoughts no more their own;
Pursued by flatterers, parasites, and knaves,
What are they but the veriest slaves to slaves?
And what concludes this pageantry of life?
The axe of justice, or the murd'ring knife.
Bribing and brib'd to grasp the dazzling prize,
And lab'ring in their country's fall to rise;
Tarpeia's just return their treachery yields,
No golden bracelet, but th' o'erwhelming shields.
There are who free midst all their greatness live,
If the name, free, to that we rightly give,
Which follows (slavish term!) Passion's strong gust,
The heat of appetite, and rage of lust.
For Heaven's bright queen a gilded cloud they chace,
And monsters issue from the rude embrace:
Yet the false form their ravish'd hearts adore,
Held in vain raptures by her wanton lore.
Mean while pale Virtue groaning on the ground,
With all her ruin'd honours scatter'd round,
Insulted lies, and with indignant shame
Blushes to see the pageant's guilty fame.
O Heav'n-descended Freedom! if thy voice,
Assuasive yet, can fix the doubtful choice;
Lead us, O lead us to sequester'd shades,
Where Reason rules, and not one lust invades;
Far from the life of Vanity or Care,
From Grandeur, Folly, Passion, Pride, and Fear.

Thou, when the wise, by contemplation led,
The darksome grove, or winding valley tread,
Wilt join the walk, and breathe into the breast
The sweet complacence of a mind at rest;
Whence purer reason, heighten'd wisdom flow,
An Hoadly's calmness, or a Seraph's glow.
There nor dependent, and by none confin'd,
We act the sober dictates of the mind;
There dare we give the generous smile to flow,
Not basely fashion'd from another's brow;
Or sit, or walk, uncumber'd with the train
That swells the little great, and meanly vain;
Our guard pure innocence and wisdom brings,
More solemn than the tedious pomp of Kings.
This, this is freedom! O'er the peaceful plains
In all her glory bright the Goddess reigns:
Behold her winning and majestic air!
The laws before her their firm guardians bear;
Plenty, and Peace, and Industry, and Wealth,
And sweet Content, and ever-blooming Health
Attend her side; Joy sheds his smiles around;
Each Muse walks honour'd, and each science crown'd;
Whilst pleas'd she views her chariot wheels beneath
Ambition, Pride, Lust, Fortune, Fear, and Death.
Forgive a verse the love of virtue warms,
Nor think these only visionary charms;
You'll find them, list'ning to the moral strain,
More than a flatt'ring fiction of the brain.
Come then, with me the heat of rapture quit;
Hear sober reas'ning in exchange for wit;
Preach on the world; but first the text divide;
Of business first, of pleasure next decide.
How can the man, whose ev'ry thought is pelf,
Search his own mind, and look into himself?

Unheard without all grave reflections wait,
Like humble suitors at a great man's gate;
Intent on each low artifice to thrive,
Strangers to virtue and themselves they live:
An honest man, if honest such may be,
Breathes many 'a sigh, and wishes to be free;
But, like the Roman parricide, is found
With serpents, dogs, and apes shut up and bound.
How are the silken sons of pleasure lost,
In all her wild rotations madly tost?
The flow'ry round unthinkingly they tread,
Where vanities to vanities succeed;
Amusements ever new their reason blind,
Hope plays before, but mockery steals behind.
Lead them from these pursuits at some grave hour,
To the calm garden, or sequester'd bow'r;
Collected there each scatter'd beam of thought,
They learn to think, and reason as they ought;
Fame drops the wreath; the pageantry of pow'r,
And wealth's own magic cheats the sense no more:
No more the wanton ask the painted toy,
True solid pleasures realize their joy;
They find that happiness in reason lies,
Reason, that makes us, and that keeps us wise.
Nor end we here: new joys enrich the scene
In the calm sunshine of a soul serene.
On life's wide sea unsteadily we sail,
Sport of the dashing tide, or driving gale;
Or Hope misleads the flatter'd sense, or Fear
Embitters each tumultuous hour with care;
Each conversation pains; on ev'ry side
Fancied or real insults hurt our pride;
We pine with envy at the prosp'rous state,
But toss the head, and mock th' unfortunate:

In Passion's giddy whirl we vainly strive,
Converse in storms, and in a tempest live.
But, from the world retir'd, we find that rest
Which calms the troubled ocean of the breast;
The distant images, erewhile so gay,
Languid and faint upon the fancy play;
And with them every image dies away.
Still let me raise the verse, and point the road,
That leads thro' Nature up to Nature's God:
The heighten'd theme requires a stronger wing,
"The God, the God, the vocal vallies ring."
On ev'ry mountain we confess his pow'r,
In ev'ry bush the still small voice adore;
When 'mongst yon' venerable oaks I rove,
I own the Deity that fills the grove;
If the sage tree no voice prophetic gives,
If in its bark no fabled Druid lives,
He gave each tow'ring trunk to rise, he spread
The waving foliage of each rev'rend head;
Known in each leaf unfolding to the spring,
Seen in each insect of the meanest wing,
Found in each herb, each flow'r that decks the field,
In ev'ry walk convers'd with and beheld:
Blest intercourse! when deigns with man to join
Th' all-gracious presence of the pow'r divine;
When, great example of primæval grace,
Man communes with his God as face to face.
Hence, hence, ye vain, with all your pomp remove;
For Kings and Courts quit all the wise approve;
For Kings and Courts the godhead and the grove!
There are who feel these truths, the joy serene,
The humble blessings of the rural scene;
But false desires their erring judgments cheat,
And ruin all their bliss to make them great.

Fools! not to know that happiness and pride,
Things inconsistent, will not be allied;
That Nature, craving no luxurious feast,
Asks but a little, and rejects the rest.
Not that this lust of pomp wou'd be so ill,
Cou'd we, like Joshua, bid the sun stand still;
Or to our wishes set a certain bound,
Stop when we reach it, nor aspire beyond:
But here not more than foolish children wise,
Who covet ev'ry star that decks the skies;
The skies appear to their unjudging sight
As resting on yon' hill's aspiring height;
The little wantons pant and glow with joy,
Eager to gather up each sparkling toy;
Their breasts in vain a nearer hope inspires,
The moving sky, as they advance, retires;
Till, having gain'd the summit, they deplore
The flying stars as distant as before:
Than these no wiser we our wishes bound,
The bound we find, Content, is never found;
Still we toil on in warning Nature's spite,
Fix no horizon to our appetite;
Run the same round with never-resting haste,
Till death th' enchanted circle bursts at last.
Wou'dst thou be blest? Thy false desires resign;
Now, now retire; the future is not thine:
Dare to be wise; for he that here delays,
* The clown upon the river's margin stays
Expecting till the passing stream be dried,
Still glides the passing stream, and will for ever glide.

* Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille
Labitur, et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.
Hor. 2 Epist. I. 1.

But how retire? Shall we, like Timon, fly
From all mankind, and in a desert die?
In fretful pique, or indolence forego
Life's various duty, and its comforts too?
Each kindly seed of social joy suppress,
No friend to comfort, and no child to bless?
A brother's bliss nor feel, nor wants relieve,
And Heav'n's own gifts unthankfully receive?
Man's common nature, common good resign'd,
The wretched expletives of human kind?
Or, say, too liberal for ascetic hate,
Shall we Statilius' bounties imitate?
Think to retire but to forsake the town,
And carry all its noise and nonsense down?
Unfelt the rapture of the silent hour,
No shade sequester'd sought, no thoughtful bow'r;
Drive sage Reflection from her favour'd groves,
Haunts of mad bacchanals and lawless loves;
With Riot's voice bid ev'ry echo ring,
And fright the Muses from their wood and spring?
Oh! 'twixt the mad extreme on either side
Let wisdom lead us, or let C——d guide.
Above the vanity of greatness great,
His decent life e'en sanctifies retreat:
By him superior wealth is understood
But a superior order to do good;
Hence the deserving poor receive their part
Large like his fortunes, liberal as his heart.
Strong manly sense adorns his open mind,
And much he knows, and knows for all mankind;
Lover of justice, faithful to the laws,
The person he respects not, but the cause;
Hence from litigious suits and quarrels free
Contending parties hear him, and agree.

The general good thus studious to improve,
The common parent claims our common love.
Fair, wise, and good, his all-accomplish'd race
Each virtue emulate, reflect each grace;
Hence the pure flow of private happiness,
And he lives bless'd by all, who lives to bless:
These joys in Spargrove's sweet retreat he found,
And all the chearfull country smiles around.
Ye venerable groves, whose opening glades
Invite the musefull wand'rer to your shades!
Ye birds, whose honied notes enthrall the ear,
Wake the bright morn, the darksome ev'ning chear!
Ye fountains, murmuring music as you flow!
Ye flow'rs, that on their purple margins glow!
Ye winds, that o'er those flow'rs soft-breathing play,
Calm the hot sky, and mitigate the day!
Take me, Oh take me to your lov'd retreats;
All, all conspire to bless me with your sweets!
Here in your soft enclosure let me prove
The shade and silence of the life I love!
Not idle here; for as I rove along
I form the verse, and meditate the song;
Or mend my mind by what the wise have taught,
Studious to be the very thing I ought:
Here will I taste the blessings of content,
No hope shall flatter, and no fear torment;
Unlike the sea, the sport of ev'ry wind,
And rich with wrecks, the ruin of mankind,
My life an honest, humble praise shall claim,
As the small stream, scarce honour'd with a name,
Whose glad'ning waters thro' my garden play,
Give a few flow'rs to smile, then glide away.

ODE TO WOMANKIND.

Notum quid Fœmina possit. Vir.

THERE is, nor do the schoolmen dream,
There is on earth a Power supreme,
To whom Heaven has assign'd,
By special grace, in every clime,
Thro' every period of time,
The empire o'er mankind.

Say then, to whom belongs this right,
Or to superior sense or might,
The sacred One or all?
Alas, vain man! the search forego,
Let nature and experience shew,
That Woman rules the ball.

Come, history, stript of all disguise,
Display the truth to vulgar eyes,
But half reveal'd before!
Read, man! and cease thy witless boast,
See, Woman still has rul'd the roast,
From Eve to Pompadour!

What tho', like puppets on a stage,
We bounce, and huff, and rant, and rage,
Yet peep behind the scene,
You'll find that Woman's sportive hand
Still plays the wires, and at command
Exhibits a machine.

Ye mighty earthly potentates!
Ye mightier ministers of states!
  Who strike mankind with awe;
Confess, and let it check your pride,
You only rule the world beside,
  As Woman gives the law.

Let the Grand Signior stalk elate,
Round his Seral, in idle state:
  Let Marmontel explain,
How coquetry and Hymen join'd
This greatest of Bashaws to bind,
  And snap his laws in twain.

The pension'd, garter'd, ribbon'd Peer,
Parades it in his courtly geer,
  As you, ye Fair, determine:
Commission'd Heroes strut in lace,
And Bishops learn'd, the mitre grace,
  And Judges sage, the ermin.

You frown—war's dreadful bolts are hurl'd
Around a desolated world;
  Death riots in his play:
You smile—the fatal tumults cease,
Hush'd by the lenient voice of peace,
  And all the world is gay.

Each Hero, from the well-fought day,
Flies quick to you, and begs to lay
  His laurels at your feet:
Bards trim the flow'ry wreath for you,
Be sure its fragrance and its hue
  Is far less bright and sweet.

Tho' Academics sit immur'd,
By pedantry they're not secur'd
From your resistless power:
E'en Kings themselves are seen t'obey;
Sure proof of universal sway!
Conviction asks no more.

What tho', when Hymen's bonds unite,
Some females, in the day's broad light
Seem to resign their sway?
Yet Pen, if Homer tells us true,
At night would constantly undo
The web she wove by day.

Nor only in Experience' school
Learn we the truth of Woman's rule,
This Nature's bounty proves;
To her she safely may appeal,
By her impress'd with empire's seal,
The Graces, Smiles, and Loves.

Dares any two-legg'd human brute
The victory with these dispute?
Soon may the rebel rue it!
May Cupid's longest, sharpest dart,
Convince him of his duteous part,
And force him too to do it!

'Gainst such a magazine of charms
Shall puny reason point his arms,
Or hold the cobweb shield?
When Pedantry is known to fail,
How shall Philosophy prevail?
E'en Pride must quit the field.

What, tho' some bards, by spleen betray'd,
Have summon'd Satire to their aid,
  Your power to undermine?
Yet, spite of Swift's blaspheming page,
Of Juvenal's indignant rage,
  You mock their vain design.

But ye, victorious, injur'd Fair!
Forget these bards, these monsters rare!
  And view that num'rous train,
Who gallantly have fought your cause,
Constant abettors of your laws,
  Best subjects of your reign!

Let soft Tibullus' tender vein,
Ill-fated Hammond's plaintive strain,
  Sad Shenstone's heart-felt moan:
Let Ovid's, Cowley's gayer line,
Where Love and Wit united shine,
  The vile offence atone!

Should every bard, should every man,
Join, in despite of Nature's plan,
  To deviate from their duty;
One bard, like Abdiel, faithful found,
'Midst millions false, should stand his ground,
  Still true to Love and Beauty.

KRASTUS.

OXFORD, 1775.

PARODY

OF GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH YARD.

ST. PAUL'S proclaims the solemn midnight hour,
The weary Cit slow turns the master key;
Time-stinted Prentices up Ludgate scour,
And leave the streets to darkness, and to me.

Now glimmering lamps afford a doubtful ray,
And scarce a sound disturbs the night's dull ear;
Save where some rambling hack directs its way,
Or frequent tinklings rouse the tavern bar.

Save that in yonder iron-grated tower,
The watchmen to the constable complain
Of such as, in defiance to their power,
Molest their ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these butchers stalls, that penthouse shed,
Where rankling offals fret in many a heap,
Each in his several stye of garbage laid,
The dextrous sons of Buckhorse soundly sleep.

The cheerful call of "Chair, your honour, Chair,"
Rakes drunk and roaring from the Bedford Head,
The tongues of coachmen squabbling for a fare,
No more can rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them the blazing links no longer burn,
Or busy bunters ply their evening care;
No setters watch the muddled Cit's return,
In hopes some pittance of the prey to share.

Oft to their subtilty the fob did yield,
Their cunning oft the pocket string hath broke;
How in dark alleys bludgeons would they wield!
How bow'd the wretch beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their humble toil,
Their vulgar crimes and villainy obscure;
Nor rich rogues hear with a disdainful smile,
The low and petty knaveries of the poor.

The titled Villain, and the Thief of Power,
The greatest rogue that ever bore a name,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of wickedness but lead to shame.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If justice round their necks the halter fix,
If from the gallows to their kindred vault
They ride not pompous in a coach and six.

Gives not the lordly axe as sure a fate?
Are Peers exempt from mould'ring into dust?
Can all the gilded 'scutcheons of the Great
Stamp on polluted deeds the name of JUST?

Beneath the gibbet's self perhaps is laid
Some heart once pregnant with infernal fire;
Hands, which the sword of Nero might have sway'd,
And midst the carnage tun'd th' exulting lyre.

Ambition to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with such monstrous crimes, did ne'er unrol;
Chill Penury repress'd their native rage,
And froze the bloody current of their soul.

Full many a youth fit for each horrid scene,
The dark and sooty flues of chimnies bear;
Full many a rogue is born to cheat unseen,
And dies unhang'd for want of proper care.

Some petty Chartres that with dauntless breast
Each call of worth and honesty withstood,
Some mute inglorious Wilmot here may rest
Some ——— guiltless of his ———'s blood.

The votes of venal Senates to command,
The worthy man's opinion to despise;
To scatter mischief o'er a ruin'd land,
And read their curses in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade, nor circumscribed alone,
Their growing fortunes but their crimes confin'd,
Forbade with libels to insult the throne,
And vilify the noblest of mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious guilt to hide,
To bid defiance to all sense of shame,
Their country's toil and labours to deride,
And heap fresh fuel on Sedition's flame;

To such high crimes, such prodigies of vice,
Their vulgar wishes ne'er presumed to soar,
Content on wheelbarrows to cog the dice,
Or pick a pocket at the playhouse door.

Yet e'en these humble vices to correct,
Old Tyburn lifts his triple front on high;
Bridewell, with bloody whips and fetters deck'd,
Frowns dreadful vengeance on the younger fry.

Their years, their names, their birth, and parentage,
Tho' doubtful all, the Grub-street bard supplies,
Prints but what first debauch'd the tender age,
And with what words the ripen'd felon dies.

For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
When to the dreadful tree of death consign'd,
But yearns to think upon the fatal day
That first seduced to sin his pliant mind?

No soul so callous but Remorse may sting,
No heart so hard but Guilt may teach to sigh;
Contrition forces heartfelt tears to spring,
And melt to tenderness the sternest eye.

For him, the master of the pilfering herd,
Whom certain punishment attends though late,
If when his wretched carcase is interr'd,
Some curious person should enquire his fate:

Haply some hoary-headed thief may say,
Oft have I seen him with his lighted link
Guide some unwary stranger cross the way,
And pick his pocket at the kennel's brink.

There at the foot of yonder column stretch'd,
Where the Seven Dials are exalted high,
He and his myrmidons for hours have watch'd,
And pour'd destruction on each passer by.

Hard by yon hill, where not a lamp appears,
Sculking in quest of booty he would wait;
Now as a beggar shedding artful tears,
Now smiting with his crutch some hapless pate.

One morn I miss'd him at the accustom'd place,
The seven-faced pillar, and the favorite wall;
Another came, nor yet I saw his face,
The post, the crossings, were deserted all.

At last, in dismal cart, and sad array,
Backward up Holborn-hill I saw him mount:
Here you may read, for you can read you say,
His Epitaph in the Ord'nary's account.

THE EPITAPH.

Here festering rests a quondam plague of earth,
To Virtue and to honest Shame unknown,
Low Cunning on a dung-hill gave him birth,
And Villainy confess'd him for her own.

Quick were his fingers, and his soul was dark,
In artful knavery lay all his hope;
No pains he spar'd, and seldom miss'd the mark,
And gain'd from justice all he fear'd—a rope.

If further you his villainies would know,
And genuine anecdotes desire to meet,
Go read the story of his vice and woe,
Printed and sold by Simpson near the Fleet.

ODE TO PHILOCLEA.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

Oh Philoclea! e'er I saw those eyes
No calm Philosopher was half so wise:
The brightest charms that beauty shows,
I unconcern'd beheld,
As we behold the flower that glows
Upon th' enamel'd field;
And eyes might shine; to me they shone in vain,
They never touch'd my heart, or gave me pain.

The tyrant Love, to vindicate his power,
Led me where well he knew I must adore;
To you he led me—Oh my heart!
Shou'd I to Wisdom fly?
But Wisdom took the Tyrant's part,
And help'd his victory.—
With raptur'd eyes I hung upon the sight,
And lost myself in wonder and delight.

So heav'nly bright the beam of beauty shin'd,
It left your image printed on my mind.

My mind how chang'd! For from that hour
I lost my liberty;
And nothing now is in my power,
But to adore and sigh;
For from that hour whate'er I say, or do,
Or think, or wish, is you, and only you.

Oft as I hear the mention of your name,
My mantling blood glows conscious of my flame:
But if I touch that tender hand,
(Ye wise, in nature read,
Who Love's deep myst'ries understand,
Say whence it can proceed,)
I feel a delicate and pleasing pain
Thrill in each nerve, and glide thro' every vein.

Where'er I go, I bear your form about;
I shut my eyes, but cannot shut you out.
What shall I do? With books I try
To mitigate my pain;
But my fond fancy will apply
To you the glowing strain;
To you the Poet's praises must belong,
The Mira or Orinda of the song.

Forgive me heav'n! when o'er the sacred page,
Where holy truths th' enraptur'd mind engage;
Truths, which the glowing bosom fire
With a diviner ray,
And bid th' exulting soul aspire
To heav'n's eternal day;
I see you more than fairest angels fair,
And think my heav'n will be to love you there.

TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

* Quærunt quod nimium est.

HARK, how the chill north chides among the trees,
Making us shrink and shiver at the sound!
See, how the snow comes beating in the breeze,
And covers with unkindly cold the ground!
Keen cuts the cold with bitter-biting hate,
And sad th' unsightly season's stormy state.

* The writer of Mr. Waller's Life, prefixed to his Poems, observes, "that the way of using the same initial letters in a line, which throws the verse off more easily, was first introduced by him (Waller.) And Mr. Dryden imitated it to affectation, as some others since him have also done." Happily for Poetry Mr. Waller had read the Roman Poets, and studied the harmony of Spenser, who has scattered this beauty through his Works with an unsparing hand. Indeed there is hardly a grace in all the regions of Poetry which Mr. Dryden did not seize and improve; but the affectation is to be looked for in Writers of a different class. Instances abound. Virgil in the fourth Georgic describes the rise of his rivers with all the magic of poetic numbers,

Unde Pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Saxosumque sonans Hypanis, &c.

A Writer, who thought he could never be Poet enough, determined to be even with his master; so he tosses the Alps, one knows not how,

The dainty daisy, and the primrose pale,
  The silver'd snow-drop, and the violet blue,
The gorgeous daffodil that decks the dale,
  The crocus glitt'ring in his golden hue,
Fold up their silken leaves, and droop their heads,
As they wou'd shrink again into their beds.

Mute is the music of the thrush's throat;
  No more the lively linnet sweetly sings;
Hush'd is the light lark's wildly-warbled note,
  And the gay goldfinch droops his gaudy wings;
The robin-red-breast, indigent and chill,
Knocks at the casement with familiar bill.

Pierc'd with the eager air the hardy hind,
  Wrapt in his coarse-spun duffield bends along;
And hastens homeward from the wintry wind,
  Nor chears his journey with one jocund song:
The houseless herds from such a raging sky
For shelter to the friendly hedge-rows fly.

This is the mirror of my mournfull mind,
  All there is winter's waste, alas the while!
For thou, my Philoclea, art unkind,
  Ah! too unkind to bless me with a smile:
All as the year with wrathfull winter wasted,
The budding blossoms of my joys are blasted.

how, into the end of an act, melts their snows, tumbles them into the Rhone, and makes them

United there roll rapidly away,
And roaring reach o'er rugged rocks the sea.

thus by putting this beauty on the rack he has distorted every feature, and destroyed every grace; and so it will often happen, that an acknowledged excellence in a great Writer fills half the land with imitating Fools.

Mirth, goddess gay, my pensive breast forsakes,
The lightly-tripping train of pleasures flies;
Here his sad seat mute Melancholy makes,
And dull Despair, the god of dolefull sighs:
With chiding blasts blow, blow thou winter's wind,
Thy murmurs are meet music for my mind.

But when the genial ruler of the year
Chears the glad vallies with a vernal ray,
Deck'd in their lovely liveries they appear,
With blooming bushes and fresh flowrets gay:
Pruning their painted plumes the sweet birds sing,
The hills, the dales, the woods, the fountains ring.

So, Philoclea, shou'dst thou sweetly smile
In pity of my painfull pangs of love,
That smile wou'd every cruel care beguile,
And wastfull winter from my heart remove;
Rose-robed the sprightly spring wou'd revel here,
And own thee for the ruler of my year.

TO THE PAINTER:

ON

MRS. LONGE'S PICTURE OF SPIXWORTH.

BY THE SAME.

Thy skill, we know, can figure out the fair,
Draw the bright form, and give the gracefull air;
Bid the free ringlets elegantly flow,
To shade the swelling bosom's mimic snow;

The lofty forehead's milky way extend,
And its fine arches delicately bend;
'Tis thine to bid the livid lightnings fly,
And all the lustre of a radiant eye;
To catch the bloom that glows on beauty's face,
The soft seraphic smiles' attractive grace;
The sweetness of the female form divine,
And all the wonders of the art are thine;
Art, that to Beauty can new beauties give,
And bid its heighten'd charms more charming live.
When this fair form with raptur'd gaze we view,
Scarce can th' astonish'd mind conceive it true;
As such perfection, not by nature wrought,
Spoke the creative Painter's vivid thought:
But let the bright original appear,
And all that æmulous art has figur'd fair,
Form, beauty, grace, now deem'd so exquisite,
Fade in the blaze of her superior light:
With different force the beams of glory shine,
And human art must yield to pow'r divine.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

The Triumph of Music, a Poem; in six Cantos. By W. Hayley, Esq. 4to. pp. 130.

THIS poem will add nothing to the reputation of its author. It is one of his most feeble productions. The story is radically faulty, and some of the incidents are improbable. The versification is without spirit, and the style is weakened and encumbered by a croud of epithets, which are of no use but to eke out the lines into their proper quantity of syllables. "To relieve the monotony of heroic rhyme," the author has introduced a great number of songs and sonnets. We are by no means unfriendly to an occasional variation of metre, which, in spite of all that has been said against it, we are still persuaded may be so managed as to produce a very agreeable and spirited effect; but Mr. Hayley has gone beyond all bounds, and has introduced, in one place, no less than thirty-nine small poems, which occupy more than twenty pages. Such a variety as this is more disgusting than the most tedious uniformity.

Cupid turned Volunteer. A Series of Prints, engraved by Gardiner. With Poetical Illustrations, by T. Park, F. A. S. 4to. pp. 12.

To write verses upon any given subject appears to us one of the most irksome of tasks, and, of course, one of the most difficult to perform with any degree of success. Such a task has, however, been undertaken by Mr. Park, and has been successfully performed. His illustrations are executed with great elegance and poetical taste. It is fit the reader should be told in what manner Mr. Park was rewarded for this exercise of his talents. Having, with the true negligence of a poet, forborne to stipulate for any remuneration of his labours, he could scarcely, if we are not misinformed, obtain from the bookseller even a single copy of the book for his own library!! We most fervently wish that all such booksellers were to receive that punishment they so justly merit.

The Wiccamical Chaplet, a Selection of original Poetry; comprising smaller Poems, serious and comic; Classical Trifles; Sonnets; Inscriptions and Epitaphs; Songs and Ballads; mock Heroics, Epigrams, Fragments, &c. &c. Edited by George Huddesford. Crown 8vo. pp. 223.

Few poetical writers have contributed more to the gratification of the public than Mr. Huddesford. His own compositions of various kinds are of superior excellence. He has now undertaken the friendly office of collecting together the scattered effusions of several brother poets. This task he has executed in a satisfactory manner. In the chaplet which he has

formed he has bound up a few flowers of his own, which are not less odorous and brilliant than those contributed by others.

The Grampians Desolate: a Poem, by Alexander Campbell. 8vo. pp. 316.

More than one half of this volume is occupied by prose. We heartily wish the whole had been so occupied. Though we do not always assent to Mr. Campbell's opinions and plans, we are willing to own that his notes contain much information, and that he is actuated by truly patriotic intentions. The less we say of his verse the better. When he attempts poetry he is uniformly far below mediocrity. There is not in the whole poem a single line which deserves to be remembered.

Poems, by S. T. Coleridge. 3d Edition, small 8vo. pp. 202.

Among the poets of the present day Mr. Coleridge holds a distinguished place. For energy of thought, splendour of diction, and command of language, he is not often equalled. His versification also is both polished and animated. In the present edition of his works some pieces which were admitted into the former are excluded, and their place is filled by some of his early productions. The poems of Lloyd and Lamb are now left out.

Poems; chiefly Tales. By W. Hutton, F. A. S. S. 8vo. pp. 433.

Those only who have been compelled to read more than four hundred closely printed pages of dull

verse can imagine what a laborious task we have performed in perusing Mr. Hutton's volume. After much yawning, many sour faces, and several attacks of nausea, we arrived at the end of this formidable octavo in a state of weariness truly pitiable. We had rather try one of the labours of Hercules than encounter such another book. Mr. Hutton has, in this choice collection, amused himself, though not his readers, by raking together, without any regard to decency, and putting into verse, a number of old indelicate and thread-bare stories. Those that had any wit he has completely spoiled; those that were dull he has rendered still more so. A man who, as the inscription under his portrait tells us, is in his eighty first year, might, we think, be more creditably employed than in obtruding such trash upon the public. Are there no serious concerns to occupy Mr. Hutton's attention at his very advanced age?

Pleasures of Solitude, with other Poems. By P. L. Courtier. 3d Edition, small 8vo. pp. 144.

LAUDABLY anxious to render his compositions as correct as possible, Mr. Courtier has again carefully revised his "Pleasures of Solitude." In the performance of this task he has been guided by sound judgment and taste. But he has not merely confined himself to alterations: he has added many stanzas, which are entitled to strong commendation. Nor has he been less anxious with respect to the minor poems in the volume. Some of the least attractive he has expunged, and inserted others of more worth in the place of them. The remainder have undergone considerable revision.

Original Poems, by Thomas Green Fessenden, A. M. Author of Terrible Tractoration; or Caustic's Petition to the Royal College of Physicians. Small 8vo. pp. 197.

THE poems contained in this volume are not of equal merit with the satire called "Terrible Tractoration." They are not, however, in general without a very respectable share of merit. But this praise must be given solely to those pieces which are of a ludicrous nature. While the author confines himself to hudibrastics he is in his element, but when he attempts a grave subject he sinks below mediocrity.

Wallace; or the Vale of Ellerslie, with other Poems. By John Finlay. Second Edition, corrected and enlarged, small 8vo. pp. 170.

ON the first appearance of "Wallace," a favourable character of it was given in the Poetical Register for 1802. The author, who has now avowed himself, has, in this second edition, rendered his poem still more worthy of praise. He has corrected it, and added many beautiful stanzas. An addition, and a very valuable one, has also been made to the number of the minor poems in the volume.

Poems, elegiac and miscellaneous. By Mr. Hackett. Small 8vo. pp. 184.

MR. HACKETT informs us in his preface, that he was chiefly induced to publish his collection of verses by a sentiment of Dr. Goldsmith's with which he casually met. We sincerely wish that Dr. Goldsmith had never committed this sentiment to paper, or that

Mr. Hackett had never chanced to stumble upon it, as, in either case, we should perhaps have been spared the labour of toiling through a volume which has made us yawn at least as much as any volume ever did before. There is, however, one good thing in the book: it is Mr. Hackett's own description of his versifying qualifications.

> " —— Much unskill'd in flowing strains to sing,
> Puerile my thoughts, and in my language wild."

But this fit of modesty does not last long, for, proceeding a little further, we find the author self-complacently exclaiming,

> " Who, John, that knew thee in thy younger days,
> Could e'er have thought that thou wouldst prove a *bard*,
> And boldly dare to grasp the poet's bays,
> And claim attention, and demand regard?"

We have printed the word *bard* as we found it in Mr. Hackett's volume.

Poems, by Charles A. Elton. Small 8vo. pp. 164.

THE author of these poems is an officer in the army. Should fortune favour him as much as the Muses have done, he will assuredly rank high in his profession. His volume deserves very warm approbation. It contains many compositions which would not disgrace writers of long-established fame. In blank or in rhymed verse, in playful or in serious subjects, he is equally polished and vigorous. He appears also to be entitled to the enviable praise of having a warm and pious heart.

Poetry, chiefly in the Scottish Language. By Robert Couper, M. D. &c. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 595.

THE portion of these volumes which affords pleasure is considerably overbalanced by that which excites weariness. Dr. Couper is a very unequal writer. He is sometimes happy in his images and descriptions; at other times equally unfortunate. Talent he has, but he wants taste and judgment. If some of his poems were only half as long as they now are they might be read with satisfaction.

Poems, by George Richards, M. A. *late Fellow of Oriel College.* 2 Vols. small 8vo. pp. 413.

IT is with much pleasure we see the poems of Mr. Richards collected into a permanent form. From the perusal of "The Aboriginal Britons," inserted in the Poetical Register for 1802, the reader may form an idea of the pleasure which he will receive from the two volumes now before us. Mr. Richards is, in truth, a writer of no common powers. His works are calculated to ensure him a durable reputation.

The Shepherd's Boy: Being Pastoral Tales. By William Day. 12mo. pp. 126.

WE are, unluckily, not acquainted with any of the Governors of Bethlehem or St. Luke's, or we would use our influence with them in favour of the unfortunate author of this volume, who is indisputably as mad as a March hare. Such incoherent nonsense as these tales never issued from the press before, and perhaps never will again. The author in a preface inserted after his Pastorals, says, "I wrote from a power, and an exciting propensity in nature, matter and form; a power compelling, perceptive and in-

structive, and gravitating towards its center; not with a view of gaining manly or worldly esteem, but the esteem of humanity; not to gain, by insinuation, the favour of my gods." Those who can understand this specimen of prose, may understand such verses as the following:

> " Immortal such resolv'd, immortal kine;
> Come, with humanity your strength entwine;
> Resolve this life to leave for thousands rest.
> Great Jove! humanity still deems the best."

Poems, by Thomas Brown, M. D. 2 Vols. small 8vo. pp. 422.

THERE are many beauties and many faults in the compositions of Dr. Brown. He has evidently a vigorous and poetical imagination, and no mean command of language, but his poems are frequently so abrupt and obscure that it is almost impossible to discover their meaning. Obscurity, and a perpetual struggle after energy of expression, are, in truth, his predominant defects. When he steers clear of these he is often lively, often tender, often highly animated. His versification, though sometimes harsh, is, in general, sufficiently flowing and musical.

The Powers of Genius; a Poem, in three Parts. By John Blair Linn, A. M. Small 8vo. pp. 155.

THE theme which Mr. Linn has chosen is a noble and a fertile one, but he is not capable of doing it justice. His poem is intolerably tedious. No small patience is required to read it to the end. Some good lines and good ideas there are, but they bear no proportion to those which are languid and puerile.

A few smaller pieces are included in the volume, and a part of them are somewhat superior in merit to the principal poem.

The Reign of Fancy, a Poem, with Notes, Lyric Tales, &c. By the Author of "The Pleasures of Nature." Small 8vo. pp. 179.

THIS poem forms a sequel to the "Pleasures of Nature," of which a favourable character was given in our last volume. It contains much animated description, and vivid imagery, but it wants order and connexion. On the whole, however, it does credit to its author. The versification is flowing, but it is sometimes too much the echo of Dr. Darwin's.

Poems, Tales, Odes, Sonnets, Translations from the British, &c. &c. By Richard Llwyd, Author of Beaumaris Bay, &c. Small 8vo. pp. 210.

THESE are such poems as ought to be kept in the writer's desk, and, if read at all, read only to a circle of friends. They never rise above mediocrity; they sometimes fall below it. We are not disposed to blame Mr. Llwyd for writing such verses; he has a right to amuse himself as he pleases; but we blame him for publishing them, as, by so doing, he has added to the fatigue of our critical labours.

The Poetical Works of J. Bidlake, A. B. Crown 8vo. pp. 252.

SOME of the poems contained in this volume, have, as separate publications, already been noticed in the Poetical Register for 1802 and 1803. In the higher

rank of poets Mr. Bidlake cannot aspire to be placed; but he is an elegant and pleasing writer, and a man of a liberal and cultivated mind.

The Beauties of English Poetry: selected from the most esteemed Authors. By Dr. Wolcot. Containing several original Pieces never before published. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 311.

THIS is a miserable catchpenny publication. It is inferior in merit to every other selection. About one sixth of this compilation from "the most esteemed authors," the compiler has, with his wonted modesty, devoted to his own verses. Over these verses the reader may pore a long while before he discovers any thing of beauty. But whatever the public may think of Peter Pindar, his publisher appears quite delighted with him; so much so, that he has thought proper to prefix to the volumes an advertisement, in which he claims a high rank among bards for his friend Peter, and roundly asserts that the said Peter has transplanted into his works every poetical phrase which is to be found in the compass of the English language! Who, in the name of wonder, made this publisher a judge of such things? It is the business of Booksellers to sell books, not to criticise them. "Stick to your last," said Apelles to a cobler, who ventured to pass judgment upon a part of one of his pictures. The advice was good, and will bear application to meddlers of any trade.

Lewesdon Hill, considerably enlarged; with other Poems, by the Rev. William Crowe, of New College, LL. B. *Public Orator of the University of Oxford.* 3d Edition, small 8vo. pp. 115.

It is with great pleasure we see a new edition of a poem, which has long been admired by every person of poetical taste. The merit of "Lewesdon Hill" is so well known that it is unnecessary to say any thing upon the subject. The smaller pieces in this volume are worthy of their author.

Poems, never before published. Dedicated to R. B. Sheridan, Esq. 8vo. pp. 136.

For what purpose this volume was dedicated to Mr. Sheridan, unless the authors meant by so doing to make him angry, we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Sheridan is a man of taste, and a very elegant poet. He may, perhaps, read half a page of these verses before he throws down the book, but if he goes further we are much mistaken. If any person, a reviewer excepted, ever perufes the whole, he must possess a great share of curiosity, or a great share of patience. The poems are by various writers, but they are all of equal merit.

Lyric Poems. By James Mercer, Esq. 2d Edition, with some additional Poems. Small 8vo. pp. 114.

The first edition of these poems was published several years ago: we believe it was in 1796 or 1797. It is a shame that seven or eight years should have elapsed between the printing of a first and second edition. These lyric poems must afford ample gratification to every person of unsophisticated taste. They are distinguished by a sweetness and simplicity which is not often to be found; and their simplicity, unlike that of some authors, never sinks into meanness.

The Wild Wreath. Dedicated by Permission to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, by M. E. Robinson. 8vo. pp. 228.

A great part of this volume is occupied by the compositions of the late Mrs. Robinson. Some of these compositions are entitled to a considerable share of praise. They display a poetical imagination, and, though not wholly free from meretricious ornament, are written in a less affected style than most of Mrs. Robinson's former productions. Of the other poems in this volume some are sprightly and elegant.

The Poetical Magazine; or, Temple of the Muses; consisting chiefly of original Poems, and occasional Selections from scarce and valuable Publications. Numbers 3 to 12 inclusive, pp. 600.

The first two numbers of this work were noticed in the last volume of the Poetical Register. We there described the pieces contained in them as seldom rising above mediocrity. The subsequent numbers contain nothing which can deserve a better character.

Bickleigh Vale, with other Poems. By Nathaniel Howard. Small 8vo. pp. 139.

Mr. Howard is a man of respectable talents, and a cultivated mind. His "Bickleigh Vale" has many pleasing and picturesque passages, and is written in blank verse of a structure neither harsh nor monotonous. The small poems are neat and elegant.

The Poet's Day, or Imagination's Ramble; a Poem, in Four Books; with an Eulogy on Britain, its Religion, Laws and Liberties. By E. Warren. 2d Edition, corrected and revised, small 8vo. pp. 160.

THE religious principles, and the good intentions, of the author of this volume we can safely praise; but we can go no further. Nature never designed Mr. Warren for a poet. His "Poet's Day" consists of nearly three thousand lines of monotonous blank verse, and is seldom enlivened by any striking thoughts, or picturesque descriptions. Nor is Mr. Warren's couplet verse at all superior to his blank verse: it is indeed difficult to decide which is the least animated. We have already expressed our approbation of Mr. Warren's sentiments in general; but we must enter our protest against the hue and cry which he raises about monopolisers, and also against the vulgar cant which compliments the lower classes of society at the expence of the higher. It is not true that the rich are more vicious than the poor.

Village Scenes, the Progress of Agriculture, and other Poems. By T. Bachelor. Small 8vo. pp. 138.

MR. BACHELOR is, we are told, a farmer on the Duke of Bedford's estate, and is a self-taught writer. We think his exertions entitled to very great praise. His poems contain many pictures of rural scenery, which are drawn in a correct and natural manner. The versification is sufficiently smooth and flowing.

The Battle of Largs: a Gothic Poem. With some other Miscellaneous Pieces. Small 8vo. pp. 76.

In this poem there is much incorrectness, many awkward expressions, and many bad rhimes. It is not, however, without some merit. In various parts of it spirited passages may be found. One or two of the miscellaneous pieces may be read with pleasure. The best advice which can be given to the author is not to write too fast, nor to be too easily satisfied with what he has written.

Horæ Poeticæ, Poems sacred, moral, and descriptive; to which are added Four Essays. By Joseph Jefferson. 8vo. pp. 195.

Alas! what a miserable thing it is for reviewers, that men, women, aye, and children too, will imagine themselves poets because they are able to put jingling ends to a number of lines of eight or ten syllables! Mr. Jefferson, if thou hast any bowels of compassion for the critics, never write verses again, or, at least, forbear from publishing them in the shape of a volume!

Love Letters to my Wife; written in the Year 1789. *By James Woodhouse.* Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 169.

Mr. Woodhouse appears from his writings to be a man of an amiable and reflecting mind. To the character of a poet he must not attempt to aspire. His verses do more honour to his feelings than to his talents.

St. Rambert, or the French Royalist. A Poem, in Five Cantos. 12mo. pp. 74.

There is one fault which is not to be forgiven when it is found in poetry—we mean dulness. Of

this fault "St. Rambert" is in a very high degree guilty. It is impossible to read it without feeling a strong inclination to sleep; and we need not say that such an inclination is always fatal to the work by which it is inspired.

Black Agnes, or the Defence of Dunbar, by Agnes Countess of March, in the Year 1338. Small 8vo. pp. 45.

THIS poem ought never to have made its appearance in the shape of a book, into which great pains has been taken to swell it by various prose additions. It might have done tolerably well for a Magazine, in which situation it would have escaped that criticism which is forced upon it by its more obtrusive form.

Ode to Dr. Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore; occasioned by reading the Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. Folio, pp. 38.

THIS is an elegant compliment to a venerable character, whose name is justly dear to every lover of poetry. It contains many spirited passages, and is honourable to the talents of the authoress, who is already, under the signature of Adeline, well known to the readers of the Poetical Register.

An Ode, in celebration of the Emancipation of the Blacks of St. Domingo, November 29, 1803. *By Thomas Clio Rickman.* 4to. pp. 12.

MR. CAPEL LOFFT, with his usual obliging readiness, has informed the reader of this Ode, that the subject Mr. Rickman has chosen is a very elevated

one, and that he thinks Mr. Rickman's mode of treating it is not unworthy of the subject. With all due submission however to Mr. Capel Lofft we think Mr. Rickman's verses are very wretched ones. From such poets and such critics mercy defend us! In the empire of Hayti they might, perhaps, be not only tolerated but admired; the one might be Poet Laureat, and the other Censor General of Poetry to his negro majesty Jacques Dessalines. We hope this hint will not be thrown away upon Messrs. Rickman and Lofft.

Good Tidings; or News from the Farm. A Poem. By Robert Bloomfield. 4to. pp. 37.

Some parts of this poem are conceived and executed with much felicity. The picture of the blind child, in particular, is admirably drawn; it shows the hand of a master. But, as a whole, we think Mr. Bloomfield's present work inferior to any of his former. This is not the fault of the poet, but of the subject, which can never be rendered attractive. What could be done Mr. Bloomfield has done.

The Recall of Momus. A Bagatelle. By Benjamin Thompson, Esq. Translator of the German Theatre. 4to. pp. 54,

Mr. Thompson will not gain any reputation by this bagatelle. The plan is a very poor one, and it is not redeemed by the execution. Mr. Thompson has versified some old stories, and has spoiled them in the operation. The tale to which he gives the title of "The Bed," is spun out to near two hundred lines. It is borrowed from "Le lit d'hôtellerie,"

by the witty, but indelicate, Grecourt, which is told in only fifty lines, and has fifty times the point and neatness of its English imitation.

The Year of Sorrow: written in the Spring of 1803, *by W. R. Spencer.* 4to. pp. 22.

THIS is an affectionate tribute to the memory of several of the author's friends. It is honourable both to his talents and his feelings. The language is poetical, and the versification is flowing and melodious.

The Lewes Library Society; a Poem. By John Button, jun. 4to. pp. 28.

WE hope Mr. Button has never seen the following lines of Boileau, for, if he has, he must be incorrigible; but, if he has not, we recommend them to his serious reflection.

> "N'allez pas sur des vers sans fruit vous consumer,
> Ni prendre pour génie un amour de rimer."

His poem does not discover a single spark of poetic talent. The members of the Lewes Library Society neither did themselves credit, nor the author service, when they advised him to publish such feeble verses.

Sincerity's Offering: an Ode on his Majesty, written during a Period of public Affliction. By Miss Stockdale, Author of the Effusions of the Heart. Poems. 4to. pp. 14.

A few lines selected from this pamphlet will render criticism unnecessary.

" A favour'd people, God bade us be free."
" A marshall'd host of sabbath-breakers stand confest."
" We cry," where will this end, the Almighty only knows!"
" And snatch our much-lov'd Sovereign from the insatiate jaws of death."

The raising of Jairus' Daughter; a Poem. By Francis Wrangham, M. A. *To which is annexed a short Memoir, interspersed with a few Poetical Productions, of the late Caroline Symmons.* Small 8vo. pp. 45.

MR. WRANGHAM'S poem was written for the Seaton Prize, but was excluded from the competition by accidental circumstances. This is to be regretted. It is not quite equal to his former productions, but it is far superior to the composition which received the prize. The memoir which Mr. Wrangham has given of Miss Symmons is of a most interesting nature. The subject of it was indeed a remarkable instance of early genius. Mr. Wrangham has performed his melancholy task in a manner which entitles him to the thanks of every person of taste and feeling.

Buonaparté, a Satire. His Coronation, a Vision. 8vo. pp. 22.

THIS pamphlet is only remarkable as being one of the neatest specimens of printing, and one of the worst specimens of verse, that has ever come under our observation. The verse is, in truth, much on a level with that of the Bellman. We return the author many thanks for not punishing us with a second book of the Satire: he has only given us a " detailed argument" of it in prose.

Invasion; *a descriptive and satirical Poem, by J. Amphlett.* 8vo. pp. 79.

THE subject and the execution of this poem both show it to have been written upon the spur of the occasion. It is not, however, wholly undeserving of praise. Many parts, both serious and satirical, are touched with spirit.

Autumn Leaves; *a descriptive Poem. By George Ardley.* 8vo. pp. 64,

THIS "descriptive *Poem*" is one of the strangest pieces of composition we ever remember to have seen. It is written in a sort of metre, if metre it may be called, which we never saw before, and hope never to see again. We suspect that the author originally wrote this odd production in plain prose, which he afterwards divided into unequal lengths, hoping by such an operation to transform his work into poetry. He may rest assured he has not succeeded. Mr. Ardley is very fond of hard words: in the narrow space of sixty-four pages, he has pressed into his service more than 100 words, which, as Sir Lucius O Trigger says in the Rivals, "would get their habeas corpus from any court in christendom."

The Pleasures of Composition. A Poem, in two Parts. Part I. 8vo. pp. 60.

THE author of "The Pleasures of Composition" is a man of taste and information, and some of his lines are well turned, but his poem is not such as can be honestly praised. It never, for a moment, excites any interest in the reader. The notes are the best part of the pamphlet.

SATIRE.

Familiar Epistles to Frederick Jones, Esq. on the present State of the Irish Stage. Third Edition, with considerable Additions, 12mo. pp. 122.

THE author of these epistles is a man of talents, taste, and learning. His subject is of a confined nature, but he has made the most of it. His satire is neat and pointed. We shall be happy to see him employ his pen upon a theme more worthy of his abilities than the absurdity of the Irish stage.

British Purity; or, the World we Live in. A Poetic Tale, of Two Centuries. Satirico, Gossippico. By Lory Lucian and Jerry Juvenal (the younger born of the Families,) assisted by the renowned Solomon Scriblerus. Enlivened with serious *Annotations, and illustrated by* opaque *Biography.* 4to. pp. 47.

THIS poem is "an old plague with a new face." It was printed last year in a volume of poems, but not being then quite so long as it now is, it was not quite so bad. A more dull production we have never had the misfortune of reading, and this is saying not a little. We advise the author to make a solemn vow never again to meddle with poetry, criticism, or politics; in all which he betrays a lamentable degree of ignorance.

Great cry and little Wool; or, the Squads in an Uproar; or, the Progress of Politics; or, Epistles, Poetical and Picturesque. Written by Toby Scout,

Esq. a Member of the Opposition; and edited by Peter Pindar, Esq. Two Parts. 4to. pp. 49.

We have never had the mortification of reading any thing more stupid than these verses, which are indeed "Great cry and little wool!" To call such rhymes "Epistles Poetical and Picturesque," is to be guilty of a most terrible misnomer. They contain neither poetry, nor picturesque description, nor wit, nor humour. The author makes up for the absence of all these, by printing every other word in the Italic character.

Peter Nicked; or, The Devil's Darling. A mock heroic Poem, in three Cantos. By Castigator. Canto I. 4to. pp. 35.

The antagonists of Peter Pindar, with, as far as we can remember, the single exception of Mr. Gifford, have unfortunately not been such as were capable of inspiring him with any apprehensions. They seem to have thought that because they were engaged in the cause of morality they had a right to be dull. Peter Pindar, his assailants, and his encomiasts, (for he has had encomiasts) bring to our recollection the following epigram:

"The original author, I wot,
Is a very vile poet, God mend him,
To attack him a viler he's got,
And a viler than that to defend him.'

TRANSLATIONS.

Oriental Tales, translated into English Verse, by J. Hoppner, Esq. R. A. Crown 8vo. pp. 123.

As a painter Mr. Hoppner has long enjoyed a distinguished and well-earned reputation. He has now thought proper to court the Muses, and they have not frowned upon his suit. His translations may be read with much pleasure. They are executed with spirit and elegance, and the versification is correct and flowing.

The Satires of Decimus Junius Juvenalis. Translated into English Verse by the Rev. W. Heath Marsh, A. M. 8vo. pp. 238.

This is the third translation of Juvenal's Satires that has appeared within the period of three years. The first was a wretched burlesque of the original; the second almost every thing that could be wished for; and the third, now before us, though not so despicable as the first, is but a tame and insipid production. Mr. Marsh may rest assured that his version will never supersede that of Mr. Gifford. It wants both polish and energy.

Fables: consisting of select Parts from Dante, Berni, Chaucer, and Ariosto. Imitated in English Heroic Verse by Richard Wharton, Esq. M. P. 8vo. pp. 142.

It is somewhat astonishing that from the rich treasures of Italian poetry so few translations should have been made into the English language. In giving

to some of the Italian authors a British dress the toil would be amply repaid by the pleasure. Mr. Wharton has given us, in his present volume, a valuable specimen of what he is capable of doing, and we wish that he may be tempted to proceed with what he has so well begun. His style is vigorous and animated, and his versification is of a kind far superior to what is usually met with.

Fables on Subjects connected with Literature. Imitated from the Spanish of Don Tomas De Yriarte. By John Belfour, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 164.

LITERATURE would have suffered no loss if Mr. Belfour had still left these fables untranslated. He has not executed the labour which he imposed upon himself in a manner that can be praised. His fables are tame and uninteresting. The spirit of the original has all evaporated in the process of translation.

Select Icelandic Poetry, translated from the Originals; with Notes. Part I. 8vo. pp. 128.

FOR these translations the Public is indebted to a gentleman of the name of Herbert. We hope the success of them will be such as may induce him to proceed in the task of making known to his countrymen the masculine beauties of the old northern poetry, with which they have hitherto been imperfectly acquainted. To a critical knowledge of the language from which he translates he joins a large share of taste, and a poetical mind.

Translations from the German, Danish, &c. to which is added Miscellaneous Poetry 8vo. pp. 84.

These translations also are by Mr. Herbert. They will be more generally interesting than the Select Icelandic poetry, as they are on subjects more consonant with modern feelings. Love holds the principal place. Mr. Herbert translates with elegance and spirit. The miscellaneous poetry, which he has added, is so good that we regret there is no more of it.

THE DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

Miscellaneous Plays, by Joanna Baillie. 8vo. pp. 438.

Among the modern writers of Tragedy the most honourable place must indubitably be awarded to Miss Baillie. For knowledge of the human character, passions, and feelings; for masterly delineation of them in the most forcible and affecting light; for bold and picturesque imagery; and for a truly dramatic style, she has no equal. The tragedy of Rayner, in her present volume, is a piece which commands admiration; but it is even surpassed in merit by the tragedy of Constantine Paleologus. If Miss Baillie had written only the latter drama it would have sufficed to ensure her a lasting fame.

Almahide and Hamet, a Tragedy. By Benjamin Heath Malkin, M. A. Large 8vo. pp. 158.

A considerable part of this volume is occupied by remarks upon English dramatic writers. As a critic Mr. Malkin appears in a very respectable light. His observations are generally dictated by sound sense. But as a writer of tragedy he is lamentable indeed. We have seldom read a piece more thoroughly worthless than "Almahide and Hamet." Plot, character, language, and versification, all is equally bad.

ACTED PLAYS.

The Sailor's Daughter; a Comedy, in five Acts, now performing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 8vo. pp. 86.

For Mr. Cumberland to write as badly as many of his contemporaries is nearly impossible. He has too much taste and genius to descend so low. Accordingly, his present comedy is much superior to the herd of those which are, almost daily, obtruded upon the stage. But, when his "Sailor's Daughter" is compared with his former dramatic productions, there appears to be a considerable falling off. There is point and animation in some parts, and the dialogue is generally natural and polished, but there is in the piece, taken as a whole, a want of character, of vivacity, and of interesting incident,

Hearts of Oak; a Comedy, in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By John Till Allingham. 8vo. pp. 72.

THIS play, though its ghost, in the shape of a pamphlet, still lingers in the bookseller's shops, is, to all intents and purposes, no longer in existence. It was a ricketty, ill-favoured brat which could not be expected to live. We shall, on this occasion, conform to the old adage of speaking no ill of the dead; and will, therefore, say no more about it. Mr. Allingham has done better before, and may do better again.

Guilty, or not Guilty? a Comedy, in five Acts, performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Written by T. Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 108.

MR. DIBDIN writes with so little expence of thought that it is impossible for him to write well. No sooner have we read one of his pieces than another presents itself to our view. Whatever comes first to his memory or his imagination he seems to put down upon paper, and make part of a comedy. His plays are consequently filled with common place jokes, and trite sayings. If he would content himself with writing one play instead of half a dozen, he might produce something worthy of approbation. He has some talents for comic writing, but he does not use them to the best advantage.

Thirty Thousand, or Who's the Richest? a Comic Opera, in three Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by T. Dibdin. 8vo. pp. 74.

AFTER what has been stated in the preceding article little need be said of this comic Opera. It is like the rest of Mr. Dibdin's pieces, but does not rank among the best of them. Some parts of the dialogue are smart and laughable; but the attempts at wit are too generally unsuccessful.

The Soldier's Daughter; a Comedy, in five Acts; as performing at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By A. Cherry. 8vo. pp. 86.

THIS Comedy is very creditable to Mr. Cherry's abilities. It is decidedly superior to the common run of pieces. Some of the characters are drawn with much force; the dialogue, though sometimes rugged, is generally spirited; and the interest of the drama is kept up to the last.

The Hero of the North, an Historical Play, by Mr. Dimond, jun. performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with unbounded Applause. 8vo. pp. 87.

FROM the specimen of his talents which Mr. Dimond has here given us, we are led to believe that, with due care and meditation, he may hereafter produce a play worthy to keep possession of the stage. Let him study human nature, and our classical dramatic authors, and let him beware of writing carelessly. Let him also strive to refine his taste; he is often too gaudy to be elegant. There are some good parts in "The Hero of the North," and, as a whole, it excites interest. We must give one more word of advice to Mr. Dimond before we part with him. For the future he should write either in prose or verse,

but he should not confound them; he should not make verse of his prose, as it gives his language an inflated appearance. Many of his prose speeches have nothing of prose but the form; the whole speech of Gustavus, in page 70, may be broken into blank verse, without displacing a single syllable; and we are much mistaken if Mr. Dimond did not originally intend it as such.

The Counterfeit; a Farce, in two Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by Andrew Franklin, Author of the Egyptian Festival, Wandering Jew, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 47.

This is a laughable bustling farce, well calculated for stage effect. The characters are tolerably sketched, the dialogue is lively, and the plot and incidents are better managed than in many other pieces of the same kind.

The Paragraph; a Musical Entertainment, in two Acts; as it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Prince Hoare. 8vo. pp. 52.

This is one of those pieces which "strut and fret their hour upon the stage, and then are heard no more." There is nothing grossly bad in it; nor is there any thing sufficiently good to command applause.

Matrimony; a petit Opera, in two Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Altered from the French, by James Kenney. 8vo. pp. 46.

This piece is an alteration from the French Opera of "Adolphe et Clare." Mr. Kenney has perform-

ed his task with tolerable success. The plot is slight, and the characters are common, but the dialogue is neat and sprightly.

Foul Deeds will rise. A Musical Drama. By S. J. Arnold. 8vo. pp. 47.

THIS drama received sentence of condemnation at the Haymarket Theatre. The author appeals from that sentence, which, however, we see no reason to reverse. Mr. Arnold's drama is not formed to live. It excites little interest: the characters are no characters at all, and the language is often inflated.

The Hunter of the Alps; a Drama, interspersed with Music. By Mr. Dimond, jun. 8vo. pp. 40.

THIS little drama is not unworthy of the success which it met with on the stage. The songs are pretty, the dialogue is neat and lively, and there is sufficient bustle in the piece to keep alive the attention of an audience.

CATALOGUE.

THE Poetical Works of Charles Churchill, with explanatory Notes, and an authentic account of his Life, now first published, 2 vols. 8vo.

Hispaniola, a Poem. To which are added Lines on the Crucifixion; Fragment of a Monody on the late Rev. H. Hunter, D. D. and other Poetical Pieces. By S. Whitchurch, 8vo.

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The new Melo-Drama, called Valentine and Orson; as now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Written by T. Dibdin, 8vo.

THE END.

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